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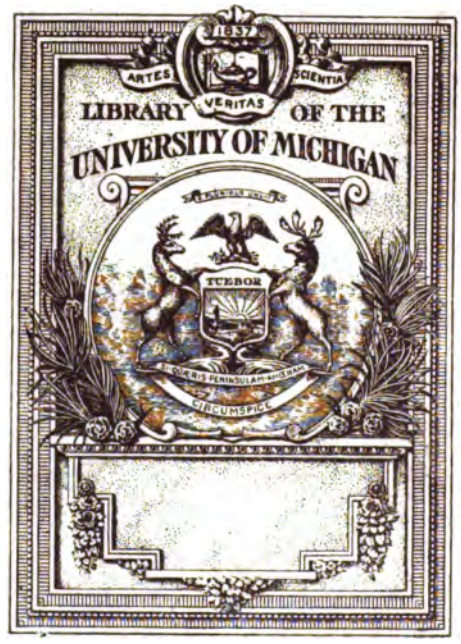
FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY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November, 1902—April, 1903

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RICHARD MANSFIELD AS "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

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THE GREATEST FUR COMPANY OF THE WORLD

By AGNES C. LAUT

Author of "Lords of the North."

IN the history of the world only one corporate company has maintained empire over an area as large as Europe. Only one corporate company has lived up to its constitution for nearly three centuries. Only one corporate company's sway has been so beneficient that its profits have stood in exact proportion to the well-being of its subjects. Indeed, few armies can boast a rank and file of men who never once retreated in three hundred years, whose lives—generation after generation—were one long bivouac of hardship, of danger, of ambushed death, of grim purpose, of silent achievement.

Such was the company of "Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay"—as the Charter of 1670 designated them.* Such is the Hudson's Bay Company to-day, still trading with savages in the white wilderness of the north, as it was when Charles II. granted a royal charter for the fur trade to his cousin, Prince Rupert.

Governors and chief factors have changed with the changing centuries, but the character of the company's personnel has never changed. Prince Rupert, the first governor, was succeeded by the Duke of York (James II.), and the royal governor by a long line of distinguished public men down to Lord Strathcona, the present governor, and C. C. Chipman, the chief commissioner or executive officer. All have been men of noted achievement, often in touch with the crown, always with that passion for the mastery of difficulty which exults most when the conflict is keenest.

Radisson and Groseillers, the two Frenchmen who first brought back word of the great wealth in furs round the far northern sea, had been gentlemen adventurers—"rascals"—their enemies called them. Prince Rupert, who leagued himself with the Frenchmen to obtain a charter for this fur trade, had been an adventurer of the high seas—"pirate"—we would say, long before he became first governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. And the Duke of Marlborough, the company's third governor, was surely as great an adventurer as he was a general.

*The spelling of the name with an apostrophe in the Charter seems to be the only reason for the company's name always having the apostrophe, whereas the waters are now known simply as Hudson Bay.

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An encampment of Piegans.

Latterly the word "adventurer" has fallen in such evil repute it may scarcely be applied to living actors. But using it in the old-time sense of militant hero, what cavalier of gold braid and spurs could be more of an adventurer than young Donald Smith, who traded in the desolate wastes of Labrador, spending seventeen years in the hardest field of the fur company, tramping on snow-shoes, half the width of a continent, camping where night overtook him under blanketing of snow drifts, who rose, step by step, from trader on the east coast to commissioner on the west? And this Donald Smith became Lord Strathcona, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The governor, resident in England, is now represented by the chief commissioner, who, in turn, is represented at each of the many inland forts by a chief factor of the district. Virtually, the chief factor rules as autocratically today as he did before the Canadian Government took over the proprietary rights of the fur company.

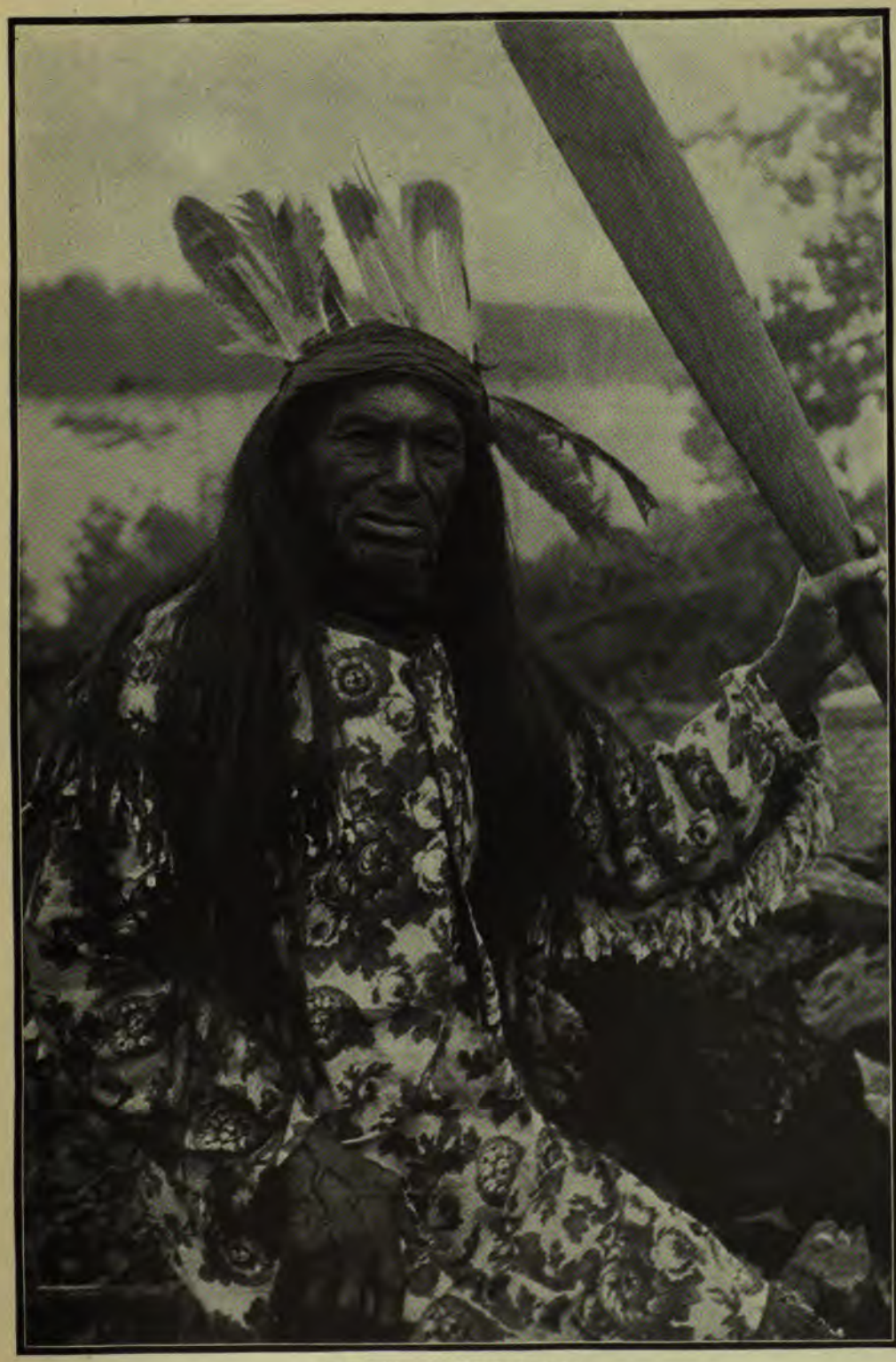
A trapper's family.

DAILY LIFE IN THE FOREST.

The colder the climate, the finer the fur. The farther north the fort, the more typical it is of the fur trader's realm.

For six, seven, eight months of the year the fur trader's world is a white wilderness of snow; snow water-waved by winds that sweep from the pole; snow drifted into ramparts round the fort stockades till the highest picket sinks beneath the white flood and the corner bastions are almost submerged, and the entrance to the central gate resembles the cutting of a railway tunnel; snow that billows to the unbroken reaches of the circling sky-line like a white sea. East, frost-mist hides the low horizon in clouds of smoke, for the sun which rises from the east in other climes rises from the southeast here, and until the spring equinox, bringing summer with a flood-tide of thaw, gray darkness hangs in the east like a fog. South, the sun moves across the snowy levels in a wheel of fire, for it has scarcely risen full-sphered above the sky-line before it sinks again, etching drift and tip of half-buried brush in long, lonely, fading shadows. The West shimmers in warm purplish grays, for the moist Chinook winds come over the mountains, melting the snow. North, is the cold steel of ice by day, and at night, northern lights darting through the polar dark like burnished spears.

Christmas day is welcomed at the northern fur posts by a firing of cannon from the snow-muffled bastions. Before the stars have faded chapel services be-



An Ojibway Chief at eighty.

Copyright by C. W. Mathers.

A wealthy Esquimaux woman.

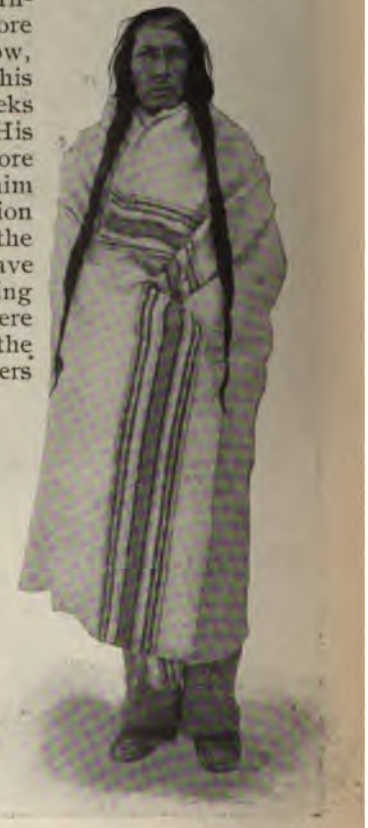
gin. Frequently, on either Christmas or New Year's day, a grand feast is given the tawny-skinned habitués of the fort, who come shuffling to the main messroom with no other announcement than the lifting of the latch, and billet themselves on the hospitality of a host that has never turned hungry Indian from its doors.

For reasons well known to the woodcraftsman, a sudden lull falls on winter hunting in December, and all the trappers within a week's journey from the fort, all the half-breed guides who add to the instinct of native craft the reasoning of the white, all the Indian hunters ranging river course and mountain, have come by snow-shoes and dog-train to spend festive days at the fort. A great jangling of bells announces the huskies (dog trains) scampering over the crusted snow drifts. A babel of barks and curses follows, for the huskies celebrate their arrival by tangling themselves up in their harness and enjoying a free fight.

Dogs unharnessed, in troop the trappers to the banquet hall, flinging packs of tightly roped peltries down promiscuously, to be sorted next day. One Indian enters just as he has left the hunting field, clad from head to heel in white caribou, with the antlers left on the capote as a decoy. His squaw has togged out for the occasion in a comical medley of brass bracelets and finger rings, with a bear's-claw necklace and ermine ruff which no city connoisseur could possibly mistake for rabbit. If a daughter yet remain unappropriated she will display the gayest attire—red flannel galore, red shawl, red scarf, with perhaps an apron of white fox skin and moccasins garnished in colored grasses. The braves outdo even a vain young squaw. Whole fox, mink or otter skins have been braided to the end of their hair and hang down in two plaits to the floor. Whitest of buckskin has been ornamented with brightest of beads, and over all hangs the gaudiest of blankets; it may be a musk-ox skin with the feats of the warrior in rude drawings on the smooth side.

A few years ago it would not have been safe to give this treat inside the fort walls. Rations would have been served through loop-holes and the feast held outside the gates, but so faithfully have the Indians become bound to the Hudson's Bay Company, there are not three forts in the fur territory where Indians must be excluded.

Of the feast little need be said. Like the camel, the Indian lays up store for the morrow, judging from his capacity, for weeks of morrows. His benefactor no more dines with him than a plantation master of the South would have dined with feasting slaves. Elsewhere a bell calls the company officers to breakfast at 7.30, dinner at 1, supper at 7. Officers dine first, white hunters and trappers second, that difference between master and servant being maintained which is part of the company's almost military discipline. In the large forts



With the dignity of his race.

are libraries, whither resort the officers for the long winter nights. But over the feast wild hilarity reigns.

A French-Canadian fiddler strikes up a tuneless jig that sets the Indians pounding the floor in figureless dances with moccasined heels till midday glides into midnight and midnight to morning. I remember hearing of one such mid-day feast in Red River settlement that prolonged itself past four of the second morning. Against the walls sit old folks spinning yarns of the past. There is a print of Sir George Simpson behind one *raconteur's* head. Ah, yes, the oldest guides all remember Sir George, though half a century has passed since his day! He was the governor who traveled with flags flying from every prow, and cannon firing when he left the forts, and men drawn up in procession like soldiers guarding an emperor when he entered the fur posts with couriers and all the flourish of royal state.

And there is a crucifix high on the wall left by Père Lacomb the last time the famous missionary to the red men of the far north passed this way, and every Indian calls up some kindness done, some sacrifice by Father Lacomb. On the gun-rack are old muskets and Indian masks and scalp-locks, bringing back the days when Russian traders instigated a massacre at this fort, and white traders flew at each other's throats as Nor'wester struggled with Hudson's Bay for supremacy in the fur trade.

"Ah, oui, those white men, they were brave fighters, they did not know how to stop! Mais, sacré, they were fools, those white men, after all! Instead of hiding in ambush to catch the foe, those white men measured off paces, stood up face to face and fired blank — oui!—fired blank! Ugh! Of course, one fool he was kill' and the other fool, most like, he was wound'. Ugh! by Gar! What Indian would have so little sense?"*

The Ojibway version of Darby and Joan.

Of hunting tales the Indian store is exhaustless. That enormous bear skin stretched to four pegs on the wall brings up Montagnais, the Noseless One, who still lives on Peace River, and slew the

*To the Indian mind the hand-to-hand duels between white traders were incomprehensible pieces of folly.

Fort Simpson, on the MacKenzie, a typical Hudson Bay Company fort.

largest bear ever killed in the Rockies, returning to this very fort with one hand dragging the enormous skin and the other holding the place which his nose no longer graced.

"Montagnais? Ah, bien messieur! Montagnais, he brave man! Venez ici —bien!—so—I tole you 'bout heem," begins some French-Canadian trapper, with a strong tinge of Indian blood in his swarthy skin. "Bigosh! He brave man! I tole you 'bout dat happen! Montagnais, he go stumble t'rough snow—how you call dat? Hill, steep, steep! Oui—by Gar —dat vas steep hill! de snow—she go slide — slide — lak' de gran' rapeed—see?" emphasizing the snow-slides with illustrative gesture. "Bien, donc! Mais, Montagnais, he stick gun-stock in de snow stop heem fall—so—see? Tonnere!—Bigosh!—for sure she go off wan beeg bang!—Sacré! She make so much noise she wake wan beeg ol' bear sleep in snow! Montagnais, he tumble on hees back! Mais, messieur, de bear—diable! 'fore Montagnais wink hees eye de bear jump on top lak' wan beeg loup-garou! Montagnais, he brave man—he not scare—he say wan leetle prayer—wan han' he cover his eyes! Oder han'—sacré—dat grab hees knife out hees belt—sz—sz—sz—messieur—for sure he feel her breat'—diable!—for sure he fin' de place her heart beat—Tonnere! Vite! He stick dat knife in straight up hees wrist—into de heart dat bear! Dat bes' ting do—for sure de lettle prayer dat tole him best ting do! De bear she roll over—over dead's wan stone—c'est vrai! she no mor' jump top Montagnais! Bien, ma frien'! Montagnais, he roll over, too—leetle bit scare! Mais, hees nose! Ah—bigosh—de bear she got dat, dat all nose he ever haf no mor'! C'est vrai, messieur, bien!"

Company beaver coins.

And with a finishing flourish the story-teller takes to himself all the credit of Montagnais' heroism.

THE BARTERING OF THE PELTS.

But in all the feasting, trade has not been forgotten, and as soon as the Indians recover from post-prandial torpor, bartering begins. In one of the warehouses stands a trader. An Indian approaches with a pack of peltries, weighing from eighty to a hundred pounds. Throwing it down, he spreads out the contents. Of otter and mink and pekan there will be plenty, for these fish-eaters are easiest taken before mid-winter frost has frozen the streams

Three youthful Ojibways.

solid. In recent years there have been few beaver skins, a closed season of several years giving the little rodents a chance to multiply. By treaty the Indian may hunt all creatures of the chase as long as "the sun rises and the rivers flow," but the fur trader can enforce a closed season by refusing to barter for the pelts. Of muskrat skins, hundreds of thousands are carried to the forts every season. The little haycock houses of muskrats offer the trapper easy prey when frost freezes the sloughs, shutting off retreat below, and heavy snow fall has not yet hidden the little creature's winter home.

Bead work.

The trading is done in several ways. Among the Eskimo, whose arithmetical powers seldom exceed a few units, the trader holds up his hand with one, two, three fingers raised, signifying that he offers for the skin before him equivalents in value to one, two, three prime beaver. If satisfied, the Indian passes over the furs and the trader gives flannel, tea, powder, knives, beads, or tobacco to the value of the beaver skins indicated by the raised fingers.

But always, beaver skin is the unit of coin. Beavers are the Indian's dollars and cents, his shillings and pence, his tokens of currency.

South of the arctics, where native intelligence is of higher grade, the beaver values are represented by goose quills, small sticks, bits of shell, or most common of all—discs of lead, tea chests melted down stamped on one side with the company arms, on the other with the figures one, two, one-half, one-quarter, representing so much value in beaver.

First of all, then, furs in the pack must be sorted, silver fox worth five hundred dollars separated from cross fox and blue and white worth from ten dollars down, according to quality, and from common red fox worth less. Twenty years ago it was no unusual thing for the Hudson's Bay Company to send to England yearly 10,000 cross fox skins, 7,000 blue, 100,000 red, half a dozen silver. Few wolf skins are in the trapper's pack, unless particularly fine specimens of brown arctic and white arctic, bought as a curiosity, and not for value as skins. Against the

A trapper's camp.

wolf the trapper wages war as against a pest that destroys other game, and not for its skin. Next to muskrat, the most plentiful fur will be that of the rabbit or varying hare. Buffalo was once the staple of the hunter. What the buffalo was, the white rabbit is to-day. From it the Indian gets clothing, tepee covers, blankets, thongs, food. From it, the white man who is a manufacturer of furs gets gray fox and chinchilla, and seal in imitation. Except one year in seven, when a rabbit plague spares the land by cutting down their prolific numbers, the varying hare is plentiful enough to sustain the Indian.

Having received so many bits of lead for his furs, the Indian goes to the store counter, where begins interminable dickering. Montagnais' squaw has only fifty "beaver" coin, and her desires are a hundredfold what those will buy. Besides, the copper-skinned lady enjoys beating down prices and driving a bargain so well that she would think the clerk was cheating if he asked a fixed price from the first. Frequently an Indian presents himself at the counter without beaver enough to buy necessaries. What then? I doubt if in all the years of Hudson's Bay Company rule one needy Indian has ever been turned away. The trader advances what the Indian needs, and chalks up so many "beaver" against the trapper's next hunt.

Long ago, when rival traders strove for the furs, whiskey played a disgracefully prominent part in all bartering, the drunken Indian being an easier victim than the sober, and the Indian mad with thirst for liquor the most easily cajoled of all. But to-day, when there is no competition, whiskey plays no part whatever.

Whiskey indeed is in the forts, so is painkiller, for which the Indian has as keen an appetite, both for the exigencies of hazardous life in an unsparing climate beyond medical aid; but the first thing Hudson's Bay traders did in 1885, when rebel Indians surrounded the Saskatchewan forts, was to split the casks and spill all alcohol. The second thing was to bury ammunition—showing plainly which influence they considered the more dangerous.

HOW THE RARE FURS ARE TAKEN.

Ermine is at its best when the cold is most intense, the tawny weasel coat turning from fawn to yellow, from yellow to cream and snow-white, according to the latitude north and the season. Unless it is the pelt of the baby ermine, soft as swan's down, tail tip jet as onyx, the best ermine is not likely to be in a pack brought in as early as Christmas.

Fox, lynx, mink, marten, otter and bear, the trapper can take with steel traps of a size varying with the game, or even with the clumsily constructed dead-fall, the log suspended above the bait being heavy or light according to the hunter's expectation of large or small intruder, but the ermine with fur as easily damaged as finest gauze must be handled differently.

Going the rounds of his traps, the hunter has noted curious tiny tracks like the dots and dashes of a telegraphic code. Here are little prints slurring into one another in a dash; there, a dead stop, where the quick-eared stoat has paused with beady eyes alert for snow-bird or rabbit. Here, again, a clear blank on the snow, where the crafty little forager has dived below the light surface and wriggled forward like a snake to dart up with a plunge of fangs into the heart-blood of the unwary snow-bunting. From the length of the leaps the trapper judges the age of the ermine; fourteen inches from nose to tail tip means a full-grown ermine with hair too coarse to be damaged by a snare. The man suspends the noose of a looped twine across the runway from a twig bent down so that the weight of the ermine on the string sends the twig springing back with a jerk that lifts the ermine off the ground, strangling it instantly.

If the tracks are like the prints of a baby's fingers, close and small, the trapper hopes to capture a pelt fit for a throne cloak, the skin for which Louis of France used to pay—in modern money—from a hundred dollars to a hundred and fifty dollars. The full-grown ermines will be worth only some few "beaver" at the fort. Perfect fur

The medicine man.

would be marred by the twine snare, so the trapper devises as cunning a death for the ermine as the ermine devises when it darts up through the snow with its spear teeth clutched in the throat of a poor rabbit. Smearing his hunting knife with grease, he lays it across the track. The little ermine comes trotting in dots and dashes and gallops and dives to the knife. The knife is frosted like ice. Ice, the ermine has licked, so he licks the knife. But alas for the resemblance between ice and steel! Ice turns to water under the warm tongue; steel turns to fire that blisters and holds the foolish little stoat by his inquisitive tongue, a hopeless prisoner till the trapper comes.

TRACKING THE WILDS.

Trading over, the trappers disperse to their winter hunting grounds, which the main body of hunters never leave from October, when they go on the fall hunt, to June, when the long, straggling brigades of canoes and keel boats and pack horses and jolting ox-carts come back with the harvest of winter furs.

Signs, unnoted by the denizens of the city, serve to guide the trappers over trackless wastes of illimitable snow. A whitish haze of frost may hide the sun, or continuous snow-fall blur every landmark. What heeds the trapper? The slope of the rolling hills, the lie of the frozen river-beds, the branches of underbrush protruding through billowed drifts —are hands that point the trapper's compass.

One imminent danger is of accident beyond aid. A young Indian hunter of Moose Factory set out with his wife and two children for the winter hunting grounds in the forest south of James Bay. When chopping, the hunter injured his leg. The wound proved stubborn. Wrapping her husband in robes on the long toboggan sleigh, the squaw placed the younger child beside him, and with the other began tramping through the forest, drawing the sleigh behind. The drifts were not deep enough for swift snow-shoeing over underbrush, and their speed was not half so speedy as the hunger that pursues northern hunters like the Fenris Wolf of Norse myth. The woman sank exhausted on the snow, and the older boy, nerved with fear, pushed on to Moose Factory for help. Guided by the boy back through the forests, the fort people found the hunter dead in the sleigh, the mother crouched forward unconscious from cold, stripped of her clothing, which was wrapped round the child she had taken in her arms to warm with her own body. The child was alive and well. The fur traders nursed the woman back to life, though she looked more like a withered creature of eighty than a woman barely in her twenties. She explained with a simple unconsciousness of heroism that the ground had been too hard for her to bury her husband, and she was afraid to leave the body and go on to the fort lest the wolves should molest the dead.*

RED-LETTER DAYS AT THE FORT.

The arrival of the mail packet is one of the most welcome breaks in the monotony of life at the fur post. When the mail comes, all white inhabitants of the fort take a week's holiday to read letters and news of the outside world.

Railways run from Lake Superior to the Pacific, but off the line of railways mail is carried as of old. In summer time overland runners, canoe and company steamers bear the mail to the forts of Hudson Bay, of the Saskatchewan, of the Rockies and the MacKenzie. In winter, scampering huskies with a running postman winged with showshoes dash across the snowy wastes through silent forest to the lonely forts of the bay, or slide over the prairie drifts with the music of tinkling bells and soft crunch-crunch of sleigh runners through the snow crust to the leagueless world of the far north.

Ox carts still bring furs to Hudson's Bay Company posts and screech over the corduroyed swamps of the MacKenzie, but the railway has replaced the caravan as a carrier of freight.

Hudson's Bay Company steamers now ply on the largest of the inland rivers, but the canoe brigades still bring the winter's hunt to the forts in spring. Five to eight craft make a brigade, each manned by eight paddlers with an ex-

*It need hardly be explained that it is the prairie Indian and not the forest Ojibway who places the body on high scaffolding above the ground; hence the woman's dilemma.

perienced steersman. But the one ranking first in importance is the bowman, whose quick eye must detect signs of nearing rapids, whose steel-shod pole gives the cue to the other paddlers and steers the craft past foamy reefs. The bowman, it is, who leaps out first when there is "tracking"—pulling the craft up stream by tow line—who stands waist high in ice-water steadying the rocking bark, lest a sudden swirl spill furs to the bottom; who hands out the packs to the others when the waters are too turbulent for "tracking," and there must be a "portage," and who leads the brigade on a run—half trot, half amble—over land to calmer currents. "Pipes" are the measure of a portage—that is, the pipes smoked while the *voyageurs* are on the run.

THE SIZE OF THE COMPANY'S KINGDOM.

The only way to get an accurate idea of the size of the kingdom ruled by these monarchs of the lonely wastes is by comparison.

Take a map of North America. On the east is Labrador, a peninsula as vast as Germany and Holland and Belgium and half of France. On the coast and across the unknown interior are the magical letters—H. B. C., meaning Hudson's Bay Company fort (past or present), a little whitewashed square, with eighteen-foot posts planted, picket-wise, for a wall, match-box bastions loop-holed for musketry, a barrack-like structure across the court-yard with a high look-out of some sort near the gate. In one of these forts Lord Strathcona passed his youth.

Once more to the map. With one prong of a compass in the center of Hudson Bay, describe a circle! The northern half embraces the baffling arctics, but on the line of the southern circumference, like beads on a string,

Warlike feats of a Mandan chief portrayed on a buffalo robe. From a drawing by Catlin.

Begins at upper right-hand corner: 1. Mah-to-toh-pa kills a Sioux Chief—3 heads are 3 Riccarees whom the Sioux chief had killed—Sioux's face is black with war paint—Mah-to-toh-pa holds scalp in one hand, knife in other, bows and quivers have been thrown down. 2. Mah-to-toh-pa running a Cheyenne chief through the body with a lance, the eagle quills appended signifying victory. 3. A Cheyenne chief falling wounded by the gun held in the Mandan's hand, the thirty-foot tracks representing the number of enemies present at the battle—the mark behind the Mandan's head representing arrows that missed him. 4. A chief with fine buffalo shield defeated by Mah-to-toh-pa. 5. Mandan chief dismounts and rushes upon fleeing enemy, whose tracks are seen. 6. Brother of the Mandan killed by a Riccaree, who shot him with an arrow and then drove a lance into the body—the Mandan took this lance with the blood dry on the blade and four years afterwards, according to his oath, slew the murderer—the tracks around the dead brother signify a Riccaree. 7. A Riccaree killed by the Mandan for shooting a white trader. 8. The Mandan in single combat with Cheyenne chief. 9. The Mandan with lance and shield facing the foe whose shots are seen in the air before him—tracks behind signify that his tribe has deserted him. 10. The Mandan chief scalping two Ojibway women in revenge for the murder of women in his own tribe. 11. The Mandan shooting a fleeing Assinboine—his own tribe having fallen back. 12. The Mandan, with an arrow shot through him, refusing to turn back.

are Churchill high on the left, York below in black capitals as befits the importance of the great fur emporium of the bay, Severn and Albany and Moose and Rupert and Fort George round the south and to the right—larger and more strongly built forts than in Labrador, with the ruins of stone walls at Churchill with a depth of fifteen feet.

Again to the map. Between Hudson Bay and the Rocky mountains stretches an American Siberia—the Barren Lands. Here, too, on every important water-way, Athabasca and the Liard and the MacKenzie into the land of winter, night and midnight sun extend Hudson's Bay Company posts.

The map again. Between the prairie and the Pacific Ocean is a wilderness of peaks, a Switzerland stretched into half the length of a continent. Here, too, like eagle nests in rocky fastnesses are fur posts.

Before 1812 there was no international boundary in the fur trade. But after the war, Congress barred out Canadian companies. The next curtailment of hunting ground came in 1869–70, when the company surrendered proprietary rights to the Canadian government, retaining only the right to trade in the vast north land. Yearly, the staffs are shifted as the fortunes of the hunt vary, but the principal posts have probably not exceeded two hundred in number, nor fallen below one hundred for the

last century. When the Hudson's Bay Company was fighting rivals it must have employed as traders, packers, coureurs, canoe-men, hunters and guides, at least 5,000 men. Over this wilderness army were from 250 to 300 officers, each with the power of life and death in his hands.

And who are the subjects living under this Mosaic paternalism?

Stunted Eskimo of the far north, creatures as amphibious as the seals whose coats they wear, with the lustreless eyes of dwarfed intelligence and the agility of seal flippers as they whisk double-bladed paddles from side to side of the darting kyacks; wandering Montagnais from the domed hills of Labrador, lonely and sad and silent as the naked desolation of their rugged land; Ojibways, soft-voiced as the forest glooms in that vast land of spruce-tangle north of the Great Lakes; Crees and Sioux from the plains, cunning with the stealth of creatures that have hunted and been hunted on the shelterless prairie; Blackfeet and Crows, game birds of the foothills that have harried all other tribes for tribute, keen-eyed as the eagles on the mountains behind them, glorying in war as the finest kind of hunting; mountain tribes—Stonus, Kostenais, Shoshonies—splendid types of manhood, because only the fittest can survive the hardships of the mountains; coast Indians, Chinook and Chilcoot—low and lazy because the great rivers fed them with salmon and they had no need to work.

Over these lawless Arabs of the New World wilderness the Hudson's Bay Company has ruled for two and a half centuries, with smaller loss of life in the aggregate than the railways of the United States cause in a single year.

Some of the shiftless Indians may be hopelessly in debt to the company for advanced provisions, and the debt is never exacted by seizure of the hunt that should go to feed a family.

Of how many other creditors may that be said? Of how many companies that it has cared for the sick, sought the lost, fed the starving, housed the homeless? With all its faults, that is the record of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The four methods of Indian transportation. 1. The Ox-cart. 2. The Canoe. 3. The Dog-train. 4. The Travois.

Anna Katherine Green.

TO THE CLEAR THINKING.

While this story was under consideration by the editors, the remarkable ingenuity of the plot led to animated discussions as to its outcome. Our speculations were so amusingly varied that we have decided to offer a prize of $100 for the first correct solution of the plot, the postmark on the letter to determine the date of the guess. We merely limit every person to one guess, and require each guesser to be a subscriber on our books when the February issue of Leslie's Monthly containing the closing chapters of the story is published. In the interest of clearness we further request every answer to be limited to 100 words. Almost without exception people believe themselves potential detectives. Read the story and prove your perspicacity.—The Editors.

THE AMETHYST BOX

By ANNA KATHERINE GREEN

I.

THE FLASK WHICH HELD BUT A DROP.

IT was the night before the wedding. Though Sinclair, and not myself, was the happy man, I had my own causes for excitement, and, finding the heat of the billiard-room insupportable, I strolled out on the veranda for a solitary smoke in sight of the ocean and a full moon.

I was in a condition of rapturous, if unreasoning, delight That afternoon a little hand had lingered in mine for just an instant longer than the circumstances of the moment strictly required, and small as the favor may seem to those who do not know Dorothy Camerden, to me, who realized fully both her delicacy and pride, it was a sign that my long, if secret, devotion was about to be rewarded and that at last I was free to cherish hopes whose alternative had once bid fair to wreck the happiness of my life.

I was reveling in the felicity of these anticipations and contrasting this hour of ardent hope with others of whose dissatisfaction and gloom I was yet mindful, when a sudden shadow fell across the broad band of light issuing from the library window and Sinclair stepped out.

He had the appearance of being disturbed; very much disturbed, I thought, for a man on the point of marrying the woman for whom he professed to entertain the one profound passion of his life; but remembering his frequent causes of annoyance—causes quite apart from his bride and her personal attributes—I kept on placidly smoking till I felt his hand on my shoulder and turned to see that the moment was a serious one.

"I have something to say to you," he whispered. "Come where we will run less risk of being disturbed."

"What's wrong?" I asked, facing him with curiosity, if not with alarm. "I never saw you look like this before. Has the old lady taken this last minute to——"

"Hush!" he prayed, emphasizing the word with a curt gesture not to be mistaken. "The little room over the west porch is empty just now. Follow me there."

With a sigh for the cigar I had so lately lighted I tossed it into the bushes and sauntered in after him. I thought I understood his trouble. The prospective bride was young—a mere slip of a girl, indeed—bright, beautiful and proud, yet with odd little restraints in her manner and language, due probably to her peculiar bringing up and the surprise, not yet overcome, of finding herself, after an isolated if not despised childhood, the idol of society and the recipient of universal homage. The fault was not with her. But she had for guardian—alas! my dear girl had the same—an aunt who was a gorgon. This aunt must have been making herself disagreeable to the prospective bridegroom, and he, being quick to take offense (quicker than I, it was said),

had probably retorted in a way to make things unpleasant. As he was a guest in the house, he and all the other members of the bridal party (Mrs. Armstrong having insisted upon opening her magnificent Newport villa for this wedding and its attendant festivities), the matter might well look black to him. Yet I did not feel disposed to take much interest in it, even though his case might be mine some day, with all its accompanying drawbacks.

Sinclair had the look of being disturbed.

But, once confronted with Sinclair in the well-lighted room above, I perceived that I had better drop all selfish regrets and give my full attention to what he had to say. For his eye, which had flashed with quite an unusual light at dinner, was clouded now, and his manner, when he strove to speak, betrayed a nervousness I had considered foreign to his nature ever since the day I had seen him rein in his horse so calmly on the extreme edge of a precipice where a fall would have meant death not only to himself, but to the two riders pressing closely behind him.

"Walter," he faltered, "something has happened; something dreadful—something unprecedented! You may think me a fool—God knows I would be glad to be proved so, but this thing has frightened me. I—" He paused and pulled himself together. "I will relate the event, then you can judge of its seriousness. I am in no condition to do so myself. I wonder if you will be when you hear——"

"Don't circumlocute. Speak up! what's the matter?"

He gave me an odd look full of gloom, a look I felt the force of, though I could not interpret it; then drawing closer, though there was no one within hearing, possibly no one any nearer than the drawing-room below, he whispered in my ear:—

"I have lost a little phial of the deadliest drug ever compounded; a Venetian curiosity which I was foolish enough to take out and show the ladies because the little box which holds it is such an exquisite example of jeweler's work. There's death in its taste, almost in its smell; and it's out of my hands and——"

"Well, I'll tell you how to fix that up," I put in, with my usual frank decision. "Order the music stopped; call everybody into the drawing-room and explain the dangerous nature of this toy. After which, if anything happens, it will

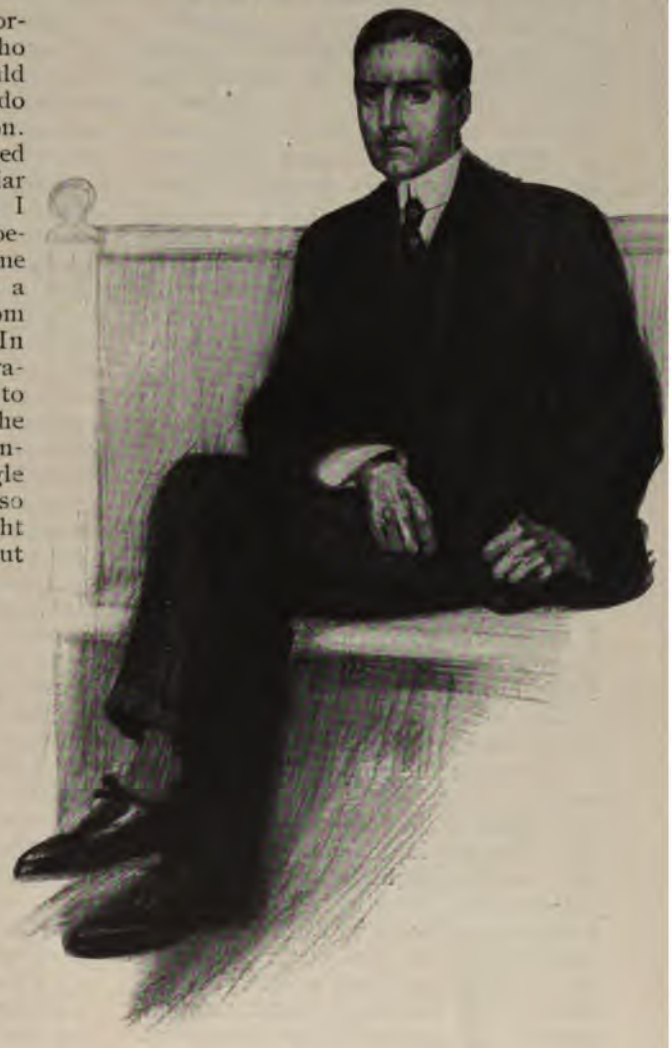
not be your fault, but that of the person who has so thoughtlessly appropriated it."

His eyes which had been resting eagerly on mine shifted aside in visible embarrassment.

"Impossible! It would only aggravate matters, or rather, would not relieve my fears at all. For the person who took it knew its nature very well, and that person—"

"O then you know who took it!" I interrupted, in increasing astonishment. "I thought from your manner that—"

"No," he moodily corrected, "I do not know who took it. If I did, I should not be here. That is, I do not know the exact person. Only—" Here he again eyed me in his former peculiar way, and observing that I was nettled, made a fresh beginning. "When I came here, I brought with me a case of rarities chosen from my various collections. In looking them over preparatory to making a present to Gilbertine, I came across the little box I have just mentioned. It is made of a single amethyst and contains—or so I was assured when I bought it—a tiny flask of old but very deadly poison. How it came to be included with the other precious and beautiful articles I had picked out for her *cadeau*, I cannot say; but there it was; and conceiving that the sight of it would please the ladies, I carried it down into the library and, in an evil hour, called three or four of them about me to inspect it. This was while you boys were in the billiard-room, so the ladies could give their entire attention to the little box which is certainly worth the most careful scrutiny. I was holding it out on the palm of my hand, where it burned with a purple light which made more than one feminine eye glitter, when somebody suddenly inquired to what use so small and yet so rich a receptacle could be put. The question was such a natural one I never thought of evading it, besides I enjoy the fearful delight which women take in the marvelous. Expecting no greater result than lifted eyebrows or flushed cheeks, I answered by pressing a little spring in the filigree-work surrounding



"Well, I'll tell you how to fix that up," I put in.

the gem. Instantly, the tiniest of lids flew back, revealing a crystal flask of such minute proportions that the sight of it invariably causes astonishment.

"'You see!' I cried, 'it was made to hold *that!*' And moving my hand to and fro under the gas-jet, I caused to shine in their eyes the single drop of yellow liquid it still held. 'Poison!' I impressively announced. 'This trinket may have adorned the bosom of a Borgia or flashed from the arm of some great Venetian lady as she flourished her fan between her embittered heart and the object of her wrath or jealousy.'

"The first sentence had come naturally, but the last was spoken at random and almost without my knowledge. For at the utterance of the word 'poison,' a quickly surpressed sound had escaped the lips of some one behind me, which, while faint enough to elude the attention of any ear less sensitive than my own, contained such an astonishing, if involuntary, note of self-betrayal that my mind grew numb with horror, and I stood staring at the fearful toy which had called up such a revelation of—what? That is what I am here to ask, first of myself, then of you. For the two women pressing behind me were—"

"Who?" I sharply demanded, partaking in some indefinable way of his excitement and alarm.

"Gilbertine Murray and Dorothy Camerden."

His prospective bride and the woman I loved and whom he knew I loved, though I had kept my secret quite successfully from everyone else.

The look that passed between us, neither of us two will ever forget.

"Describe the sound!" I presently said.

"I cannot," he replied. "I can only give you my impression of it. You, like myself, fought in more than one battle in the Cuban war. Did you ever hear the cry made by a wounded man when the cup of cool water for which he has long agonized is brought suddenly before his eyes? Such a sound, with all that goes to make it eloquent, did I hear from one of the two girls who leaned over my shoulder. Can you understand this amazing, this unheard-of circumstance? Can you name the woman—can you name the grief, capable of making either of these seemingly happy and innocent girls hail the sight of such a doubtful panacea, with an unconscious ebullition of joy? You would clear my wedding-eve of a great dread if you could; for if this expression of concealed misery came from Gilbertine—"

"Do you mean," I cried in vehement protest, "that you really are in doubt as to which of those two women uttered this cry? That you positively cannot tell whether it was Gilbertine or—or—"

"I cannot. As God lives, I cannot. I was too dazed, too confounded by the unexpected circumstance, to turn at once, and when I did, it was to see both pair of eyes shining, and both faces dimpling with real or affected gaiety. Indeed, if the matter had stopped there, I should have thought myself the victim of some monstrous delusion, but when a half hour later I found this box missing from the cabinet where I had hastily thrust it at the peremptory summons of our hostess, I knew that I had not misunderstood that cry of secret longing. That the hand had taken what the heart desired. If a death occurs in this house to-night—"

"Sinclair, you are mad!" I exclaimed with great violence. No lesser word would fit either the intensity of my feeling or the confused state of my mind. "Death *here!* where all are so happy! Remember your bride's ingenuous face! Remember the candid expression of Dorothy's eye—her smile—her noble ways. You exaggerate the situation. You neither understand aright the simple expression of surprise you heard, nor the feminine frolic which led these girls to carry off this romantic specimen of Italian deviltry."

"You are losing time," was his simple comment. "Every minute we allow to pass in inaction only brings the danger nearer."

"What!" I cried. "You imagine—"

"I imagine nothing. I simply know that one of those girls has in her possion the means of terminating life in an instant; that the girl so having it, is

not happy, and that if anything happens to-night it will be because we rested supine in the face of a very real and possible danger. Now, as Gilbertine has never given me reason to doubt either her affection for myself or her satisfaction in our approaching union, I have allowed myself—"

"To think that the object of your fears is Dorothy," I finished with a laugh I vainly strove to make sarcastic.

He did not answer, and I stood battling with a dread I dared neither conceal or avow. For preposterous as his idea seemed, reason told me that he had some grounds for his doubt.

Dorothy, unlike Gilbertine Murray, was not to be read at a glance, and her trouble—for she certainly had a trouble—was not one she chose to share with anyone, even with me. I had flattered myself in days gone by that I understood it well enough, and that any lack of serenity I might observe in her could be easily explained by the position of dependence she held towards an irascible aunt. But now that I forced myself to think I could not but ask if the varying moods by which I had found myself secretly harrowed had not sprung from a very different cause; a cause for which my persistent love was more to blame than the tempers of her relative. The aversion she had once shown to my attentions had yielded long ago to a shy but seemingly sincere appreciation, and gleams of what I was fain to call real feeling had shown themselves now and then in her softened manner, culminating to-day in that soft pressure of my hand which had awakened my hopes and made me forget all the doubts and caprices of a turbulent courtship. But had I interpreted that strong, spasmodic pressure aright? Had it necessarily meant love? Might it not have sprung from a sudden desperate resolution to accept a devotion which offered her a way out of difficulties especially galling to one of her gentle but lofty spirit? Her look when she fled from before my joy had little of the demure tenderness of a maiden blushing at her first involuntary avowal. There was shrinking in it, but it was the shrinking of a frightened woman, not of the shame-faced girl; and when I strove to follow her, the gesture with which she waved me back had that in it which would have alarmed a more exacting lover. Had I mistaken my darling's feelings? Was her heart still cold, her affections unwon? Or—thought unsupportable!—had she secretly yielded to another what she had so long denied me and—"

"Ah!" quoth Sinclair, at this juncture, "I see that I have roused you at last." And unconsciously his tone grew lighter and his eye lost the strained look which had made it the eye of a stranger. "You begin to see that a question of the most serious import is before us, and that this question must be answered before we separate for the night."

"I do," said I.

His relief was evident. "Then so much is gained. The next point is, how are we to settle our doubts. We cannot approach either of these ladies with questions. A girl wretched enough to contemplate suicide would be especially careful to conceal both her misery and its cause. Neither can we order a search made for an object so small that it can be concealed on the person."

"Yet this jewel must be recovered. Listen, Sinclair. I will have a talk with Dorothy, you with Gilbertine. A kind talk, mind you! one that will soothe, not frighten. If a secret lurks in either breast our tenderness should find it out. Only as you love me, promise to show me the same frankness I here promise to show you. Dear as Dorothy is to me, I swear to communicate to you the full result of my conversation with her, whatever the cost to myself or even to her."

"And I will be equally fair as regards Gilbertine. But, before we proceed to such extreme measures, let us make sure that there is no shorter road to the truth. Some one may have seen which of our two dear girls went back to the library after we all came out of it. That would narrow our inquiry and save one of them at least from unnecessary disturbance."

It was a happy thought, and I told him so, but at the same time bade him

look in the glass and see how impossible it would be for him to venture below without creating an alarm which might precipitate the dread event we both feared.

He replied by drawing me to his side before the mirror and pointing to my own face. It was as pale as his own.

Most disagreeably impressed by the self-betrayal, I colored deeply under Sinclair's eye and was but little, if any, relieved when I noticed that he colored under mine. For his feelings were no enigma to me. Naturally he was glad to discover that I shared his apprehensions, since it gave him leave to hope that the blow he so dreaded was not necessarily directed towards his own affections. Yet, being a generous fellow, he blushed to be detected in his egotism; while I—well, I own that at that moment I would have felt a very unmixed joy at being assured that the foundations of my own love were secure, and that the tiny flask Sinclair had missed had not been taken by the one hand to which I looked for all my earthly happiness.

It was Gilbertine Murray sitting alone.

And my wedding-day was as yet a vague and distant hope, while his was set for the morrow.

"We must carry down-stairs very different faces from these," he remarked, "or we shall be stopped before we can reach the library."

I made an effort at composure; so did he, and both being determined men, we soon found ourselves in a condition to descend among our friends without attracting any closer attention than was naturally due him as prospective bridegroom and myself as best man.

II.

BEATON'S DREAM.

Mrs. Armstrong, our hostess, was fond of gayety, and amusements were never lacking. As we stepped down into the great hall we heard music in the drawing-room and saw that a dance was in progress.

"That is good," observed Sinclair. "We will run less risk of finding the library occupied."

"Shall I not look and see where the girls are?" I whispered. "It would be a great relief to find them both among the dancers."

"Yes," said he, "but don't allow yourself to be inveigled into joining them. I could not stand the suspense."

I nodded and slipped towards the drawing-room. He remained in the bow-window overlooking the terrace.

A rush of young people greeted me as soon as I showed myself. But I was able to elude them and catch the one full glimpse I wanted of the great room beyond. It was a magnificent apart-

ment, and so brilliantly lighted that every nook stood revealed. On a divan near the center was a lady conversing with two gentlemen. Her back was towards me, but I had no difficulty in recognizing Miss Murray. Some distance from her, but with her face also turned away, stood Dorothy. She was talking with an unmarried friend and appeared quite at her ease and more than usually cheerful. Relieved, yet sorry that I had not succeeded in seeing their faces, I hastened back to Sinclair, who was watching me with furtive eyes from between the curtains of the window in which he had secreted himself. As I joined him a young gentleman who was to act as usher sauntered from behind one of the great pillars forming a collonade down the hall, and, crossing to where the music-room door stood invitingly open, disappeared behind it with the air of a man perfectly contented with his surroundings.

With a nervous grip Sinclair seized me by the arm.

"Was that Beaton?" he asked.

"Certainly," I answered.

He gave me a very strange look.

"Does the sight of him recall anything?"

"No."

"You were at the breakfast table yesterday morning?"

"I was."

"Do you recall the dream he related for the delectation of such as would listen?"

Then it was my turn to go white.

"You don't mean," I began--

"I thought at the time that it sounded more like a veritable adventure than a dream; now I am sure of it."

"Sinclair!" I exclaimed, "you do not mean that the young girl he professed himself to have surprised one moonlit night standing on the verge of the cliff, with arms upstretched and a distracted air, was a real person?"

"I do. We laughed at the time; he made it seem so tragic and preposterous. I do not feel like laughing now."

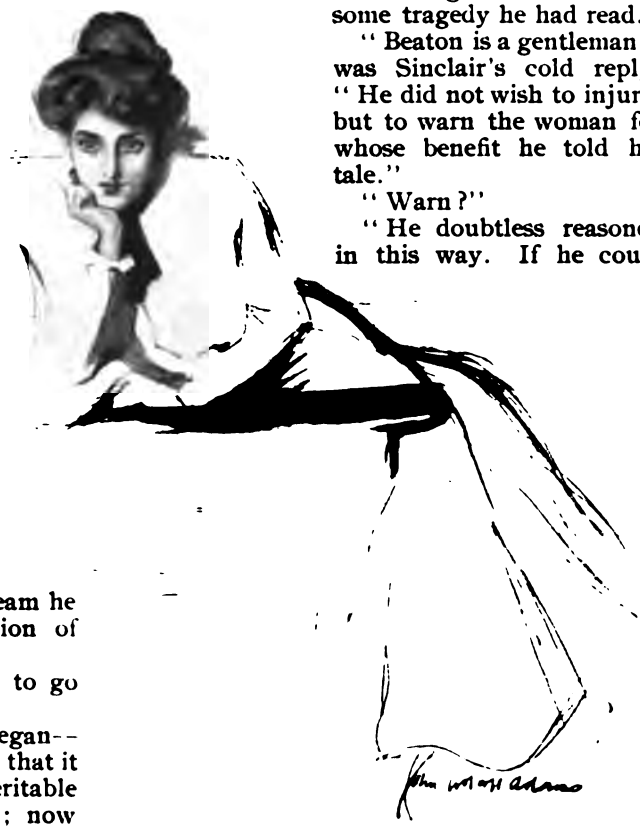
I gazed at him in horror. The music was throbbing in our ears, and the murmer of gay voices and swiftly moving feet suggested nothing but joy and hilarity. Which was the dream? This scene of seeming mirth and happy promise, or the fancies he had conjured up to rob us both of peace?

"Beaton mentioned no names," I stubbornly protested. "He did not even call the vision he encountered a woman. It was a wraith, you remember, a dream-maiden, a creature of his own imagination born of some tragedy he had read."

"Beaton is a gentleman," was Sinclair's cold reply. "He did not wish to injure, but to warn the woman for whose benefit he told his tale."

"Warn?"

"He doubtless reasoned in this way. If he could



Dorothy Camerden was not to be read at a glance.

make this young and probably sensitive girl realize that she had been seen and her intentions recognized, she would beware of such attempts in the future. He is a kind-hearted fellow. Did you notice which end of the table he ignored when relating this dramatic episode?"

"No."

"If you had we might be better able to judge where his thoughts were. Probably you cannot even tell how the ladies took it?"

"No, I never thought of looking. Good God! Sinclair, don't let us harrow up ourselves unnecessarily! I saw them both a moment ago, and nothing in their manner showed that anything was amiss with either of them."

For answer he drew me toward the library.

This room was not much affected by the young people at night. There were two or three elderly people in the party, notably the husband and brother of the lady of the house, and to their use the room was more or less given up after nightfall. It was Sinclair's wish to show me the cabinet from which the box had been taken.

There was a fire in the grate, for the evenings were now more or less chilly. When the door had closed behind us we found that this same fire made all the light there was in the room. Both gas-jets had been put out and the rich yet home-like room glowed with ruddy hues, interspersed with great shadows. A solitary scene, yet an enticing one.

Sinclair drew a deep breath. "Mr. Armstrong must have gone elsewhere to read the evening papers," he remarked.

I replied by casting a scrutinizing look into the corners. I dreaded a pair of lovers hid somewhere in the many nooks made by the jutting book-cases. But I saw no one. However, at the other end of the large room there stood a screen near one of the many lounges, and I was on the point of approaching this place of concealment when Sinclair drew me towards a tall cabinet upon whose glass doors the fire-light was shimmering, and, pointing to a shelf far above our heads, cried:—

"No woman could reach that unaided. Gilbertine is tall, but not tall enough for that. I purposely put it high."

I looked about for a stool. There was one just behind Sinclair. I drew his attention to it.

He flushed and gave it a kick, then shivered slightly and sat down in a near-by chair. I knew what he was thinking. Gilbertine was taller than Dorothy. This stool might answer her if it would not Dorothy.

I felt a great spasm of sympathy for him. After all, his case was more serious than mine. The bishop was coming to marry him the next day.

"Sinclair," said I, "the stool means nothing. Dorothy has more inches than you think. With this under her feet, she could reach the shelf by standing tip-toe. Besides, there are the chairs."

"True, true;" and he started up; "there are the chairs! I forgot the chairs. I fear my wits have gone wool-gathering. We shall have to take others into our confidence." Here his voice fell to a whisper. "Somehow or by some means we must find out if either of them have been seen to come into this room."

"Leave that to me," said I. "Remember that a word might raise suspicion, and that in a case like this—Haloo, what's that?"

A gentle snore had come from behind the screen.

"We are not alone," I whispered. "Some one is over there on the lounge."

Sinclair had already bounded across the room. I pressed hurriedly behind him, and together we rounded the screen and came upon the recumbent figure of Mr. Armstrong, asleep on the lounge, with his paper fallen from his hand.

"That accounts for the lights being turned out," grumbled Sinclair. "Dutton must have done it."

Dutton was the butler.

I stood looking at the sleeping figure before me.

"He must have been lying here for some time," I muttered.

Sinclair started.

"Probably some little while before he slept," I pursued. "I have often

heard that he dotes on the fire-light."

"I have a notion to wake him," suggested Sinclair.

"It will not be necessary," said I, drawing back, as the heavy figure stirred, breathed heavily and finally sat up.

"I beg pardon," I now entreated, backing politely away. "We thought the room empty."

Mr. Armstrong, who, if slow to receive impressions, was far from lacking intelligence, eyed us with sleepy indifference for a moment, then rose ponderously to his feet and was, on the instant, the man of manner and unfailing courtesy we had ever found him.

"What can I do to oblige you?" he asked; his smooth, if hesitating tones, sounding strangely in our excited ears.

I made haste to forestall Sinclair who was racking his brains for words in which to propound the question he dared not put too boldly.

"Pardon me, Mr. Armstrong, we were looking about for a small pin dropped by Miss Camerden. (How hard it was for me to use her name in this connection only my own heart knows.) "She was in here just now, was she not?"

The courteous gentleman bowed, hawed, and smiled a very polite but unmeaning smile. Evidently he had not the remotest notion whether she had been in or not.

"I am sorry, but I am afraid I lost myself for a moment on that lounge," he admitted. "The fire-light always makes me sleepy. But if I can help you," he cried, starting forward, but almost immediately pausing again and giving us rather a curious look. "Someone was in the room. I remember it now. It was just before the warmth and glow of the fire became too much for me. I cannot say that it was Miss Camerden, however. I thought it was someone of quicker movement. She made quite a rattle with the chairs."

I purposely did not look back at Sinclair.

"Miss Murray?" I suggested.

Mr. Armstrong made one of his low, old-fashioned bows. This, I doubt not, was out of deference to the bride-to-be.

"Does Miss Murray wear white tonight?"

"Yes," muttered Sinclair, coming hastily forward.

"Then it may have been she, for as I lay there deciding whether or not to yield to the agreeable somnolence I felt creeping over me, I caught a glimpse of her skirt as she passed out of the room. And that skirt was white —white silk, I suppose you call it. It looked very pretty in the fire-light."

Sinclair, turning on his heel, stalked in a dazed way towards the door. To cover this show of abruptness, which was quite unusual on his part, I made the effort of my life, and, remarking lightly, "She must have been here looking for the pin her friend has lost," I launched forth into an impromptu dissertation on one of the subjects I knew to be dear to the heart of the book-worm before me, and kept it up, too, till I saw by his brightening eye and suddenly freed manner that he had forgotten the insignificant episode of a minute ago, never in all probability to recall it again. Then I made another effort and released myself with something like deftness from the long-drawn out argument I saw impending, and making for the door in my turn, looked about me in the hall for Sinclair.

As far as I was concerned the question as to who had taken the box from the library was settled.

It was now half-past eight. I made my way from room to room and from group to group, looking for Sinclair. At last I returned to my old post near the library door, and was instantly gratified by seeing him coming up a small side-passage in company with the butler, Dutton. His face, as he stepped into the broad light of the open hall, showed a natural discomposure, but not the extreme distress I had anticipated. Somehow, at sight of it, I found myself seeking the shadow just as he had done a short time before, and it was in one of the recesses made by a row of bay trees that we came face to face.

He gave me one look, then his eyes dropped.

"Miss Camerden has lost a pin from her hair," he ostentatiously explained

to me. Then turning to Dutton he nonchalantly remarked: "It must be somewhere in this hall; perhaps you will be good enough to look for it."

"Certainly," replied the man. "I thought she had lost something when I saw her come out of the library a little while ago holding her hand to her hair."

My heart gave a leap, then sank cold and almost pulseless in my breast. In the hum to which all sounds had sunk, I heard Sinclair's voice rise again in the question with which my own mind was full.

"When was that? After Mr. Armstrong went into the room or before?"

"O, after he fell asleep. I had just come from putting out the gas when I saw Miss Camerden slip in and almost immediately come out again. I will search for the pin very carefully, sir."

So Mr. Armstrong had made a mistake. It was Dorothy and not Gilbertine whom he had seen leaving the room. I braced myself up and met Sinclair's eye.

"Dorothy's dress is gray to-night: but Mr. Armstrong's eye may not be very good for colors."

"It is possible that both were in the room," declared Sinclair. But I could see that he advanced this theory solely out of consideration for me; that he did not really believe it. "At all events," he went on, "we cannot prove anything this way; we must resort to our original idea. I wonder if Gilbertine will give me the chance to speak to her."

"You will have an easier task than I," was my half sullen reply. "If Dorothy perceives that I wish to approach her she has but to lift her eyes to any of the half-dozen fellows here, and the thing becomes impossible."

"There is to be a rehearsal of the ceremony at half-past ten in the music-room. I might get a word in then; only, this matter must be settled before that comes off. I could never go through the farce with such a doubt as this in my mind."

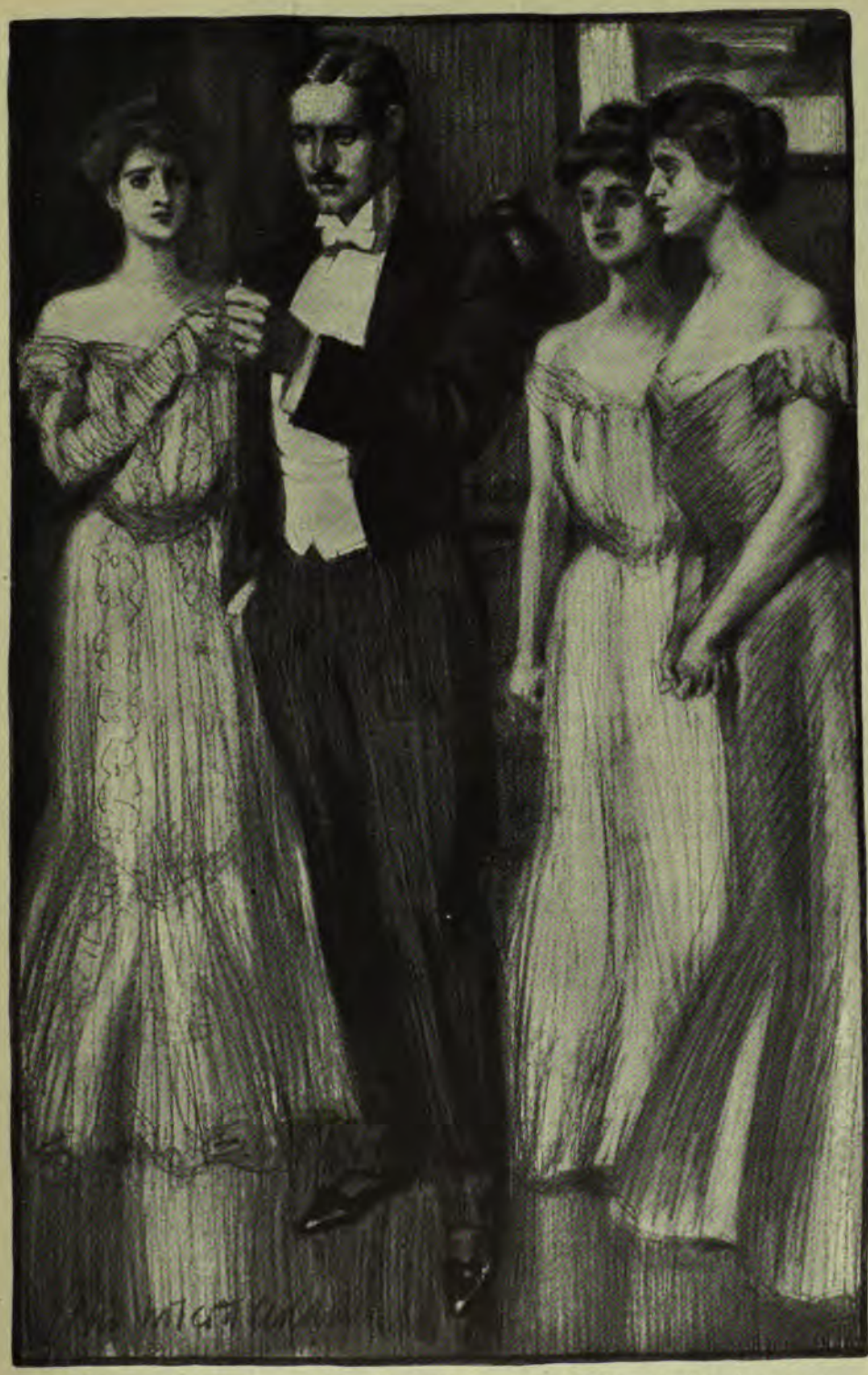
"You will see her before then. Insist on a moment's talk. If she refuses——"

"Hush!" he here put in. "We part now to meet in this same place again at ten. Do I look fit to enter among the dancers? I see a whole group of them coming for me."

"You will in another moment. Approaching matrimony has made you sober, that's all."

It was some little time before I had the opportunity, even if I had the courage, to look Dorothy in the face and see if I could determine from her expression what was passing in her mind. When the moment came she was flushed with dancing and looked beautiful. Ordinarily she was a little pale, but not even Gilbertine, with her sumptuous coloring, showed a more brilliant cheek than did the woman I loved, as, resting from the waltz, she leaned against the rose-tinted wall and let her eyes for the first time rise slowly to where I stood talking mechanically to my partner.

Gentle eyes they were, made for appeal, and eloquent with a subdued heart language. But they were held in check by an infinite discretion. Never have I caught them quite off their guard, and to-night they were wholly unreadable. Yet she was trembling with something more than the fervor of the dance, and the little hand which had touched mine in lingering pressure that afternoon was not quiet for a moment. I could not see it fluttering in and out of the folds of her smoke-colored dress without a sick wonder if the little purple box that made my horror lay somewhere concealed amid the airy puffs and ruffles that rose and fell so rapidly over her heaving breast. Could her eye rest on mine, even in this cold and perfunctory manner, if the drop which could separate us forever lay concealed over her heart? She knew that I loved her. From the first hour we met in her aunt's forbidding parlor in Thirty-sixth street she had recognized my passion, however perfectly I had succeeded in concealing it from others. Inexperienced as she was in those days, she had noted as quickly as any society belle the effect produced upon me by her chill prettiness and her air of meek reserve under which one felt the heart-break, and though she would never openly acknowledge it and



"At the word 'poison,' a quickly suppressed sound escaped from the lips of some one behind me."

frowned down every attempt on my part at lover-like speech or attention, I was as sure that she rated my feelings at their real value as that she was the dearest, yet most incomprehensible, mortal my narrow world contained. When, therefore, I encountered her glance at the end of the dance I said to myself:—

"She may not love me but she knows that I love her, and being a woman of sympathetic instincts, would never meet my eyes with so calm a look if she was meditating an act which must infallibly plunge me into misery."

Yet I was not satisfied to go away without a word. So, taking the bull by the horns, I excused myself to my partner, and crossed to Dorothy's side.

"Will you dance the next waltz with me?" I asked.

Her eyes fell from mine directly and she drew back in a way that suggested flight.

"I shall dance no more to-night," said she, her hand rising in its nervous fashion to her hair.

I made no appeal. I just watched that hand, whereupon she flushed vividly and seemed more than ever anxious to escape. At which I spoke again:—

"Give me a chance, Dorothy. If you will not dance come out on the veranda and look at the ocean with me. It is glorious to-night. I will not keep you long. The lights here trouble my eyes and I do so long to ask you one question."

"No, no," she vehemently objected very much as if frightened. "I cannot leave the drawing-room—do not ask me—seek some other partner—do, to-night."

"You wish it?"

"Very much."

She was panting, eager. I felt my heart sink and dreaded lest I should betray my feelings.

"You do not honor me then with your regard," I retorted, bowing ceremoniously as I became assured that we were attracting more attention than I considered desirable.

She was silent. Her hand went again to her hair.

I changed my tone. Quietly, but with an emphasis which moved her in spite of herself, I whispered, "If I leave you now will you tell me to-morrow why you are so peremptory with me to-night?"

With an eagerness which was anything but encouraging, she answered with suddenly recovered gaiety:—

"Yes, yes, after all this excitement is over." And, slipping her hand into that of a friend who was passing, she was soon in the whirl again and dancing—she who was not to dance again that night.

III.

A SCREAM IN THE NIGHT.

I turned and, hardly conscious of my actions, stumbled from the room. A bevy of young people at once surrounded me. What I said to them I hardly know. I only remember that it was several minutes before I found myself again alone and making for the little room into which Beaton had vanished a half hour before. It was the one given up to card-playing. Did I expect to find him seated at one of the tables? Possibly; at all events I approached the doorway and was about to enter when a heavy step shook the threshold before me and I found myself confronted by the advancing figure of an elderly lady whose portrait it is now time for me to draw. It is no pleasurable task, but one I cannot escape. Imagine, then, a broad, weighty woman of not much height, with a face whose features were usually forgotten in the impression made by her great cheeks and falling jowls. If the small eyes rested on you you found them sinister and strange, but if they were turned elsewhere, you asked in what the power of the face rested, and sought in vain amid its long wrinkles and indeterminate lines for the secret of that spiritual and bodily repulsion which the least look into this impassive countenance was calculated to produce. She was a woman of immense means, and an oppressive consciousness of this spoke in every movement of her heavy frame which always seemed to take up three times more space than rightfully belonged to any human creature. Add to this that she

was seldom seen without a display of diamonds which made her broad bust look like the bejeweled breast of some Eastern idol, and some idea may be formed of this redoubtable woman whom I have hitherto confined myself to speaking of as *the gorgon*.

The stare she gave me had something venomous and threatening in it. Evidently for the moment I was out of her books, and while I did not understand in what way I had displeased her, for we always had met amicably before, I seized upon this sign of displeasure on her part as explanatory, perhaps, of the curtness and show of contradictory feelings on the part of her dependent niece. Yet why should the old woman frown on me? I had been told more than once that she regarded me with great favor. Had I unwillingly done something to displease her or had the game of cards she had just left gone against her, ruffling her temper and making it imperative for her to choose some object on which to vent her spite? I entered the room to see. Two gentlemen and one lady stood in rather an embarrassed silence about a table on which lay some cards which had every appearance of having been thrown down by an impatient hand. One of the gentlemen was Will Beaton, and it was he who now remarked :—

"She has just found out that the young people are enjoying themselves. I wonder upon which of her two unfortunate nieces she will expend her ill-temper to-night?"

"O, there's no question about that," murmured the lady who stood near him. "Ever since the prospect of working Gilbertine off her hands became a certainty she has devoted herself quite exclusively to her remaining burden. I hear," she impulsively continued, craning her neck to be sure that the object of her remarks was quite out of earshot, "that the south hall was blue today with the talk she gave Dorothy Camerden. No one knows what about, for the girl evidently tries to please her. But some women have more than their own proper share of bile; they must expend it on some one." And she in turn threw down her cards, which she had held up till now in her hand.

I gave Beaton a look and stepped out on the veranda. In a minute he followed me, and in the corner facing the ocean, where the vines cluster the thickest, we had the following conversation :—

I began it and with a directness born of my desperation.

"Beaton," said I, "we have not known each other long, but I recognize a man when I see him, and I am disposed to be frank with you. I am in trouble. My affections are engaged, deeply engaged, in a quarter where I find some mystery. You have helped make it." (Here a gesture escaped him.) "I allude to the story you related the other morning of the young girl you had seen hanging over the verge of the cliff with every appearance of intending to throw herself over."

"It was as a dream I related that," he gravely remarked.

"That I am aware of. But it was no dream to me, Beaton. I fear I know that young girl; I also fear that I know what drove her into contemplating so rash an act. The conversation just held in the card-room should enlighten you. Beaton, am I wrong?"

The feeling I could not suppress trembled in my tones. He may have been sensitive to it or he may have been simply good-natured. Whatever the cause, this is what he said in reply :—

"It was a dream. Remember that I insist upon its being a dream. But some of its details are very clear in my mind. When I stumbled upon this dream-maiden in the moonlight her face was turned from me towards the ocean, and I did not see her features then or afterwards. Startled by some sound I made, she crouched, drew back and fled to cover. That cover, I have good reason to believe, was this very house."

I reached out my hand and touched him on the arm.

"This dream-maiden was a lady?" I inquired. "One of the ladies now in this house?"

He replied reluctantly.

"She was a young lady and she wore a long cloak. My dream ends there. I

cannot even say if she were fair or dark."

I recognized that I had got from him all that he would ever reveal, and, wringing his hand, I started for the nearest window, which proved to be that of the music-room. I was about to enter when I saw two figures pass in front of me, and paused with a full heart to look, for one of them was Mrs. Lansing and the other was Dorothy. The aunt had evidently come for the niece and they were leaving the room together. Not amicably, however. Harsh words had passed, or I am no judge of the human countenance. Dorothy especially bore herself like one who finds difficulty in restraining herself from some unhappy outburst, and as she disappeared from my sight in the wake of her formidable companion my attention was again called to her hands, which she held clenched at her sides.

I was stepping into the room when I again stopped. There was another person there, a person I had been most anxious to see ever since my last interview with Sinclair. It was Gilbertine Murray, sitting alone in an attitude of deep, and possibly not altogether happy thought. I paused to study the sweet face. Truly she was a beautiful woman. I had never before realized how beautiful. Her rich coloring, her noble traits and the spirited air which gave her such marked distinction, bespoke at once an ardent nature and a pure soul. I did not wonder that Sinclair had succumbed to charms so pronounced and uncommon, and as I gazed longer and noted the tremulous droop of her ripe lips and the far-away look of eyes which had created a great stir in the social world when they first flashed upon it, I felt that if Sinclair could see her now he would never doubt her again, notwithstanding the attitude into which she had fallen and which was one of great fatigue if not despondency. She held a fan in her hand, and as I stood looking at her she dropped it and stooped to pick it up.

In doing so her eyes met mine, and then I saw a great change pass over her. Starting up, she held out her hands in a sort of wordless appeal—then let them drop again as if conscious that I would not be likely to understand either herself or her mood. Truly she was a very beautiful woman.

Entering the room, I approached her. Had Sinclair managed to have his little conversation with her? Something must have happened, for never had I seen her in such a state of suppressed excitement, and I had seen her many times, both here and in her aunt's house when visiting Dorothy. Her eyes were shining, not with a brilliant, but a soft light, and the smile with which she met my advance had something in it strangely tremulous and expectant.

"I am glad to have a moment in which to speak to you alone," I said. "As Sinclair's oldest and closest friend, I wish to tell you how truly you can rely both on his affection and esteem. He has an infinitely good heart; I have known him long and well."

She did not answer as brightly and as quickly as I expected. Something seemed to choke her, something which she finally mastered, though only by an effort which left her pale, but self-contained and even more lovely, if that is possible, than before.

"Thank you," she then said, "my prospects are very happy. No one but myself knows how happy." And she smiled again, but with an expression which recalled to my mind Sinclair's fears.

I bowed; someone was calling Gilbertine; evidently our interview was to be short.

"I am obliged," she murmured. Then quickly, "I have not seen the moon to-night. Is it beautiful? Can you see it from this veranda?"

But before I could answer, she was surrounded and dragged off by a knot of young people, and I was left free to keep my engagement with Sinclair.

I did not find him at his post nor could anyone tell me where he had vanished.

It was plain that his conduct was looked upon as strange, and I felt some anxiety lest it should appear more so before the evening was over. I found him at last in his room sitting with his

head buried in his arms. He started up as I entered.

"Well?" he asked sharply.

"I have learned nothing decisive," said I.

"Nor I."

"I exchanged some words with both ladies and I tackled Beaton; but the matter remains just about where it was. It may have been Dorothy who took the box and it may have been Gilbertine. But there seems to be greater reason for suspecting Dorothy. She lives a hell of a life with that aunt."

"And Gilbertine is on the point of escaping that bondage. I know; I have thought of that over and over. Walter, you are a generous fellow." And for a moment he looked relieved; but in another he was sunk again in his old despondency. "But the doubt," he cried, "the doubt! How can I go through this rehearsal with such a doubt in my mind. I cannot and will not. Go tell them I am ill and cannot come down again to-night. God knows you will tell no untruth."

I saw that he was quite beside himself, but ventured upon one remonstrance.

"It will be unwise to rouse comment," I said. "If that box was taken for the death it holds, the one restraint most likely to act upon the young girl who retains it, will be the conventionalities of her position and the requirements of the hour. Any break in the settled order of things—anything which would give her a moment by herself—might precipitate the dreadful event we fear. Remember, one turn of the hand and all is lost. A drop is quickly swallowed."

"Frightful!" he murmured, the perspiration oozing from his forehead. "What a wedding-eve! And they are laughing down there; listen to them. I even imagine I hear Gilbertine's voice. Is there unconsciousness in it or just the hilarity of a distracted mind bent on self-destruction? I cannot tell; the sound conveys no meaning to me."

"She has a sweet, true face," I said, "and she wears a very beautiful smile to-night."

He sprang to his feet.

"Yes, yes; a smile that maddens me; a smile that tells me nothing, nothing! Walter, Walter, don't you see that even if that cursed box remains unopened and nothing ever comes of its theft, that the seeds of distrust are sown thick in my breast, and that I must always ask: 'Was there a moment in which my young bride shrank from me enough to dream of death?' That is why I cannot go through with the mockery of this rehearsal."

"Can you go through the ceremony of marriage?"

"I must—if nothing happens to-night."

"And then?"

I spoke involuntarily. I was thinking not of him, but of myself. But he evidently found in my words an echo of his own thought.

"Yes, it is the *then*," he murmured. "Well may a man quail before that *then*."

He did go down stairs, however, and did go through with the rehearsal very much as I had expected him to do, quietly and without any outward show of emotion.

As soon as possible after this the company separated, Sinclair making me an imperceptible gesture as he went upstairs. I knew what it meant, and was in his room as soon as the fellows who accompanied him had left him alone.

"The danger is from now on," he cried, as soon as I had closed the door behind me, "I shall not undress to-night."

"Nor I."

"Happily we both have rooms by ourselves in this great house. I shall put out my light and then open my door as far as the chain will allow. Not a move in the house will escape me."

"I will do the same."

"Gilbertine (God be thanked) is not alone in her room. Little Miss Lane shares it with her."

"And Dorothy?"

"O, she is under the strictest bondage both by night and day. She sleeps in a little ante-chamber off her aunt's room. Do you know her door?"

I shook my head.

"I will pass down the hall and stop an instant before the two doors we are most interested in. When I pass Gilbertine's I will throw out my right hand."

I stood on the threshold of his room and watched him. When the two doors were well fixed in my mind, I went to my own room and prepared for my self-imposed watch. When quite ready, I put my light out. It was then eleven o'clock.

The house was very quiet. There had been the usual bustle attending the separation of a party of laughing, chattering girls for the night, but this had not lasted long, for the great doings of the morrow called for bright eyes and fresh cheeks, and these can only be gained by sleep. In this stillness twelve o'clock struck and the first hour of my anxious vigil was at an end. I thought of Sinclair. He had given no token of the watch he was keeping, but I knew that he was sitting with his ear to the door, listening for the alarm which must come soon if it came at all.

But would it come at all? Were we not wasting strength and a great deal of emotion on a dread which had no foundation in fact? What were we two sensible and, as a rule, practical men dreaming of, that we should ascribe to either of these dainty belles of a conventional and shallow society, the wish to commit a deed calling for the vigor and daring of some wilful child of nature? It was not to be thought of in this sober, reasoning hour. We had given ourselves over to a ghastly nightmare and would yet wake—Why was I on my feet? Had I heard anything?

Yes, a stir, a very faint stir somewhere down the hall—the slow, cautious opening of a door, then a foot-fall —Or had I imagined the latter? I could hear nothing now.

Pushing open my own door, I looked cautiously out. Only the pale face of Sinclair confronted me. He was peering from the corner of an adjacent passageway, the moonlight at his back. Advancing, we met in silence. For the moment we seemed to be the only persons awake and up in the vast house.

"I thought I heard a step," was my cautious whisper after a moment of intense listening.

"Where?" he appeared to say with his lips.

I pointed towards that portion of the house where the ladies' rooms were situated.

"It was not a step I heard," was his murmured protest, "but a creak in the small stairway running down at the end of the hall where my room is."

"One of the servants," I ventured, and for a moment we stood irresolute. Then we both turned rigid as some sound arose in one of the far-off rooms, only to quickly relax again as that sound resolved itself into a murmur of muffled voices. Where talking was there could be no danger of the special event we feared. Our relief was so great we both smiled. Next instant his face and, I have no doubt, my own were like clay and Sinclair was reeling back against the wall.

A scream had risen in this sleeping house, a piercing and insistent scream such as raises the hair and curdles the blood.

(*To be continued.*)

A PRAYER

By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

IT is my joy in life to find
At every turning of the road,
The strong arm of a comrade kind
To help me onward with my load:
And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live,—
God make me worthy of my friends!

FOREWORD.

In the theatrical world "Byron's" photographs are the admitted standard of excellence. For a quarter of a century Mr. Byron has been working on his collection, but until now he has steadily refused all offers for its publication. We are glad to present to our readers three articles upon "The Making of a Play," all illustrated from this famous collection, the completeness and unconventionality of which speaks for itself. The first of these papers follows.

THE MAKING OF A PLAY

By F. ELDERKIN FYLES

EVERY one thinks he can write a play. More than half of the actors before the public have tried it, and two-thirds of the novelists take a week or ten days off now and then to turn their latest books into dramas. Yet not more than fifteen of our actor-dramatists are among the produced, and a still smaller number of our bookmen have seen their novels acted unless in adaptations by others. Richard Harding Davis rarely writes a story that is not spoken of as dramatic, and yet he called in Augustus Thomas to help him in making a play of "Soldiers of Fortune."

So many plays are written that the leading managers employ men whose sole duty is to read submitted manuscripts. Of course, established dramatists get their works directly to the managers. More often, though, men in a good enough position for that sell their plays before they are written. A dramatist makes a scenario of his plot, with perhaps one completed act as a sample of his technical ability. If the manager accepts this he pays the author a sum down, usually $500, and as much more when the piece is finished within a certain stated time. Then, according to contract, he produces the play within a settled time or forfeits the $1,000.

Dramatists are paid far more liberally now than they were in the past. Edwin Forrest was praised for generosity when he offered $1,000 for an American tragedy. "Metamora," which won the prize, was one of three hundred and seventy-nine submitted. Nowadays that sum is given to the dramatist on the delivery of the complete manuscript as advanced royalties, which are paid on a scale of five per cent on each week's gross receipts up to $3,000, ten per cent for the next $2,000, fifteen per cent for the next $2,000, twenty per cent for the $2,000 after that, and twenty-five per cent for all over $9,000. These figures vary somewhat, but they may be taken as a fair estimate of the pay of first-class dramatists. A few playwrights, such as Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones and Clyde Fitch, get much more, and Haddon Chambers is said to have received twenty-five per cent for "The Tyranny of Tears" on even its lowest receipts. But that was in America after the comedy had made a great success in London and was regarded as a sure investment. The few most favored authors, such as those mentioned just above, usually agree simply to write a play and receive their first pay before a line is on paper. The only stipulation is that the leading rôle shall fit the purchasing actor-manager, and even this is sometimes omitted in Pinero's contracts.

When a dramatist has achieved eminence he stipulates that he shall choose the actors for his play, although it is usual to consult even the minor authors in the selection. Pinero of England, and Fitch of America, are among the few men who retain absolute authority in the making of their casts. The result in both instances has been the discovery of new talent, most notably in the former case in Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Olga Nethersole, Fay Davis and Irene Vanbrugh, and in the latter in Sarah Cowell LeMoyne and Mrs. Blood-

Clyde Fitch.

good, who were brought from obscurity to stardom in parts constructed for them by these men. Mr. Pinero almost invariably selects his actors from provincial companies, believing that then the player is more completely the character to the spectator than a familiar personality possibly could be. The late Charles H. Hoyt was famous for bringing new people before New York audiences as stars. The list of his "discoveries" is too long to give here.

The work of writing a play is great, far greater than the general public or the many aspirants have any idea, but greater still is the discouragement in getting it produced. The first and lesser of these difficulties drove at least one American dramatist to suicide. David D. Lloyd became so distracted in writing "The Senator" that his brain gave way and he killed himself. Sydney Rosenfeld straightened out the tangled story and William H. Crane has never had a more successful comedy. Perhaps the career of the most prosperous of American dramatists is the best example of the struggles and discouragements before success. Clyde Fitch had a long battle before he triumphed—first a domestic obstacle to overcome in his father's objection to his choice of a profession and then to break down the barrier of narrow-minded prejudice among American managers against originality. And from the very first Mr. Fitch has been daringly unconventional. His best play, "The Moth and the Flame," was sensationally extraordinary. For three years it went the managerial rounds unappreciated. No one would have it until Mr. Kelcey, Miss Effie Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. LeMoyne and the author combined in producing it, when its remarkable merits were recognized and enthusiastically praised. Then the managers rushed to Clyde Fitch, and now three new plays may be expected from him every season. One winter he had four running in New York at the same time. He is not only uncommonly prolific, but during his many years of unrewarded work he stored away manuscripts now much coveted. It is said that when Miss Amelia Bingham went to him for a drama with which to inaugurate her stock company two years ago he dumped out ten or twelve from a desk and read them one after another, until he came to "The Climbers," which was the fifth one, and that pleased her.

The methods of dramatists in writing their plays are as various as their products, or indeed more so. Bronson Howard, for instance, is a slow, methodical worker, while the late Charles H. Hoyt is said to have written "A Texas Steer" in five days, and to have been directing a rehearsal of the first act before the last was on paper. This was the play that contained one of Hoyt's most famous scenes, written against a post on a steamboat pier at Newport. The comedy had been acted there and the company was coming back to New York. Hoyt was talking to the stage-manager while waiting for the boat. "I have an idea for a scene," he said, backing a paper against a post, and jotting down words in pencil. In fifteen minutes he handed the slip to the stage-director, saying, "Put that in rehearsal in the morning." That of course gives a poor idea of a dramatist's work. Mr. Hoyt was not only a genius, but his plays were disjointed farces, easily constructed, and were invariably a matter of building-up after the first performance, like the Weber & Fields' burlesques. A more representative case among very successful American plays is "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which took David Belasco and Franklin Fyles half of every day for ten months to write.

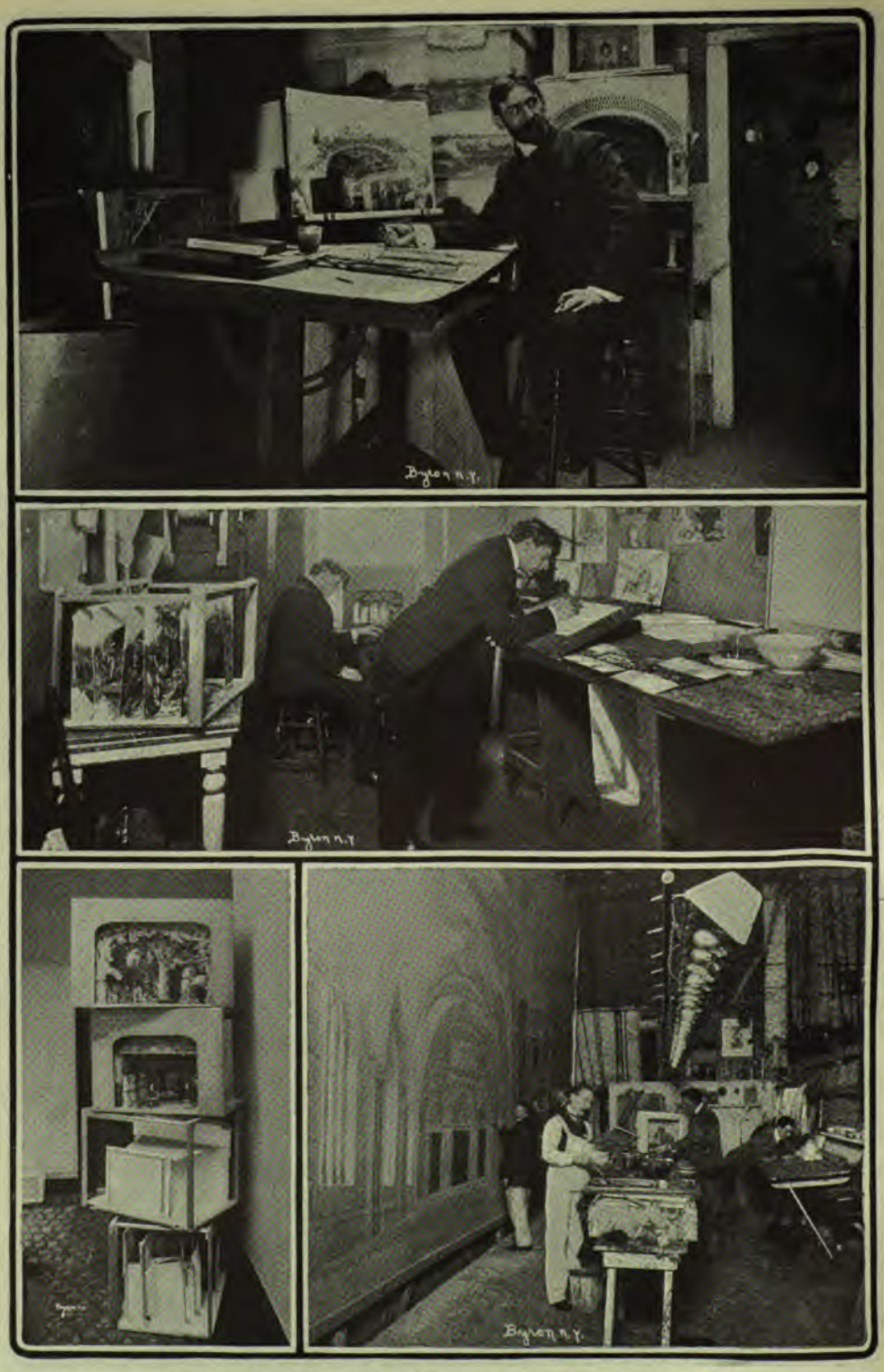
Clyde Fitch, who is like Hoyt in being a quick genius, has an eccentric method of writing plays. He makes them in lots of three. He says it bores him to write continually on one, so he keeps a number going at once. Thus he was writing the fantastic farcicality, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," and the problematic tragedy, "The Marriage Game," at the same time that he was planning the photographic naturalism of "The Way of the World." Last summer he was taken ill and not one, but five, plays were interrupted by the catastrophe. Brilliant and excellent as Mr. Fitch's dramas are, they

would be much better if more carefully made. He says that of them himself. "If I had been born in Germany, or some other country where the drama is taken seriously as an art," he has said, "I would have written better plays; but in America it is merely a matter of money, and so I write the sort of pieces that sell." Undoubtedly Mr. Fitch is the wealthiest American dramatist. David Belasco, as his own manager, and William Gillette, as his own star, may have nearly as big incomes when one figures in these other revenues.

Perhaps the most extravagant story about a dramatist's work is a widely-circulated tale of how Arthur Wing Pinero writes such masterpieces as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Iris." It is said that he idles socially nine months of the year, and then retires to the country, where he shuts himself away from everyone and writes day and night for ninety days. According to the story he lives only on milk during this third of the year. This certainly sounds rather like the fiction that gathers about all retiring geniuses. However, many American dramatists have odd methods of work.

David Belasco.

Julia Marlowe and Clyde Fitch conferring at a "Barbara Frietchie" rehearsal.



Where castles and forests and mountains are planned and made.

One draws a diagram on paper of the necessary rises and falls in the plot, and another works out his story on a chess board. Paul Kester, whose "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" has been successful half round the world, from England to Australia, works out his plays from midnight until three in the morning.

Wotan and Brunnhilde, an undress rehearsal.

In many instances the best dramatists are actors, or were at one time. R. C. Carton—who wrote "Lord and Lady Algy"—and Pinero were in Sir Henry Irving's company years ago, and Henry V. Esmond, author of "The Wilderness" and many other brilliant comedies, is still a popular London actor. Among English playwrights it is not unusual for a husband to write a part for his wife. Hoyt is the only conspicuous case of that sort that we have had in America, and as he was his own producer he did not have to put the agreement with himself on paper. He wrote "A Hole in the Ground" and "A Texas Steer" for his first wife, and "A Contented Woman" and "A Temperance Town" for his second.

The bad hand-writing of one dramatist had an important effect on the fate of his play. James M. Barrie, the novelist, sent his comedy of "The Professor's Love Story" in manuscript to Sir Henry Irving, who studied out the almost illegible writing and liked the play, but thought it was not suited to the Lyceum Theatre. So he sent it to John Hare with a recommending note, praising the piece and advising him to take a part so eminently suited to him. But Mr. Hare was less patient than Sir Henry and would not take the time to decipher the writing. So in turn he forwarded the manuscript to Edward S. Willard, whose labor was rewarded with a drama so successful that it is still the most popular piece in his repertory.

It is almost impossible to tell where a dramatist gets his first idea, and probably he could not quite say himself. Sometimes a very little thing starts him on a train of thought. Several years ago a large colored picture appeared as a Christmas supplement to a magazine. It showed an artistic staircase on which were gracefully grouped men in the red coats of a hunt ball and women in white or very light evening gowns. They appeared to be entering the room down the stairs, taking hands, possibly in a cotillion figure, in an effective way. The idea evidently struck several dramatists as picturesque for stage use, because no less than three set it aside among their notes. It was finally used by Miss Elizabeth Marbury in a comedy called "Merry Gotham," produced at the New York Lyceum in 1892. David Belasco is particularly observing of effective bits for plays, and keeps everything, clippings from newspapers, pictures and even memoranda of social occurrences. When he and Franklin Fyles wrote "The Girl I Left Behind Me" they worked at a hotel in Madison Square. One day Mr. Fyles was

The first rehearsal of a comic opera chorus.

about to depart for a vacation from the still unfinished play, and Mrs. Leslie Carter, who was in an adjoining room, wished to say good-bye, but as she was dressing she could not come out. So she simply slipped her arm through a portière for a farewell hand-shake. The incident apparently impressed the dramatists as picturesque, because it crops up in a line in the play that they were writing at the time. Several years later the same idea appears again in Mr. Belasco's drama of "The Heart of Maryland," and not simply as a reference, but as a whole scene. *Maryland Calvert* puts her arm through her portière for her brother to kiss her hand in parting, but her lover, whose footstep she has mistaken, holds her in his arms, the curtain still keeping his identity from her.

The original point in a play is often obscured and sometimes actually lost in the completed manuscript. Mr. Belasco started "The Heart of Maryland" as a light comedy, and when it was finished it was a most turgid drama. Clyde Fitch arrived even further from the expected destination in "Barbara Frietchie." From the very first Mr. Fitch recognized that he could not make Miss Julia Marlowe interesting "bowed with her threescore years and ten." But he intended from the first that she should fling forth the flag with a royal will, and to retain some resemblance to the poem he had her hair turn gray in a night, as history says Marie Antoinette's did, from grief and anxiety. Audiences regarded this as ridiculous, and after a few performances Miss Marlowe refused to powder her hair, and the order could no longer be, "Who touches a hair of yon gray head dies like a dog."

Composers of comic operas are as eccentric as dramatists in their ways of working. One, whose airs are as pop-

A climax in "Beauty and the Beast."

A difficult step.

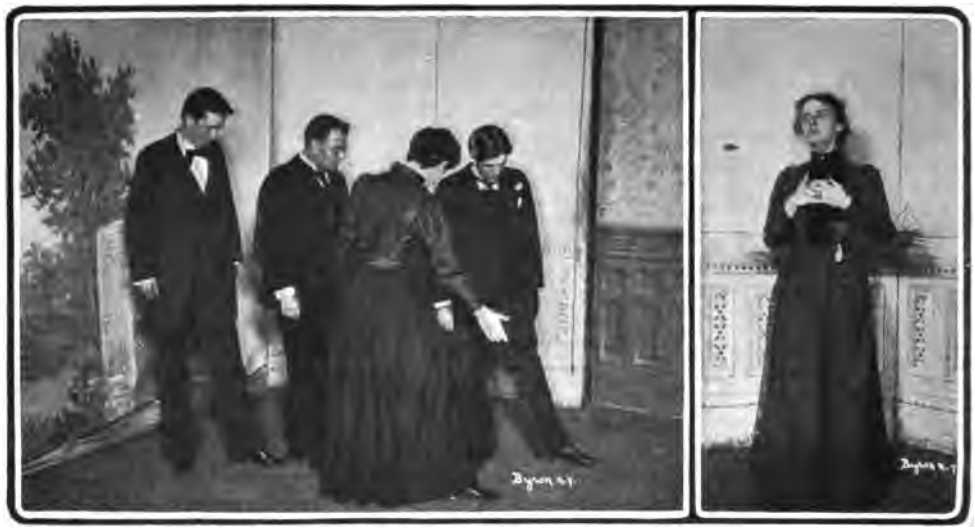
Two finale groups.

ular as any now in the public whistle, has a piano in the business-office in the burlesque theater for which he writes. When the verses for a song are brought in he takes them to his instrument and picks out a suitable tune. When he has settled on an air he sets a cylinder and plays into a phonograph. This is sent to a "hack" musician, who arranges and orchestrates the suggestion.

Ludwig Englander, the composer, who recently added to his long list of successful scores with "Sally in Our Alley," sometimes completes a composition without a piano or any musical instrument. It was at the last rehearsal of "The Rounders" that Dan Daly threw up his hands and said that he could not dance to the music Mr. Englander had supplied for an important song. The composer asked him what he wanted. Mr. Daly danced, shuffling with his feet the time he wanted. "All right," said Englander, "go on with the next number," and he took his song and pencil into a corner of the darkened Casino. In ten minutes he came back and gave the altered music to the orchestra. It was a different use of the same theme and became the most popular number in the opera.

The dramatist's work is by no means done when he has finished his manuscript. He is bound by usage to rehearse his play if the manager so desires, although in more than half of the cases nowaday a stage director is engaged, and the author simply sits in the orchestra of the empty theater to advise and to make any necessary alterations. A playwright of the first class stipulates in his contract that no word shall be added or omitted without his consent. Mr. Fitch, Mr. Belasco and nearly all of the best English dramatists rehearse their own plays, but some clever authors lack the executive ability. In the American productions of English dramas the original staging is usually faithfully copied for this country by a stage-manager sent abroad to see the play frequently enough to impress every movement on his mind. Occasionally foreign authors have come over to prepare

Posing the chorus for a climax.



At the dramatic school. *Practicing emotions.*

American actors in their parts, as Henry Arthur Jones did in the case of "Saints and Sinners," and W. S. Gilbert in "The Mikado." Dramatists vary in the amount of stage direction that they give in their manuscripts, but the difference indicates nothing as to the value of the work. Such leaders as Pinero and Stephen Phillips touch the extremes, the author of "Iris" ordering every detail, actually to the placing of a book on a table, while the maker of "Herod" tells only the effect he desires, leaving the means to that end to the producer. Salaries of actors vary from almost nothing to $500 a week, with a few exceptions that go above that. I doubt though that any supporting actor outside of Weber & Fields' company gets more than $500. Those that go above are stars, many of whom receive a fixed salary and a percentage on the profits. A female star who crowded a New York theater the season before last for six months received only $150, while her leading man was getting $250. But she was a risky venture for her manager, who lifted her from a minor position to stardom, and a failure would have cost him much. Many stars are their own managers, and engage a business man to direct their affairs for a salary, as they would a supporting actor. However, they often receive nominal wages themselves. When the envelopes are handed out on pay-day at Weber & Fields', the actor-managers form in line with the rest, paying themselves as proprietors for their work on the stage as their own employees. The gains of actors are absurdly exaggerated in the public mind, and even among themselves they endeavor to keep up the deceit. One reason so many English actors are imported is that players of the first class in London receive a third less than equally talented and well-known Americans.

The making of costumes is a branch of stage work that grows every day in magnitude. New York's big department stores do most of the dressmaking for comic opera and spectacular productions. The rule is that managers supply all costumes not of the present day, the actors paying for modern dress. However, some plays about smart people have been put on so elaborately lately that the producers have paid for the gowns. Women with reputations as modish and original dressers, such as Miss Elsie de Wolfe, Miss Lillian Russell and Miss Amelia Bingham, go abroad every summer to search the Paris establishments for novelties. In a modern play the stage manager gives a list of the colors that may be used in a scene and lets the actresses settle it among themselves. The leading woman gets first choice, and so on down according to each actress' importance in the play. But in some

of the particularly elaborate modern productions one woman designs all of the gowns, Mrs. Robert Osborn for her own theater and Daly's, Miss Bingham for her company and Mrs. George Alexander for her husband's organization at the London St. James', famous as the leading millinery stage in the world. Sir Henry Irving and the late Augustin Daly were pioneers among producers in employing famous artists to design costumes and scenery, although in accuracy and elaboration they have been equalled, if not excelled, by Mr. Sothern in America and Mr. Tree in England.

One would be surprised at the crowds of applicants for chorus positions, from the dignity of grand opera to the degradation of indecent burlesque. Choristers last longer in opera, where voices are more important than beauty. Bald-headed old men and figureless women predominate at the Metropolitan Opera-House, and in such excellent singing companies as Miss Glaser's and the Bostonians the average of good looks is low. Mr. Julian Mitchell, whose stage management of Weber & Fields' productions and of "The Girl from Up-There" have put him at the head of his line of work, is deaf. He once engaged a male quartet for one of Hoyt's plays, and after trying seventeen voices, had the chosen four sing the next day for the dramatist. "Good voices," yelled Hoyt into Mitchell's ear, "but they're all baritones!"

People who saw the ballet rehearsal in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" thought it ridiculous, but it was truer to life than some things apparently more reasonable in that fantastic farce. Ballet women rehearse in their tights and full fluffy skirts, but from their waists up wear their conventional street attire, often with hats on. After a chorus has been selected the songs are learned at the members' homes, from music parts giving only the notes to be taken by the singer and not suggesting the rest of the tune. Then the composer or orchestra leader trains them in the song, sitting at a piano with the choristers grouped around him on the dark, empty stage. After they have become nearly perfect vocally the stage-manager takes them in hand and teaches the movements that go with the song.

Candidates for the chorus.

Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D.D., LL.D.

How the Young Martimor Would Become a Knight and Assay Great Adventure.

WHEN Sir Lancelot was come out of the Red Launds where he did many deeds of arms, he rested him long with play and game in a land that is called Beausejour. For in that land there are neither castles nor enchantments, but many fair manors, with orchards and fields lying about them, and the people that dwell therein have good cheer continually. Of the wars and of the strange quests that are ever afoot in Northgalis and Lionesse and the Out Isles, they hear nothing; but are well content to till the earth in summer when the world is green; and when the autumn changes green to gold they pitch pavilions among the fruit trees and the vineyards, making merry with song and dance while they gather harvest of corn and apples and grapes; and in the white days of winter for pastime they have music of divers instruments and the playing of pleasant games. But of the telling of tales in that land there is little skill, neither do men rightly understand the singing of ballads and romaunts; for one year there is like another, and so their life runs away, and they leave the world to God.

Then Sir Lancelot had great ease for a time in this quiet land, and often he lay under the apple-trees sleeping, and again he taught the people new games and feats of skill. For into what place soever he came, he was welcome, though the inhabitants knew not his name and great renown, nor the famous deeds that he had done in tournament and battle. Yet for his own sake, because he was a very gentle knight, fair-spoken and full of courtesy and a good man of his hands withal, they doted upon him.

So he began there to tell them all tales of many things that have been done in the world by clean knights and faithful squires. Of the wars against the Saracens and misbelieving men; of the discomfiture of the Romans when they came to take truage of King Arthur; of the strife with the eleven kings and the battle that was ended but never finished; of the Questing Beast and how King Pellinore and then Sir Palamides followed him; of Balin that gave the dolourous stroke unto King Pellam; of Sir Tor that sought the lady's brachet and by the way overcame two knights and smote off the head of the outrageous caitiff Abelleus,—of these and many like matters of pith and moment, full of blood and honour, told Sir Lancelot, and the people had marvel of his words.

Now, among them that listened to

him gladly was a youth, of good blood and breeding, very fair in the face and of great stature. His name was Martimor. Strong of arm was he, and his neck was like a pillar. His legs were as tough as beams of ash-wood, and in his heart was the hunger of noble tatches and deeds. So when he heard of Sir Lancelot these redoubtable histories he was taken with desire to assay his strength. And he besought the knight that they might joust together.

But in the land of Beausejour there were no arms of war save such as Sir Lancelot had brought with him. Wherefore they made shift to fashion a harness out of kitchen gear, with a brazen platter for a breast-plate, and the cover of the greatest of all kettles for a shield, and for a helmet a round pot of iron, whereof the handle stuck down at Martimor his back like a tail. And for spear he got him a stout young fir-tree, the point hardened in the fire, and Sir Lancelot lent to him the sword that he had taken from a false knight that distressed all ladies.

Thus was Martimor accoutered for the jousting, and when he had climbed upon his horse, there arose much laughter and mockage. Self Sir Lancelot laughed a little, though he was ever a grave man, and said, "Now must we call this knight *La Queue de Fer*, by reason of the plume at his back." But Martimor was half merry and half wroth, and crying "'Ware!" he dressed his spear beneath his arm. Right so he rushed upon Sir Lancelot, and so marvellously did his harness jangle and smite together as he came that the horse of Sir Lancelot was frighted and turned aside. Thus the point of the fir-tree caught him upon the shoulder and came near to unhorse him. Then Martimor drew rein and shouted: "Ha! a! has *La Queue de Fer* done well?"

"Nobly hast thou done," said Lancelot, laughing, the while he amended his horse, "but let not the first stroke turn thy head, else will the tail of thy helmet hang down afore thee and mar the second stroke!"

So he kept his horse in hand and guided him warily, making feint now on this side and now on that, until he was aware that the youth grew hot with the joy of fighting and sought to deal with him roughly and bigly. Then he cast aside his spear and drew sword and as Martimor walloped toward him, he lightly swerved, and with one stroke cut in twain the young fir-tree, so that not above an ell was left in the youth's hand. Then was the youth full of fire, and he also drew sword and made at Sir Lancelot, lashing heavily as he would hew down a tree. But the knight guarded and warded without distress, until the other breathed hard and was blind with sweat. Then Lancelot smote him with a mighty stroke upon the head, but with the flat of his sword, that Martimor's breath went clean out of him, and the blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell over the croup of his horse as he were a man slain.

Then Sir Lancelot laughed no more, but grieved, for he weened that he had harmed the youth, and he liked him passing well. So he ran to him and held him in his arms fast and tended him. And when the breath came again into his body Lancelot was glad and desired the youth that he would pardon him of that unequal joust and of the stroke too heavy.

At this Martimor sat up and took him by the hand. "Pardon!" he cried. "No talk of pardon between thee and me, my Lord Lancelot! Thou hast given me such joy of my life as never I had before. It made me glad to feel thy might. And now am I delibred and fully concluded that I also will become a knight, and thou shalt instruct me how and in what land I shall seek great adventure."

How Martimor was Instructed of Sir Lancelot and set forth upon his Quest.

So right gladly did Sir Lancelot advise the young Martimor of all the customs and vows of the noble order of knighthood and shew how he might become a well-ruled and a hardy knight to win good fame and renown. For between these two from the first there was close brotherhood and affiance, though in years and in breeding they

were so far apart, and this brotherhood endured until the last, as ye shall see, nor was the affiance broken.

Thus the youth learned of his master, being instructed first in the art and craft to manage and guide a horse, then to handle the shield and the spear and both to cut and to foin with the sword, and last of all in the laws of honour and courtesy whereby a man may rule his own spirit and so obtain grace of God, praise of princes, and favour of fair ladies.

"For this I tell thee," said Sir Lancelot, as they sat together under an apple-tree, "there be many good fighters that are false knights, breaking faith with man and woman, envious, lustful and orgulous. In them courage is cruel, and love is lecherous. And in the end they shall come to shame and shall be overcome by a simpler knight than themselves; or else they shall win sorrow and despite by the slaying of better men than they be; and with their paramours they shall have weary dole and distress of soul and body; for he that is false, to him shall none be true, but all thing shall be unhappy about him."

"But how an if a man be true in heart," said Martimor, "yet by some enchantment, or evil fortune, he may do an ill deed and one that is harmful to his lord or to his friend, even as Balin and his brother Balan slew each the other unknown?"

"That is in God's hand," said Lancelot. "Doubtless he may pardon and assoil all such in their unhappiness, forasmuch as the secret of it is with him."

"And how if a man be entangled in love," said Martimor, "yet his love be set upon one that is not lawful for him to have? For either he must deny his love, which is great shame, or else he must do dishonour to the law. What shall he then do?"

At this Sir Lancelot was silent, and heaved a great sigh. Then said he: "Rest assured that this man shall have sorrow enough. For out of this net he may not escape, save by falsehood on the one side, or by treachery on the other. Therefore say I that he shall not assay to escape, but rather right manfully to bear the bonds with which he is bound, and to do honour to them."

"How may this be?" said Martimor.

"By clean living," said Lancelot, "and by keeping himself from wine which heats the blood, and by quests and labours and combats wherein the fierceness of the heart is spent and overcome, and by inward joy in the pure worship of his lady, whereat none may take offense."

"How then shall a man bear himself in the following of a quest?" said Martimor. "Shall he set his face ever forward, and turn not to right, or left, whatever meet him by the way? Or shall he hold himself ready to answer them that call to him, and to succour them that ask help of him, and to turn aside from his path for rescue and good service?"

"Enough of questions!" said Lancelot. "For these are things whereto each man must answer for himself, and not for other. True knight taketh counsel of the time. Everych day his own deed. And the winning of a quest is not by haste, nor by hap, but what needs to be done, that must ye do while ye are in the way."

Then because of the love that Sir Lancelot bore to Martimor he gave him his own armour, and the good spear wherewith he had unhorsed many knights, and the sword that he took from Sir Peris de Forest Savage that distressed all ladies, but his shield he gave not, for therein his own remembrance was blazoned. So he let make a new shield, and in the corner was painted a blue flower that was nameless, and this he gave to Martimor, saying: "Thou shalt name it when thou hast found it, and so shalt thou have both crest and motto."

"Now am I well beseen," cried Martimor, "and my adventures are before me. Which way shall I ride, and where shall I find them?"

"Ride into the wind," said Lancelot, "and what chance soever it blows thee, thereby do thy best, as it were the first and the last. Take not thy hand from it until it be fulfilled. So shalt thou most worthily achieve knighthood."

They clapped together like thunder.

Then they embraced like brothers; and each bade other keep him well; and Sir Lancelot in leather jerkin, with naked head, but with his shield and sword, rode to the south toward Camelot; and Martimor rode into the wind, westward, over the hill.

How Martimor came to the Mill and there was Stayed in a Delay.

So by wildsome ways and in strange countries and through many waters and valleys rode Martimor forty days, but adventure met him none, blow the wind never so fierce or fickle. Neither dragons, nor giants, nor false knights, nor distressed ladies, nor fays, nor kings imprisoned could he find. "These are ill times for adventure," said he, "the world is full of meat and sleepy. Now must I ride farther afield and undertake some ancient, famous quest wherein other knights have failed and fallen. Either I shall follow the Questing Beast with Sir Palamides, or I shall find Merlin under the great stone whereunder the Lady of the Lake enchanted him and deliver him from that enchantment, or I shall assay the cleansing of the Forest Perilous, or I shall win the favour of La Belle Dame Sans Merci, or mayhap I shall adventure the quest of the Sangreal. One or other of these will I achieve, or bleed the best blood of my body." Thus pondering and dreaming he came by the road down a gentle hill with close woods on either hand, and so into a valley with a swift river flowing through it, and on the river a Mill.

So white it stood among the trees, and so merrily whirred the wheel as the water turned it, and so bright blossomed the flowers in the garden, that Martimor had joy of the sight, for it minded him of his own country. "But here is no adventure!" thought he, and made to ride by. Even then came a young maid suddenly through the garden crying and wringing her hands. And when she saw him she cried him help.

At this then Martimor alighted quickly and ran into the garden, where the young maid soon led him to the mill-pond, which was great and deep, and made him understand that her little hound was swept away by the water and was near to perishing. There saw he a red and white brachet, caught by the swift stream that ran into the race, fast swimming as ever he could swim, yet by no means able to escape. Then Martimor stripped off his harness and leaped into the water and did marvelously to rescue the little hound. But ever the fierce river dragged his legs and buffeted him, and hurtled at him, and drew him down, as it were an enemy wrestling with him, so that he had much ado to come where the brachet was, and more to win back again, with the brachet in his arm, to the dry land.

Which when he had done, he was clean forespent and fell upon the ground as a dead man. At this the young maid wept yet more bitterly than she had wept for her hound, and cried aloud, "Alas, if so goodly a man should spend his life for my little brachet!" So she took his head upon her knee and cherished him and beat the palms of his hands, and the hound licked his face. And when Martimor opened his eyes he saw the face of the maid that it was fair as any flower.

Then was she shamed, and put him gently from her knee, and began to thank him, and to praise him, and to ask with what she might reward him for the saving of the brachet.

"A night's lodging and a day's cheer," quoth Martimor.

"As long as thee liketh," said she, "for my father, the Miller, will return ere sundown, and right gladly will he have a guest so brave.

"Longer might I like," said he, "but longer may I not stay, for I ride in a quest and seek great adventures to become a knight."

So they bestowed the horse in the stable, and went into the Mill; and when the Miller was come home they had such good cheer with eating of venison and pan-cakes, and drinking of hydromel, and singing of pleasant ballads, that Martimor forgot he was in a

delay. And going to his bed in a fair garret he dreamed of the Maid of the Mill, whose name was Lirette.

How the Mill was in Danger and the Delay Endured.

In the morning Martimor lay late and thought large thoughts of his quest, and whither it might lead him, and to what honour it should bring him. As he dreamed thus, suddenly he heard in the hall below a trampling of feet and a shouting, with the voice of Lirette crying and shrieking. With that he sprang out of his bed, and caught up his sword and dagger, leaping lightly and fiercely down the stair.

There he saw three foul churls, whereof two strove with the Miller, beating him with great clubs, while the third would master the Maid and drag her away, but she fought shrewdly. Then Martimor rushed upon the churls, shouting for joy, and there was a great medley of breaking chairs and tables and cursing and smiting, and with his sword he gave horrible strokes.

One of the knaves that fought the Miller, he smote upon the shoulder and clave him to the navel. And at the other he foined fiercely so that the point of the sword went through his back and stuck fast in the wall. But the third knave, that was the biggest and the blackest, and strove to bear away the maid, left hold of her, and leaped upon Martimor and caught him by the middle and crushed him so that his ribs cracked.

Thus they weltered and wrung together, and now one of them was above and now the other; and ever as they wallowed Martimor smote him with his dagger, but there came forth no blood, only water.

And then the black churl broke away from him and ran quickly out at the door of the mill, and Martimor after. So they ran through the garden to the river, and there the churl sprang into the water, and swept away raging and foaming. And as he went he shouted, "Yet will I put thee to the worse, and mar the Mill, and have the Maid!"

Then Martimor cried "Never while I live wilt thou mar the Mill or have the Maid, thou foul, black, misbegotten churl!" So he returned to the Mill, and there the damsel Lirette made him to understand that these three churls were long time enemies of the Mill and sought ever to destroy it and to do despite to her and her father. One of them was named Ignis, and another was Ventus, and these were the twain that he had smitten. But the third, that fled down the river, (and he was ever the fiercest and the most outrageous), his name was Flumen, for he dwelt in the caves of the stream, and was the master of it before the Mill was built.

"And now," wept the maid, "he must have had his will with me and with the Mill, but for God's mercy, thanked be our Lord Jesus!"

"Thank me too," said Martimor.

"So I do," said Lirette, and she kissed him. "Yet am I heavy at heart and fearful, for my father is sorely mishandled and his arm is broken, so that he can not tend the Mill nor guard it. And Flumen is escaped; surely he will harm us again. Now I know not, where shall I look for help?"

"Why not here?" said Martimor.

Then Lirette looked him in the face, smiling a little sorrily. "But thou ridest in a quest," quoth she, "thou mayst not stay from thy adventures."

"A month," said he.

"Till my father be well?" said she.

"A month," said he.

"Till thou hast put Flumen to the worse?" said she.

"Right willingly would I have to do with that base, slippery knave again," said he, "but more than a month I may not stay, for my quest calls me and I must win worship of men or ever I become a knight."

So they bound up the Miller's wounds and set the Mill in order. But Martimor had much to do to learn the working of the Mill; and they were busied with the grinding of wheat and rye and barley and divers kinds of

grain; and the Miller's hurts were mended every day; and at night there was merry rest and good cheer; and Martimor talked with the Maid of the great adventure that he must find; and thus the delay endured in pleasant wise.

Yet more of the Mill, and of the same Delay, also of a Damsel.

Now at the end of the third month, which was November, Martimor made Lirette to understand that it was high time he should ride further to follow his quest. For the Miller was now recovered, and it was long that they had heard and seen naught of Flumen, and doubtless that black knave was well routed and dismayed that he would not come again.

Then Lirette prayed him and desired him that he would tarry yet one week. But Martimor said No! for his adventures were before him, and that he could not be happy save by the doing of great deeds and the winning of knightly fame. Then he showed her the blue flower in his shield that was nameless, and told her how Sir Lancelot had said that he must find it, then should he name it and have both crest and motto.

"Does it grow in my garden?" said Lirette.

"I have not seen it," said he, "and now the flowers are all faded."

"Perhaps in the month of May?" said she.

"In that month I will come again," said he, "for by that time it may fortune that I shall achieve my quest, but now forth must I fare."

So there was sad cheer in the Mill that day, and at night there came a fierce storm with howling wind and plumping rain, and Martimor slept ill. About the break of day he was wakened by a great roaring and pounding; then he looked out of window, and saw the river in flood, with black waves spuming and raving, like wood beasts, and driving before them great logs and broken trees. Thus the river hurled and hammered at the mill-dam so that it trembled, and the logs leaped as they would spring over it, and the voice of Flumen shouted hoarsely and hungrily, "Yet will I mar the Mill and have the Maid!"

Then Martimor ran with the Miller out upon the dam, and they laboured at the gates that held the river back, and thrust away the logs that were heaped over them, and cut with axes, and fought with the river. So at last two of the gates were lifted and one was broken, and the flood ran down ramping and roaring in great raundon, and as it ran the black face of Flumen sprang above it, crying "Yet will I mar both Mill and Maid."

"That shalt thou never do," cried Martimor, "by foul or fair, while the life beats in my body."

So he came back with the Miller into the Mill, and there was meat ready for them and they ate strongly and with good heart. "Now," said the Miller, "must I mend the gate. But how it may be done, I know not, for surely this will be great travail for a man alone."

"Why alone?" said Martimor.

"Thou wilt stay, then?" said Lirette.

"Yea," said he.

"For another month?" said she.

"Till the gate be mended," said he.

But when the gate was mended, there came another flood and brake the second gate. And when that was mended there came another flood and brake the third gate.

Yet even when all three were mended, firm and fast, being bound with iron, still the grimly river hurled over the dam, and the voice of Flumen muttered in the dark of winter nights, "Yet will I mar—mar—mar—yet will I mar Mill and Maid."

"Oho!" said Martimor, "this is a durable and dogged knave. Art thou feared of him Lirette?"

"Not so," said she, "for thou art stronger. But fear have I of the day when thou ridest forth in thy quest."

"Well, as to that," said he, "when I have overcome this false devil Flumen, then will we consider and appoint that day."

So the delay continued, and Martimor was both busy and happy at the

Mill, for he liked and loved this damsel well, and was fain of her company. Moreover the strife with Flumen was great joy to him.

How the Month of May came to the Mill, and the Delay was Made Longer.

Now when the month of May came to the Mill it brought a plenty of sweet flowers and Lirette wrought in the garden. With her, when the day was spent and the sun rested upon the edge of the hill, went Martimor, and she showed him all her flowers that were blue. But none of them was like the flower on his shield.

"Is it this?" she cried, giving him a violet.

"Too dark," said he.

"Then here it is," she said, plucking a posy of forget-me-not.

"Too light," said he.

"Surely this is it," and she brought him a spray of blue-bells.

"Too slender," said he, "and well I ween that I may not find that flower till I ride farther in my quest and achieve great adventure.

Then was the Maid cast down, and Martimor was fain to comfort her.

So while they walked thus in the garden, the days were fair and still, and the river ran lowly and slowly, as it were full of gentleness, and Flumen had amended him of his evil ways.

But full of craft was that false foe. For now that the gates were firm and strong, he found a way down through the corner of the dam, where a water-rat had burrowed, and there the water went seeping and creeping, gnawing ever at the hidden breach. Presently in the night came a mizzling rain, and far among the hills a cloud broke open, and the mill-pond flowed over and under, and the dam crumbled away, and the mill shook, and the whole river ran roaring through the garden.

Then was Martimor wonderly wroth, because the river had blotted out the Maid's flowers. "And one day," she cried, holding fast to him and trembling, "one day Flumen will have me, when thou art gone."

"Not so," he answered, "by the faith of my body that foul fiend shall never have thee. I will bind him, I will compel him, or die in the deed."

So he went forth upward along the river till he came to a strait place among the hills. There was a great rock full of caves and hollows and there the water whirled and burbled in furious wise. "Here," said he, "is the hold of the knave Flumen, and if I may cut through above this rock and make a dyke with a gate in it, to let down the water another way when the floods come, so shall I spoil him of his craft and put him to the worse."

Then he toiled day and night to make the dyke, and ever by night Flumen came and strove with him, and did all in his power to cast him down and strangle him. But Martimor stood fast and drave him back.

And at last, as they writhed and whapped together, they fell headlong in the stream.

"Ho-o!" shouted Flumen," now will I drown thee, and mar the Mill and the Maid."

But Martimor gripped him by the neck and thrust his head betwixt the leaves of the gate and shut them fast, so that his eyes stood out like gobbets of foam, and his black tongue hung from his mouth like a water-weed.

"Now shalt thou swear never to mar Mill nor Maid, but meekly to serve them," cried Martimor.

Then Flumen sware by wind and wave, by storm and stream, by rain and river, by pond and pool, by flood and fountain, by dyke and dam.

"These be changeable things," said Martimor, "swear by the Name of God."

So he sware, and even as the Name passed his teeth, the gobbets of foam floated forth from the gate, and the water-weed writhed away with the stream, and the river flowed fair and softly, with a sound like singing.

Then Martimor came back to the Mill, and told how Flumen was overcome and made to swear a pact. Thus their hearts waxed light and they kept that day as it were a love-day.

How Martimor Bled for a Lady and Lived for a Maid, and how his Great Adventure Ended and Began at the Mill.

Now leave we of the Mill and Martimor and the Maid, and let us speak of a certain Lady, passing tall and fair and young. This was the Lady Beauvivante, that was daughter to King Pellinore. And three false knights took her by craft from her father's court and led her away to work their will on her. But she escaped from them as they slept by a well, and came riding on a white palfrey, over hill and dale, as fast as ever she could drive.

Thus she came to the Mill, and her palfrey was spent, and there she took refuge, beseeching Martimor that he would hide her and defend her from those caitiff knights that must soon follow.

"Of hiding," said he, "will I hear naught, but of defending am I full fain. For this have I waited."

Then he made ready his horse and his armour, and took both spear and sword, and stood forth on the bridge, that was strait so that none could pass there but singly, and that not till Martimor yielded or was beaten down.

Then came the three knights that followed the Lady, riding fiercely down the hill. And when they came about ten spear-lengths from the bridge they halted and stood still as it had been a plump of wood. One rode in black, and one rode in yellow, and the third rode in black and yellow. So they cried Martimor that he should give them passage, for they followed a quest.

"Passage takes, who passage makes," cried Martimor, "for right well I know your quest, and it is a foul one."

Then the knight in black rode at him lightly, but Martimor encountered him with the spear and smote him backward from his horse, that his head struck the coping of the bridge and broke his neck. Then came the knight in yellow walloping heavily, and him the spear pierced through the midst of the body and brast in three pieces. So he fell on his back and the life went out of him, but the spear stuck fast and stood up from his breast as a stake.

Then the knight in black and yellow, that was as big as both his brethren, gave a terrible shout, and rode at Martimor like a wood lion. But he fended with his shield that the spear went aside, and they clapped together like thunder, and both horses were overthrown.

And lightly they avoided their horses and rushed together, tracing, racing, and foining. Such strokes they gave that great pieces fell off their harness and their shields, and they staggered to and fro like drunken men. Then they hurtled together like rams and each battered other the wind out of his body. So they sat either on one side of the bridge, to take their breath, glaring the one at the other as two owls. Then they stepped together and fought freshly, smiting and thrusting, wagging and scattering, panting, blowing, and bleeding, for the space of two hours. So the knight in black and yellow, because he was heavier, drave Martimor backward step by step till he came to the crown of the bridge, and there fell grovelling. At this the lady Beauvivante shrieked and wailed, but the damsel Lirette cried loudly, "Up! Martimor, strike again!"

Then the courage came into his body, and with a great might he abraid upon his feet, and smote the black and yellow knight upon the helm by an overstroke so fierce that the sword sheared away the third part of his head, as it had been a rotten cheese. So he lay upon the bridge, and the blood ran out of him. And Martimor smote off the rest of his head quite, and cast it into the river. Likewise did he with the other twain that lay dead beyond the bridge. And he cried, "Hide me these black eggs, Flumen, that hatched evil thoughts." So the river bore them away.

Then Martimor came into the Mill, all for-bled; "Now are ye free, lady," he cried, and fell down in a swoon. Then the Lady and the Maid wept full sore and made great dole and unlaced his helm; and Lirette cherished him tenderly to recover his life.

So while they were thus busied and distressed, came Sir Lancelot with a great company of knights and squires riding for to rescue the princess. When he came to the bridge all bedashed with blood, and the bodies of the knights headless, "Now, by my lady's name," said he, "here has been good fighting, and those three caitiffs are slain; by whose hand I wonder?"

So he came into the Mill, and there be found Martimor recovered of his swoon, and had marvellous joy of him, when he heard how he had wrought.

"Now art thou proven worthy of the noble order of knighthood," said Lancelot, and forthwith he dubbed him knight.

Then he said that Sir Martimor should ride with him to the court of King Pellinore, to receive a castle and a fair lady to wife, for doubtless the King would deny him nothing to reward the rescue of his daughter.

But Martimor stood in a muse; then said he, "May a knight have his free will and choice of castles, where he will abide?"

"Within the law," said Lancelot, "and by the King's word, he may."

"Then choose I the Mill," said Martimor, "for here will I dwell."

"Freely spoken," said Lancelot, laughing, "so art thou Sir Martimor of the Mill; no doubt the King will confirm it. And now what sayest thou of ladies?"

"May a knight have his free will and choice here also?" said he.

"According to his fortune," said Lancelot, "and by the lady's favour, he may."

"Well, then," said Sir Martimor taking Lirette by the hand, "this Maid is to me liefer to have and to wield as my wife than any dame or princess that is christened."

"What brother," said Sir Lancelot, "is the wind in that quarter? And will the maid have thee?"

"I will well," said Lirette.

"Now are you well provided," said Sir Lancelot, "with knighthood, and a castle, and a lady. Lacks but a motto and a name for the flower in thy shield."

"He that names it shall never find it," said Sir Martimor, "and he that finds it needs no name."

So Lirette rejoiced Sir Martimor and loved together during their life-days; and this is the end and the beginning of the Story of the Mill.

ON THE ACTING OF RICHARD MANSFIELD

By WILLIAM WINTER

With portrait of Richard Mansfield drawn from life by JOHN CECIL CLAY, and printed as frontispiece to this magazine

MR. MANSFIELD'S beautiful impersonation of *Beaucaire* was not needed to prove him a light comedian of fine ability, but it has served to direct attention to this peculiar phase of his dramatic genius, and to the peculiar charm of light comedy acting—a fashion of rare enchantment, once sedulously cultivated but now seldom shown. *Beaucaire* is an incarnation of chivalry and grace. Other elements interblend in the personality—repose, distinction, intrepidity, sagacity, romance, and humor—but these are its essential constituents; and in the expression of chivalry and grace Mr. Mansfield acted with a sweet eagerness of tremulous feeling that was very sympathetic, with superb breadth of gesture and nobility of manners, and with exquisite lightness of style. Depth of emotion he had often revealed, as in *Jekyll*, *Dimmesdale*, and *Cyrano de Bergerac:* and he had often employed, with rare effect—as in *Gloster*, *Chevrial*, *Titmarsh*, and *Dick Dudgeon*—a manner of ironical humor and mordant pleasantry. Grim and caustic sarcasm was always one of his readiest weapons, and he was always expert in its use. But the light manner appropriate to high comedy he had seldom displayed; never before in such fluency, such amplitude, and such brilliant vigor.

This light manner has descended, on the English stage, through a long line of ancestry. Robert Greene seems to have possessed it in Elizabethan days; Robert Wilks certainly possessed it in the days of Queen Anne; Garrick and Barry were famous for it in the days of George III.; and since that epoch it has been brilliantly exemplified by Lewis, Elliston, and Charles Kemble. In the early days of the American stage it appears to have had pre-eminently bright exponents in John Hodgkinson and Joseph Jefferson—the grandfather of the illustrious Jefferson of to-day. Old votaries of the theater saw it, with delight, in some of the performances of the elder Wallack and of the wonderfully versatile Finn; and there are playgoers of a later date who remember it as vividly manifested in the acting of Charles Mathews, William Wheatley, James E. Murdoch, J. K. Mortimer, and Lester Wallack. The manner is one that cannot readily be described. Excellent examples of it were afforded by Wheatley as *Doricourt*, and by Wallack as *Don Felix*—performances characterized by exuberant affluence of animal spirits, unbridled, joyous exultation, superb demeanor, alert and flexible movement, beauty of person, grace of carriage, melodious and piquant vocalism, and, altogether, a certain victorious splendor and triumphant predominance. No doubt those old comedians were careful about form, but they concealed their mechanism and never seemed to be careful about anything. To see Mathews as *Wilding* or Wallack as *Rover* was to look on a spectacle of happy and merry life, as free and as radiant as the breezy sparkle of the waves beneath the morning sun. The word that old writers sometimes used to indicate this peculiar manner was "gig"; but no single word fully designates it. Appreciable, but not quite definable, the auditor knows it by its effect; and its effect was signally created and diffused by Mr. Mansfield's impersonation of *Beaucaire*.

The man of original genius—such a man as Richard Mansfield—is seldom entirely understood and rightly and adequately appreciated, by any large number of persons, in his own time.

Originality, in itself, perplexes conventional perception, and thus sometimes arouses its antagonism. Genius, furthermore, usually implicates disturbing elements of character, and these have been provided by Mr. Mansfield in copious abundance. Indeed, this comedian's career, since the night of his triumph in the detestable part of *Baron Chevrial*, at the old Union Square Theater, has been one of almost incessant conflict and storm. Prior to that time he had a bitter experience, in English theaters, of poverty, toil, vicissitude, and hope deferred; but soon after that time he became a dictator of fortune, and he has continuously risen ever since, in prosperity, fame, and power. All sorts of contentions, however, have raged around him, and all sorts of eccentricities, alike of personality and conduct, have been attributed to him. Words of sarcasm, as to the actors, the newspapers, and the public, have fallen from his lips, and pungent ebullitions of banter have come from his pen. More than once—as in "Castle Sombras," and in some of the compositions of Mr. Bernard Shaw—elaborate hoaxes have revealed his inclination to mystifying pleasantry. Press wrangles and law-suits have steadily attended him, so that, even as in the Shakespearean case of *Coriolanus*, there has been noise before him and slaughter behind. But there are two facts about Mr. Mansfield that stand forth in conspicuous prominence: he has always been interesting, and he has always maintained the authority and dignity of his profession. His activity has been incessant, and his enterprise—neither timid before any rivalry nor hesitant before any venture, prolific of new plays and expeditious in many wanderings—has been courageous even to audacity. It will be remembered of him that he gave to London a dramatic sensation, first with "Jekyll and Hyde" and then with a novel treatment of "Richard III."; that he gave to New York one of its prettiest theaters, the Garrick, and one of its most splendid Shakespearean spectacles, the production of "Henry V."; and it will be remembered of him that, passing easily and ably from musical-farce to seriocomic drama and from romance to tragedy, he displayed resources of versatile ability not often exemplified in all the long history of his art. And finally it is significant of him that he is the one American actor (if American he can be called, having been born of German parents, under the British flag, in Heligoland), to whom, as by common consent, the wishes of thoughtful men have committed the high artistic duty and the royal sceptre that Edwin Booth laid down.

It was inevitable, in the development of a militant character and the building of a cosmopolitan reputation, that the actor should have opponents and detractors. Merit always has them. And no doubt Mr. Mansfield, when acting from impulse rather than judgment, has sometimes made errors. But he is a remarkable man, and the community is indebted to him for pleasures of a high order and for permanent intellectual benefit. As the years have passed, furthermore, the man has grown in self-poise, composure and dignity, and, correspondingly, the actor has grown in refinement, gentleness and repose. Doubt as to the public recognition of his abilities has long since passed away. His victory has been gained; he must be well aware of it; and by some observers certainly he is understood. The performance of *Beaucaire*, which has been received with cordial sympathy and admiration, goes far to reveal Mr. Mansfield's actual nature. He has been represented, more particularly by members of the dramatic profession, as an unreasonable martinet, hard, sarcastic, irritable, harsh in language and tyrannical in conduct. The son of that eccentric musical genius, Mme. Rudersdorf, could hardly be anything but erratic and capricious in his inherited moods; and no doubt Mr. Mansfield's patience has been tried by injustice, ingratitude, malice, misrepresentation and stupidity; and it is known that he has had periods of distressing illness. But there is a delightful side to the character of Richard Mansfield, and, as the performance of *Beaucaire* denotes, after much storm and trial his

finer attributes have prevailed. He can be a delightful comrade, an affectionate friend and, in the abodes of want and sorrow, one of the kindest of men. His jovial humor is extraordinary—so various and so rich that, if he were to attempt the character of *Falstaff* he would probably eclipse all personations of it that our stage has known since the time of the elder Hackett. His talent as a composer of music has produced melodies as tenderly expressive as the sweetest that are wedded to the exquisite songs of Moore. His writings, whether in sketch, story or play, are excellent for fidelity to nature in the exposition of character, felicity of dramatic expression and piquant zest of style. To him the playgoing public owes whatever is forcible and effective in the dialogue of "Beau Brummell," together with much that is terse and pungent in various other plays with which his name is associated. And now—as it is auspicious to see—this actor manifests, in the choice of blithe and elegant comedy and of the distinctively intellectual and stately Shakespearean conception of *Brutus*, the mature mind that has passed from things eccentric and bizarre, the "gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire" of sensation melodrama, to dwell henceforth upon the solid and immutable facts of beauty and truth. As an actor Mr. Mansfield's advancement should, and doubtless it will, take the direction of tenderness of feeling, subtlety of suggestive interpretation, poetry that wins by its enticing glamour, and assured power that is unsolicitous as to effect; but already and conspicuously his achievement, ranging over a field of exceptional breadth, has displayed surprising versatility, the instinct to impersonate rather than the impulse to declaim, the imaginative perception that sees human life as a whole—enabling the actor to interpret character in its full relation to environment—and the art that invests massive ideals with the allurement of careless grace.

To sordid and commonplace minds it is a satisfactory belief that the theater is merely a shop and that the art of acting is merely a means for the peaceful pursuit of gain. Such minds are very numerous, and in the business world are usually predominant, and under the perverting control of such minds the stage has known long periods of degradation. At intervals, however, strong spirits have arisen in the drama to vindicate its intrinsic intellectual worth and moral potentiality, to assert its educational drift and to exalt and extend its social influence. A noble personal force, in fact, sometimes shining forth in great affluence and splendor, and never quite extinct, has been the salvation of the stage, which, but for this fortunate ordainment, would long since have sunk to ignominious frivolity. This intelligent saving force, which believes in art and is devoted to its cause, has kept the stage alive in honor and prosperity, and upon this force its dependence must rest. The stalwart presence of Richard Mansfield in the American Theater, therefore, is auspicious in a high degree; for there is great need of a leader, and the need will increase with every accession to the phalanx of theatrical button-makers now rampant in a transitory time.

On the English stage Irving is still a colossal power, but his Lyceum Theater has gone. On the American stage the last of our great actors essentially a tragedian passed away with Edwin Booth, while the last of our great managers—of the line of Dunlap, Warren, Wood, Simpson, Barry, Hamblin and Wallack—passed away with Augustin Daly. There are good auguries in the growing fame of Miss Julia Marlowe, in the fine and resolute ambition and enterprise of Mrs. Fiske, and in the sudden and brilliant success of Miss Henrietta Crosman. But, more than any other prominent favorite of the new age, Richard Mansfield possesses the public ear and the public voice; the trend of dramatic affairs in this country for a considerable period will be determined by his example and his course, and therefore his triumph in the light comedy character of *Beaucaire*—which is at once an augury and an index—is viewed with more than common gratitude and commemorated with more than common pleasure.

GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS*

By "RALPH CONNOR"

The Examination

With drawings by R. M. Wilcox and R. Emmett Owen

Far out from the trunk.

THE two years of Archibald Munro's régime were the golden age of the school, and for a whole generation "The Section" regarded that period as the standard for comparison in the following years. Munro had a genius for making his pupils work.

And now his last Examination Day had come, and the whole section was stirred with enthusiasm for their master, and with grief at his departure.

The day before the Examination was spent in "cleaning the school." This semi-annual event, which always preceded the Examination, was almost as enjoyable as the Examination Day itself, if indeed it was not more so. The school met in the morning for a final polish for the morrow's recitations. Then, after a speech by the master, the little ones were dismissed and allowed to go home, though they never, by any chance, took advantage of this permission. Then the master and the bigger boys and girls set to work to prepare the school for the great day. The boys were told off in sections, some to get dry cedar boughs from the swamp for the big fire outside, over which the iron sugar-kettle was swung to heat the scrubbing water; others off into the woods for balsam trees for the evergreen decorations; others to draw water and wait upon the scrubbers.

"Off for balsam."

It was a day of delightful excitement, but this year there was below the excitement a deep, warm feeling of love and sadness, as both teacher and pupils thought of to-morrow. There was an additional thrill to the excitement, that the master was to be presented with a gold watch and chain, and that this had been kept a dead secret from him.

The gathering of the evergreens was a delightful labor. High up in the balsam trees the more daring boys would climb, and then, holding by the swaying top, would swing themselves far out from the trunk and come crashing through the limbs into the deep, soft snow, bringing half the tree with them.

Then, while the girls scrubbed first the benches and desks and, last of all, the floors, the boys washed the windows and put up the evergreen decorations. On the wall just over his desk the master, in evergreen, wrought out an arching "WELCOME," but later on the big girls, with some shy blushing, boldly tacked up underneath an answering "FAREWELL."

The school opened an hour later than ordinarily, and the children came all in their Sunday clothes, the boys feeling stiff and uncomfortable, and regarding each other with looks half shy and half contemptuous, realizing that they were

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The benches and desks and—

unnatural in each others' sight; the girls, with hair in marvelous frizzes and shiny ringlets, with new ribbons, and white aprons over their home-made winsey dresses, carried their unwonted grandeur with an ease and delight that made the boys secretly envy but apparently despise them. The one unpardonable crime with all the boys in that country was that of being "proud." The boy convicted of "shoween off" was utterly contemned by his fellows. Hence any delight in new clothes or in a finer appearance than usual was carefully avoided.

Ranald always hated new clothes. He felt them an intolerable burden. He did not mind his new home-spun, home-made, flannel check shirt of mixed red and white, but the heavy, *fulled-cloth* suit made by his Aunt Kirsty, felt like a suit of mail.

Hughie, on the contrary, like the girls, delighted in new clothes. His new black suit, made down from one of his father's with infinite planning and pains by his mother, and finished only at twelve o'clock the night before, gave him unmixed pleasure. And handsome he looked in it. All the little girls proclaimed that in their shy, admiring glances, while the big girls teased and threatened to kiss him.

Soon after ten the sleigh-loads began to arrive and within an hour the little schoolhouse was packed, the children crowded tight into the long desks, and the visitors on the benches along the walls and in the seats of the big boys and girls. On the platform were such of the trustees as could muster up the necessary courage, old Peter MacRae, who had been a dominie in the old country, the young minister and his wife, and the school teacher from the "Sixteenth."

First came the wee tots, who, in wide-eyed, serious innocence, went through their letters and their "ox" and "cat" combinations and permutations with great gusto and distinction. Then they were dismissed to their seats by a series of mental arithmetic ques-

last of all the floors.

tions, sums of varying difficulty being propounded, until little, white-haired, blue-eyed Johnnie Aird, with the single big curl on the top of his head, was left alone.

"One and one, Johnnie?" said the master, smiling down at the rosy face.

"Three," promptly replied Johnnie, and retired to his seat amid the delighted applause of visitors and pupils, and followed by the proud, fond, albeit almost tearful gaze of his mother. He was her baby, born long after her other babies had grown up into sturdy youth, and all the dearer for that.

Then up through the Readers, till the Fifth was reached, the Examination progressed, each class being handed over to the charge of a visitor, who thereupon went upon examination as truly as did the class.

"Fifth class!" In due order the class marched up to the chalk-line on the floor in front of the master's desk and stood waiting.

The reading lesson was Fitz-Greene Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," a selection of considerable dramatic power and calling for a somewhat spirited rendering. The master would not have chosen this lesson, but he had laid down the rule that there was to be no special drilling of the pupils for an exhibition, but that the school should be seen doing its everyday work, and in the reading, the lessons for the previous day were to be those of the Examination Day. By an evil fortune the reading for the day was the dramatic "Marco Bozzaris." The master shivered inwardly as he thought of the possibility of Thomas Finch, with his stolidly monotonous voice, being called upon to read the thrilling lines recording the panic-stricken death cry of the Turk,—"To arms! They come! The Greek! The Greek!" But Thomas, by careful plodding, had climbed to fourth place, and the danger lay in the third verse.

"Will you take this class, Mr. MacRae?" said the master, handing him the book. He knew that the dominie was not interested in the art of reading beyond the point of correct pronunciation, and hence he hoped the class might get off easily. The dominie took the book reluctantly. What he desired was the "arith-*met*-ic" class, and did not care to be "put off" with mere reading.

"Well, Ranald, let us hear you," he rather growled. Ranald went at his work with quiet confidence; he knew all the words.

"Page 187, 'Marco Bozzaris.'

"At midnight in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power."

and so on steadily to the end of his verse.

"Next!"

The next was "Betsy Dan," the daughter of Dan Campbell of "The Island." Now, Betsy Dan was very red in hair and face, very shy and very nervous, and always on the point of giggles. It was a trial to her to read on ordinary days, but to-day it was almost more than she could bear. To make matters worse, sitting immediately behind her and sheltered from the eye of the master, sat Jimmie Cameron, Don's youngest brother. Jimmie was always on the alert for mischief and ever ready to go off into fits of laughter, which he managed to check only by grabbing tight hold of his nose. Just now he was busy pulling at the strings of Betsy Dan's apron with one hand, while with the other he was hanging on to his nose and swaying in paroxysms of laughter.

Very red in the face, Betsy Dan began her verse:

"At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris—"

(pause, while Betsy Dan clutched behind her.)

"Bozzaris ranged—"

("Tchik! Tchick!" A snicker from Jimmie in the rear.)

"his Suliote band,
True as steel of—"

("im—im!") Betsy Dan struggles with her giggles.

"Elizabeth!" The master's voice is

stern and sharp. Betsy Dan bridles up, while Jimmie is momentarily sobered by the master's tone.

"True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand,
There had the Persian's thousands stood—"

("Tchik! tchik! tchik!") A long snicker from Jimmie, whose nose cannot be kept quite in control. It is becoming too much for poor Betsy Dan, whose lips begin to twitch.

"There—"

("im—im, thit—tit—tit!") Betsy Dan is making mighty efforts to hold in her giggles.

"had the glad earth (Tchik!)
drunk their blood,
On old Pl-a-a-t-t-e-a-'s day."

(Whack! whack!)

"Elizabeth Campbell!" The master's tone was quite terrible.

"I don't care! He won't leave me alone. He's just—just—(sob)—pu—pulling at me—(sob)—all the time."

By this time Betsy's apron was up to her eyes and her sobs were quite tempestuous.

"James, stand up!" Jimmy slowly rose, red with laughter and covered with confusion.

"I—I—I—di—dn't touch her!" he protested.

"O——h!" said little Aleck Sinclair, who had been enjoying Jimmie's prank hugely, "he was—"

"That'll do, Aleck, I didn't ask you. James is quite able to tell me himself. Now, James!"

"I—I—I was only just doing that," said Jimmie, sober enough now and terrified at the results of his mischief.

"Doing what?" said the master, repressing a smile at Jimmie's wobegone face.

"Just—just—that!" and Jimmie touched gingerly with the point of his finger the bows of Betsy Dan's apron strings.

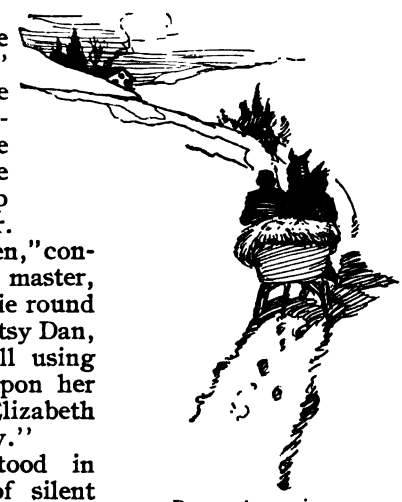
"Oh, I see. You were annoying Elizabeth while she was reading. No wonder she found it difficult. Now, do you think that was very nice?"

Jimmie twisted himself into a semicircle.

"N-o-o!"

"Come here, James!"

Jimmie looked frightened, came round the class and up to the master.



Began to arrive.

"Now, then," continued the master, facing Jimmie round in front of Betsy Dan, who was still using her apron upon her eyes, "tell Elizabeth you are sorry."

Jimmie stood in an agony of silent awkwardness, curving himself in varying directions.

"Are you sorry?"

"Y-e-e-s."

"Well, tell her so."

Jimmie drew a long breath and braced himself for the ordeal. He stood for a moment or two, working his eyes up shyly from Betsy Dan's shoes to her face, caught her glancing at him from behind her apron and began:—

"I—I—I'm (tchik! tchik!) sor-ry—(tchik)." Betsy Dan's look was too much for the little chap's gravity.

A roar swept over the schoolhouse. Even the grim dominie's face relaxed.

"Go to your seat and behave yourself," said the master, giving Jimmie a slight cuff. "Now, Margaret, let us go on."

Margaret's was the difficult verse. But to Margaret's quiet voice and gentle heart anything like shriek or battle-cry was foreign enough, so, with even tone and unmodulated by any shade of passion, she read the cry,

"To arms! To arms! The Greek! The Greek!"

Nor was her voice to be moved from its gentle, monotonous flow even by the battle-cry of Bozzaris,

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires!"

"Next!" said the dominie, glad to get on with his task. The master breathed freely, when, alas for his

hopes! the minister spoke up.

"But, Margaret, do you think Bozzaris cheered his men in so gentle a voice as that?"

Margaret smiled sweetly, but remained silent, glad to get over the verse.

"Wouldn't you like to try it again?" suggested the minister. Margaret flushed up at once.

"Oh no," said his wife, who had noticed Margaret's flushing face. "Girls are not supposed to be soldiers, are they, Margaret?"

Margaret flashed a grateful look at her.

"That's a boy's verse."

"Ay! that it is," said the old dominie, "and I would wish very much that Mrs. Murray would conduct this class."

But the minister's wife would not hear of it, protesting that the dominie could do it much better. The old man, however, insisted, saying that he had no great liking for this part of the examination, and would wish to reserve himself, with the master's permission, for the "arith-*met*-ic" class.

Mrs. Murray, seeing that it would please the dominie, took the book with a spot of color coming in her delicate, high-bred face.

"You must all do your best now to help me," she said with a smile that brought an answering smile flashing along the line. Even Thomas Finch allowed his stolid face a gleam of intelligent sympathy which, however, he immediately suppressed, for he remembered that the next turn was his, and that he must be getting himself into the appearance of dogged desperation which he considered suitable to a reading exercise.

The dominie.

"Now, Thomas," said the minister's wife sweetly, and Thomas plunged heavily.

"They fought like brave men, long—"

"Oh, Thomas, I think we will try that man's verse again, with the cries of battle in it, you know. I am sure you can do that well."

It was all the same to Thomas. There were no words he could not spell, and he saw no reason why he should not do that verse as well as any other. So, with an extra knitting of his eyebrows, he set forth doggedly.

"An-hour-passed-on-the-Turk-awoke-That-bright-dream-was-his-last."

Thomas' voice fell with the unvarying regularity of the beat of a trip-hammer.

"He-woke-to-hear-his-sentries-shriek-To-arms-they-come-the-Greek-the-Greek-he-woke—"

"But, Thomas, wait a minute. You see, you must speak these words, 'To arms! They come!' differently from the others. These words were shrieked by the sentries, and you must show that in your reading."

"Speak them out, man!" said the minister sharply and a little nervously, fearing that his wife had undertaken too great a task, and hating to see her defeated.

"Now, Thomas," said his wife, "try again. And remember the sentries shrieked these words, 'To arms!' and so on."

Thomas squared his shoulders, spread his feet apart, added a wrinkle to his frown and a deeper note of desperation to his tone, and began again.

"An-hour-passed-on-the-Turk-awoke-That-bright-dream-was—"

The master shuddered.

"Now, Thomas, excuse me. That's better, but we can improve that yet." Mrs. Murray was not to be beaten. The attention of the whole school, even to Jimmie Cameron as well as that of the visitors, was now concentrated upon the event.

The fifth class.

"See," she went on, "each phrase by itself.

"'An hour passed on; the Turk awoke.'

"Now, try that far."

Again Thomas tried, this time with success. The visitors applauded.

"Ah, that's it, Thomas. I was sure you could do it."

Thomas relaxed a little, but not unduly. He was not sure what was yet before him.

"Now, we will get that sentries' shriek. See, Thomas, like this a little," and she read the words with fine expression.

"You must put more pith, more force into those words, Thomas. Speak out, man!" interjected the minister, who was wishing it was all over.

"Now, Thomas, I think this will be the last time. You have done very well, but I feel sure you can do better."

The minister's wife looked at Thomas as she said this with so fascinating a smile that the frown on Thomas' face deepened into a hideous scowl, and he planted himself with a "do-or-die" expression in every angle of his solid frame. Realizing the extreme necessity of the moment, he pitched his voice several tones higher than he had ever before in his life inside a house and before people, and made his final attempt.

"An-hour-passed-on: the-Turk-awoke:
That-bright-dream-WAS-his-last."

And now, feeling that the crisis was upon him, and confusing speed with intensity, and sound with passion, he rushed his words, with ever-increasing speed, into a wild yell.

"He-woke-to-hear-his-sentries-shriek-To-arms-they-come-*the-Greek*-THE-GREEK!!"

There was a moment of startled stillness, then, "Tchik! tchik!" It was Jimmie again, holding his nose and swaying in a vain effort to control a paroxysm of snickers at Thomas' unusual outburst.

It was like a match to powder. Again the whole school burst into a roar of uncontrollable laughter. Even the minister, the master, and the dominie could not resist. The only faces unmoved

were those of Thomas Finch and the minister's wife. He had tried his best, and it was to please her, and she knew it.

A swift, shamed glance round, and his eyes rested on her face. That face was sweet and grave as she leaned toward him and said, "Thank you, Thomas. That was well done." And Thomas, still looking at her, flushed to his hair roots and down the back of his neck, while the scowl on his forehead faded into a frown, and then into smoothness.

"And if you always try your best like that, Thomas, you will be a great and good man some day."

Her voice was low and soft, as if intended for him alone, but in the sudden silence that followed the laughter it thrilled to every heart in the room, and Thomas was surprised to find himself trying to swallow a lump in his throat, and to keep his eyes from blinking; and in his face, stolid and heavy, a new expression was struggling for utterance, "Here, take me," it said, "all that I have is thine," and later days brought the opportunity to prove it.

The rest of the reading lesson passed without incident. Indeed, there pervaded the whole school that feeling of reaction which always succeeds an emotional climax. The master decided to omit the geography and grammar classes, which should have immediately followed, and have dinner at once, and so allow both children and visitors time to recover tone for the spelling and arithmetic of the afternoon.

The dinner was an elaborate and appalling variety of pies and cakes, served by the bigger girls and their sisters who had recently left school, and who consequently bore themselves with all proper dignity and importance. Two of the boys passed round a pail of water and a tin cup, that all the thirsty might drink. From hand to hand and from lip to lip the cup passed, with a fine contempt of microbes. The only point of etiquette insisted upon was that no "leavings" should be allowed to remain in the cup or be thrown back into the pail, but should be carefully flung upon the floor.

There had been Examination feasts in pre-historic days in the Twentieth school, when the boys indulged in free fights at long range, using as missiles remnants of pie crust and cake, whose consistency rendered them deadly enough to "bloody" a nose or black an eye. But these barbaric encounters ceased with Archie Munro's advent, and now the boys vied with each other in "minding their manners." Not only was there no snatching of food or exhibition of greediness, but there was a severe repression of any apparent eagerness for the tempting dainties, lest it should be suspected that such were unusual at home.

"Have some more, Jimmie! Have a doughnut?" said the master, who had been admiring Jimmie's gastronomic achievements.

"He's had ten a'ready!" shouted little Aleck Sinclair, Jimmie's special confidant.

Jimmie smiled in conscious pride, but remained silent.

"What! Eaten ten doughnuts?" asked the master, feigning alarm.

"He's got four in his pocket, too," said Aleck in triumph.

"He's got a pie in his own pocket," retorted Jimmie, driven to retaliate.

"A pie!" exclaimed the master. "Better take it out. A pocket's not the best place for a pie. Why don't you eat it, Aleck?"

"I can't," lamented Aleck. "I'm full up."

"He said he's nearly busted," said Jimmie anxiously. "He's got a pain here," pointing to his left eye. The bigger boys and some of the visitors who had gathered round shouted with laughter.

"Oh, pshaw! Aleck," said the master encouragingly, "that's all right. As long as the pain is as high up as your eye you'll recover. I tell you what. Put your pie down on the desk here—Jimmie will take care of it—and run down to the gate and tell Don I want him."

Aleck, with great care and considerable difficulty, extracted from his pocket a segment of black currant pie, hopelessly battered but still intact. He regarded it fondly for a moment or two,

and then, with a very dubious look at Jimmie, ran away on his errand for the master.

It took him some little time to find Don, and meanwhile the master's attention was drawn away by his duty to the visitors. The pie left to Jimmie's care had an unfortunately tempting fringe of loose pieces about it that marred its symmetry. Jimmie proceeded to trim it into shape. So absorbed did he become in this trimming process that before he realized what he was about he woke suddenly to the startling fact that the pie had shrunk into a comparatively insignificant size. It would be worse than useless to save the mutilated remains for Aleck; there was nothing for it now but to get the reproachful remnant out of the way. He was so busily occupied with this praiseworthy proceeding that he failed to notice Aleck enter the room flushed with his race, eager, and once more empty.

Hanging on to his nose in paroxysms of laughter.

Arriving at his seat he came upon Jimmie engaged in devouring the pie left in his charge. With a cry of dismay and rage he flung himself upon the little gourmand, and after a short struggle secured the precious pie, but alas! bereft of its most delicious part—it was picked clean of its currants. For a moment he gazed, grief stricken, at the leathery, viscous remnant in his hand. Then with a wrathful exclamation, "Here, then, you can just take it then, you big pig, you!" he seized Jimmie by the neck and jammed the sticky pie crust on his face, where it stuck like an adhesive plaster. Jimmie, taken by surprise, and rendered nerveless by the pangs of an accusing conscience, made no resistance, but set up a howl that attracted the attention of the master and the whole company.

"Why, Jimmie!" exclaimed the master, removing the doughy mixture from the little lad's face, "What on earth are you trying to do? What is wrong, Aleck?"

"He ate my pie," said Aleck defiantly.

"Ate it? Well, apparently not. But never mind, Aleck, we shall get you another pie."

"There isn't any more," said Aleck mournfully, "that was the last piece."

"Oh, well, we shall find something else just as good," said the master, going off after one of the big girls; and, returning with a doughnut and a peculiarly deadly-looking piece of fruit cake, he succeeded in comforting the disappointed and still indignant Aleck.

The afternoon was given to the more serious part of the school work, writing, arithmetic and spelling; while, for those whose ambitions extended beyond the limits of the public school, the master had begun a Euclid class, which was at once his despair and his pride.

Through the various classes of arithmetic the examination proceeded, the little ones struggling with great seriousness through their addition and sub-

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Through the various classes of arithmetic the examination proceeded, the little ones struggling with great seriousness through their addition and sub-

traction sums, and being wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement by their contest for the first place. By the time the fifth class was reached the air was heavy with the feeling of battle. Indeed it was amazing to note how the master had succeeded in arousing in the whole school an intense spirit of emulation. From little Johnnie Aird up to Thomas Finch, the pupils carried the hearts of soldiers.

Through fractions, the "Rule of Three," Percentages and Stocks, the senior class swept with a trail of glory. In vain old Peter McRae strewed their path with his favorite posers. The brilliant achievements of the class seemed to sink him deeper and deeper into the gloom of discontent, while the master, the minister and his wife, as well as the visitors, could not conceal their delight.

Then followed the judging of the copy-books. The best and cleanest book in each class was given the proud distinction of a testimonial written upon the first blank page, with the date of the examination and the signatures of the examiners attached. It was afterwards borne home in triumph by the happy owner, to be stored among the family archives and, perhaps, in after days among the sacred things that mothers keep in Holy of Holies.

After the copy-books had been duly appraised there followed an hour in which the excitement of the day reached its highest mark. The whole school, with such of the visitors as could be persuaded to join, were ranged in opposing ranks in the deadly conflict of a spelling match. The master, the teacher from the Sixteenth, and even the minister's wife yielded to the tremendous pressure of public demand that they should enter the fray. The contest had a most dramatic finish, and it was felt that the extreme possibility of enthusiasm and excitement was reached when the minister's wife spelled down the teacher from the Sixteenth, who every one knew was the champion speller of all the country that lay towards the Front, and had a special private armory of deadly missiles laid up against such a conflict as this. The tumultuous triumph of the children was not to be controlled. Again and again they followed Hughie in wild yells, not only because his mother was a great favorite with them all, but because she had wrested a victory from the champion of the Front, for the Front, in all matters pertaining to culture and fashion, thought itself quite superior to the more backwoods country of the Twentieth.

A fine contempt for microbes.

It was with no small difficulty that the master brought the school to such a degree of order that the closing speeches could be received with becoming respect and attention. The trustees, according to custom, were invited to express their opinion upon the examination and upon school matters generally. The chairman, John Cameron, "Long John," as he was called, broke the ice after much persuasion, and slowly rising from the desk into which he had compressed his long, lank form, he made his speech. Long John was a great admirer of the master, but for all that, and perhaps because of that, he allowed himself no warmer words of commendation than that he was well pleased with the way in which the children had conducted themselves. "They have done credit to themselves," he said, "and to their teacher. And indeed I am sorry he is leaving us, for, so far, I have heard no complaints in the Section."

The other trustees followed in the path thus blazed out for them by Long John. They were all well pleased with the examination, and they were all sorry to lose the master, and they had heard

Then followed the judging of copybooks.

no complaints. It was perfectly understood that no words of praise could add to the high testimony that they "had heard no complaints."

Then came the moment of the day. A great stillness fell upon the school as the master rose to make his farewell speech. But before he could say a word, up from their seats walked Betsy Dan and Thomas Finch, and ranged themselves before him. The whole assemblage tingled with suppressed excitement. The great secret with which they had been burdening themselves for the past few weeks was now to be out. Slowly Thomas extracted the manuscript from his trousers pocket and smoothed out its many folds, while Betsy Dan waited nervously in the rear.

"Oh, why did they set Thomas to this?" whispered the minister's wife, who had a profound sense of humor. The truth was, the choice of the school had fallen upon Ranald and Margaret Aird. Margaret was quite willing to act, but Ranald refused point blank, and privately persuaded Thomas to accept the honor in his stead. To this Thomas agreed, all the more readily that Margaret, whom he adored from a respectful distance, was to be his partner. But Margaret, who would gladly have been associated with Ranald, on the suggestion that Thomas should take his place, put up her lower lip in that symbol of scorn so effective with girls, but which no boy has ever yet accomplished, and declared, "Indeed, and she would see that Tom Finch far enough," which plainly meant "No." Consequently they had to fall back upon Betsy Dan, who, in addition to being excessively nervous, was extremely good-natured. And Thomas, though he would greatly have preferred Margaret as his assistant, was quite ready to accept Betsy Dan.

The interval of waiting while Thomas deliberately smoothed out the creases of the paper, was exceedingly hard upon Betsy Dan, whose face grew redder each moment. Jimmie Cameron, too, who realized that the occasion was one of unusual solemnity, was gazing

at Thomas with intense interest growing into amusement, and was holding his fingers in readiness to seize his nose, and so check any explosion of snickers. Just as Thomas had got the last fold of his paper straightened out and was turning it right end up, it somehow slipped through his fingers to the floor. This was too much for Jimmie, who only saved himself from utter disgrace by promptly seizing his nose and holding on for dear life. Thomas gave Jimmie a passing glare and straightened himself up for his work. With a furious frown he cleared his throat and began in a solemn, deep-toned roar, "Dear Teacher: Learning with regret that you are about to sever your connection, etc., etc." All went well until he came to the words, "We beg you to accept this gift, not for its intrinsic value, etc.," which was the cue for Betsy Dan. But Betsy Dan was engaged in terrorizing Jimmie, and failed to come in, till, after an awful pause, Thomas gave her a sharp nudge and whispered audibly, "Give it to him, you gowk." Poor Betsy Dan in sudden confusion, whipped her hand out from under her apron, and thrusting a box at the master, said hurriedly, "Here it is, sir." As Thomas solemnly concluded his address a smile ran round the room, while Jimmie doubled himself up in his efforts to suppress a tempest of snickers.

The master, however, seemed to see nothing humorous in the situation, but bowing gravely to Thomas and Betsy Dan, he said kindly, "Thank you, Thomas! Thank you, Elizabeth!" Something in his tone brought the school to attention and even Jimmie forgot to have regard to his nose. For a few moments the master stood looking upon the faces of his pupils, dwelling upon them one by one till his eyes rested upon the wee tots in the front seat, looking at him with eyes of innocent and serious wonder. Then he thanked the children for their gift in a few simple words, assuring them that he should always wear the watch with pride and grateful remembrance of the Twentieth school, and of his happy days there.

But when he came to say his words of farewell, and to thank them for their goodness to him and their loyal backing of him while he was their teacher, his voice grew husky and for a moment wavered. Then, after a pause, he spoke of what had been his ideal among them. "It is a good thing to have your minds trained and stored with useful knowledge, but there are better things than that. To learn honor, truth and right, to be manly and womanly, to be self-controlled and brave and gentle, these are better than all possible stores of learning; and if I have taught you these at all, then I have done what I most wished to do. I have often failed and I have often been discouraged, and might have given up were it not for the help I received at my worst times from our minister and from Mrs. Murray, who often saved me from despair."

A sudden flush tinged the grave, beautiful face of the minister's young wife. A light filled her eyes as the master said these words, for she remembered days when the young man's pain was almost greater than he could bear, and when he was near to giving up.

When the master ceased the minister spoke a few words in appreciation of the work he had done in the school and in the whole section, and expressed his conviction that many a young lad would grow into a better man because he had known Archibald Munro.

By this time all the big girls and many of the visitors were openly weeping. The boys were looking straight in front of them, their faces set in an appearance of savage gloom, for they knew well how near they were to "acting like girls."

After a short prayer by the minister the children filed out past the master, who stood at the door and shook hands with them one by one. When the big boys and the young men who had gone to school in the winter months came to say good-by, they shook hands silently, and then stood close about him as if hating to let him go. Suddenly big Bob Fraser called out in a husky voice, "Three cheers for the captain!" and every one was glad of the chance to let himself out in a roar—and that was the last of the farewells.

"DID you ever know a b'ar's nose is allus cold?" said Limpy Hawes one morning, as we sat under a parrot wagon, waiting for the procession to come back from down town. We could hear the calliope, which was at the tail end of the parade, shrieking through "My Gal is A High-Born Lady," and knew it would be a good hour or more before the outfit was back. I denied any such knowledge of bear's noses, and the old circus-man led me over to a wagon-cage, where two cub sloths were wandering about their narrow quarters, with clicking claws, restless eyes and slouching shoulders working under their rough coats.

"Here Lallah, good baby, commere," said my entertainer gently to the smaller bear, putting his hand through the bars. Lallah came close up, and he caught her under the throat by the loose skin, and drew her nose through the bars, commanding me to put my hand on it. Despite the fact that it was an exceedingly hot June day, that cub's nose was as cold as if she had been rubbing it on ice.

"Yes, sir," said Limpy, as we sat down again, putting out a great wad of "fine-cut" from his jaw, "we had a b'ar one time that had an uncommon cold nose, and he knowed it. He's a reglar joker, too, and was stickin' that cold nose of his agin somebody, when they wasn' lookin', ev'ry chanct he got. You know b'ars is funny critters. Takm'oath, I've seen 'em play a joke and then laff and laff over it. Some b'ars is born clowns, yes-siree, a good many of 'em, and this here Cinnamon Fritz was the worst I ever see.

"I hain't a-sayin' what he done the night I'm a-goin' to tell you about he done pupposly for a joke, but he couldn'a done better, no matter how long he tried. I got him when he was a year old. I hadn' been back in the show bizzness long after keepin' store and postoffis in Missury. He's 'long 'bout six when he done this job, and was a great walloppin' big feller, purty skeery to look at, but gentle as a lamb, *mucho docilo*, as the Spanish say.

"I put him through his sprouts myself for awhile, but the old man hired a trainer from Hamburg that done a whole lot of stunts with b'ars and hybrids together, and he just fastened right onto Fritz. The old boy liked him, too, but that blame Dutchman larnt him to drink beer, jest like any champeen at a bowlin' turnament. By and by they got so fond of each other they slep' together on the road.

"Long 'bout the second season the Dutchman was with us we was comin' East, the last week in September I mind, and was gittin 'bout ready to git into winter quarters, when we stops to play St. Louey, and right there's where that Dutchman went clean daffy. He bumped into a lot of his old friends, and as near as I reccoleck, they was goin' to have a big singin' doin's the next night. Bein' it was Sunday and we was only makin' a short jump, the Dutchman—lessee, what was his name? Oh, yes, August Mendelbaum. That's it. As I was sayin', he makes up his mind to stay over and then foller us. When them friends of his, what was so stuck on him, found out he could stay, they jest went to the main guy of their club—Liederkranz I think they called it—and said August had got to have a place on the bill. The spielmeister come out to see August, and after they'd had a bunch of schooners them two idjits had it all fixed up.

"The Liederkranz was goin' to have a sort of Dutch minstrels, mostly singin' with variety turns in the last half. They was goin' to have it in some great big theater, and had been fixin' up for it a couple of months. The main guy fixed it that Mendelbaum was to do a turn right before the last big event, and since the Dutchman couldn' do any club-swingin', bar and net work, only animals, he was to bring Cinnamon Fritz, if the old man would let him, and they was to do a mighty neat stunt I had taught Fritz—on a ball, it was.

"The point in this yarn, the *divertissement*, as the French say, is that them two fixed it up that August's turn *was to be a serprise*. No one was to know jest what he was goin' to do. The b'ar was to be put in one of the dressin' rooms and kep' there, and nary a livin' bein' besides August, the spielmeister and me was to know of it, for I should-a said the Dutchman had ast me to go 'long. The old man was willin' the b'ar should go, if I went with 'em.

"Well, I would have been *far niente*, as the Eyetalians say, if I hadn', and, takm'oath, I 'uz glad I did; for I never seen anythin' so lively as the bust-up of that show in all my days, by Gosh A'mighty, I hain't.

"Guess I may as well be tellin', before I git any furder, of Cinnamon Fritz's likin' for music. He was as fond of it as he was of morlasses, and that's sayin' a lot. I'd larnt him a number of turns that was mighty cute. One of

"Them two idjits had it all fixed up."

"The old man was willin' the bar should go."

'em was a Midway dance that he done to a T. 'Nuther was a march with a stick up to his shoulder like a gun, and he could waltz somethin' delightful. Whenever he'd hear the band playin' waltzes or marches, tak'm'oath, he would want to git to goin'. I waltzed with him when I had him, but the Dutchman cut all that out and wouldn't do any such turns.

"We went early, so's to git the b'ar into the theater without anybody knowin' it. They was a lot of little dressin'-rooms, and we put Fritzie in one of them that was empty, most of the others havin' a lot of them Liederkranzer's clothes in, great big, wooden swords, tin armor, fleshings, false beards and yeller hair, jest like grand opery props. It 'uz mighty plain they's goin' to give a swell amateur show.

"There wasn' nothin' in the room to chain the b'ar to that would a held him if he took a notion to pull, so we jest left him run loose in there, a-latchin' the door from the outside. Mendelbaum had an awful thirst on him. I shoulda said a worse one than usual, so he says, 'Limby, spose ve go oudt und gett a glass pier.' I never tech it myself, but I went with him.

"We run slambang into a lot of them Liederkranzers in the s'loon, and had a purty fair time till it was time to start the show, leastways, them and Mendelbaum did, for I don't tech it myself and I never sung much.

"The main guy got us a seat in a box where Mendelbaum could git out easy to go back and dress. I went back twict to see if Fritz was all O. K., and he was snoozin' in a corner. Mendelbaum found it was so all-fired easy to go out he kep' goin' out between ev'ry song, and sometimes in the middle, and at last he didn' come back at all. Thinks I, hes started his dressin'. Takm'oath, I never thought no more of anythin' goin' wrong than I'm a whale.

"Well, sir, them Liederkranzers was a havin' one of the golblamest shows you ever seen. A whole bunch made up in beards, long hair, swords, armor and fixin's would come out and sing and stomp and holler, and then the crowd would holler, then some feller with a voice like a bull in the back paster'd take a fall out of 'em. Then some ijit that thought he was funny would come out and act silly; then they'd sing some more.

"The show was purty well through when the real fun begun. I warn't back of the stage a-course, but this is

"That cold nose o' his'n agin a couple of their legs."

jest about how it happened, accordin' to all tales, though *gli assenti hanno torto*, as the Eyetalians say.

"They was havin' a shadder dance, which was pop'lar and new in them days; that is a dancer with floppin' white clothes would come out, with all the lights down. Now, as near as I kin make out, Mendelbaum was out guzzlin' beer with some of his cronies, and not lookin' after the b'ar at all. Some pryin'-minded fool musta heard Cinnamon Fritz movin' round in the dressin'-room, and opened the door.

"Fritz musta riz right up and sashayed to the front. Even where I was, we heard somebody give one of the all-firedest yells you'd want lissen to, and somebody come pilin' up the stairs to the stage, and went a-shootin' across behind the dancer, goin' for the out of doors. He was a big fellow goin' like a comet and sayin' in a sort of wheezin' whisper I could hear plain, 'Ach, mein Gott! Ach, mein Gott!'

"I guess Cinnamon Fritz stood still inside the dressin'-room door in the dark; for the rest of them Liederkranzers dressin' for the last big doin's, all come out of their rooms to see who it was yelled, and then seein' nothin' went back. I could hear a sorta rumpus down there, then all got quiet. Reckon after all Fritz was just layin' to have some fun.'

"Anyhow he comes out and goes into one of them dressin'-rooms full of Dutch standin' before mirrers puttin' on make-up. He sticks that cold nose of his agin a couple of their legs and say—oh, my golly, them fellers screeched like painters and clumb up on trunks, shelves and onto the clothes hooks.

"All the other Dutch in the other dressin'-rooms come a runnin' to see what was the matter, just in time to meet Cinnamon Fritz comin' out. Oh, my gracious! It sounded jest like an Injun uprisin' run afoul of an old maid's home. The band was playin' a waltz for the calico as was doin' the dance, and old Fritz he thinks its time to do a one-two-three, like I larnt him. Them Liederkranzers jest scattered all sorts of ways, but Fritz was between most of them and the stairs, so they just shut themselves up and yelled. He grabs the nearest one and holds him tight in

them two great big arms of hisn, and goes a-waltzin' all around in front of the dressin'-rooms. The Liederkranzer he'd caught fainted purty quick, I reckon; anyhow Fritz dropped him and went into one of the rooms that was open, and while he was seein' whether there was any beer left in the bottles, the Liederkranzers lit out for the stairs.

"Y'see, the band was playin' so loud that the crowd didn' jest altogether make out the noise down stairs, and it bein' so dark on the stage all they could see was things in white and pink and the like, chasin' and chasin' acrost behind the dancer. From where I' uz sittin' I could see some carryin' their pants, but most of 'em shy in all particlars 'less it was some tin armor, a bunch of false hair, and some shirt-muslin' flyin'.

"A one-two-three like I larnt him."

"When the big rush come, they almost broke the stairs down, and fought and spit and sputtered, but when they got up didn' stop to say nuthin', jest shot acrost in the shadder for the stage door.

"The dancer kep' a-dancin' and the band kep' a-playin', though ev'rybody else knowed there was somethin' all-fired wrong, and by this time I knowed it was the b'ar. Soonasever I lit on that idee, I jumps up to go down to him, but jest then up he comes from down below, right behind a little, fat Liederkranzer with a white beard, and nosin' the Dutchman's bare legs ev'ry jump he made.

"When Cinnamon Fritz hit the stage he was quite to home. One of the fleein' ones had dropped a big, wooden sword, and the b'ar stops, picks this up, puts it to his shoulder, and comes down front salutin'.

"That little trick was all that kep' the crowd from boltin' when they seen him. Most of 'em was up on their feet, but I reckon they musta thought it was part of the show, for they didn' run, but jest hollered.

"But that dancer! Say, takm'oath, when she ketched sight of him, over her shoulder, she claps her hands together, letting go of her white clothes, squawks 'Ach, Himmel! Himmel! Ach, Gott! Ach, du lieber Gott!' and makes one flyin' dive for the leader of the orchestra, right over the footlights. Ye might jest as well a-hit him with a dry-goods store, for most ev'rything around there was full of her and her duds. Somebody turned on the full lights, and sech a rumpus you never seen.

"But Fritzie hears me callin' him and he drops his sword and comes pilin' right over to the near end of the stage, and into my box. He puts one arm around my neck, and then he turns right round, and laffs and laffs.

"Ev'rybody quieted down purty quick, but there warn't no more show. The spielmeister couldn' get them Liederkranzers back in that theater with a Gatlin' gun. The leader of the orchestry was off in a corner pattin' the dancer's hands and pourin' water down her neck, and wouldn' come back. Some old fool got up and said he thought I oughta have a gold medal for herrerism, but I got Cinnamon Fritz out and lit out for the deepo.

A QUESTION OF POSSESSION

By ANDY ADAMS

LONG in the '80's there occurred a question of possession in regard to a brand of horses, numbering nearly two hundred head. Courts had figured in former matters, but at this time they were not appealed to, owing to the circumstances. This incident occurred on leased Indian lands, unprovided with civil courts, in a judicial sense, "No-Man's-Land." At this time it seemed "might" graced the woolsack, while on one side Judge Colt cited his authority, only to be reversed by Judge Parker, breech-loader, short-barreled, a full-choke ten bore. The clash of opinions between these two eminent western authorities was short, determined and to the point.

A man, whom we will call Gray, had settled in one of the northwest counties in Texas while it was yet the frontier, and by industry and the economy of himself and his family, had established a comfortable home. As a ranchman, he had raised this brand of horses in question. The previous history of this man is somewhat obscure before coming to Texas. But it was known and admitted that he was a bankrupt on account of surety debts which he was compelled to pay for friends in his former home in Kentucky. Many a good man had made similar mistakes before him. His neighbors spoke well of him in Texas, and he was looked upon as a good citizen in general.

Ten years of privation and hardship in their new home had been met and overcome, and now he could see a ray of hope for the better. The little prosperity which was beginning to dawn upon himself and family met with a sudden shock in the form of an old judgment, which he always contended his attorneys had paid. In some manner this judgment was revived, transferred to the jurisdiction of his district, and an execution issued against his property. The sheriff of this county was not as wise as he should have been. When the execution was placed in his hands he began to look about for property to satisfy this judgment. The exemption laws only allowed a certain number of gentle horses, and, as any class of range horses had a cash value at this time, this brand of horses was levied on to satisfy the judgment.

The range on which these horses were running was at this time an open one, and our sheriff either relied on his reputation as a bad man, or probably did not know any better. The question of possession did not bother him. Still this stock was as liable to range in one county as another. There is one thing quite evident, that our sheriff had overlooked the nature of this man Gray, for he was no weakling nor inclined to sit down and cry. It was thought that legal advice caused him to take the step he did, and it may be admitted with no degree of shame that advice was often given on lines of justice if not on law in the Lone Star State. There was a time when the decisions of Judge Lynch in that state had the hearty approval of good men. Anyhow, Gray got a few friends together, gathered his horses without attracting attention, and within a day's drive crossed into the Indian territory, where he could defy all the sheriffs in Texas.

When this cold fact first dawned on our sheriff he could hardly control himself. The effrontery of any man to defy his authority—a duly elected sheriff—was a reflection on his record. His bondsmen began to inquire into the situation, —in case this property could not be recovered, were they liable as bondsmen?

Things looked badly for the sheriff.

The local papers in supporting his candidacy for this office had often spoken of him and his chief deputy as "human bloodhounds—a terror to evil-doers." Their election to this office, they maintained, meant a strict enforcement of the laws, and assured the community that a better era would dawn in favor of peace and security of life and property. Our sheriff was resourceful if anything. He would overtake those horses, overpower the man if necessary, and bring back to his own bailiwick that brand of horses. At least that was his calculation. Of course Gray might object, but that would be a secondary matter. He would take time to do this. Having made one mistake he would make another to right it.

Gray had a brother living in one of the border towns of Kansas and it was thought he would head for this place. Should he take the horses into the state all the better, as they could invoke the courts of another state and get other sheriffs to help.

Gray.

Sixty years of experience with an uncharitable world had made Gray distrustful of his fellow men, though he did not wish to be. So when he reached his brother in Kansas without molestation he exercised caution enough to leave the herd of horses in Indian territory. The courts for this neutral strip were Federal and located at several points in adjoining states, but there was no appeal to them in civil cases. United States marshals looked after the violators of law against the Government.

Our Texas sheriff sent his deputy to be on the watch for him as soon as the horses were located. This he had no trouble in doing, as a good sized bunch of horses could not be well hidden, nor was there any desire to hide on the part of Gray.

The horses were kept under herd day and night in a nearby pasture. Gray usually herded by day, and two young men, one his son, herded by night. Things went on this way for a month. In the meantime this deputy had reported to the sheriff, who came on personally to supervise the undertaking. Gray was on the lookout and was aware of the deputy's presence. All he could do was to put an extra man on herd at night, arm his men well and await results.

The deputy secretly engaged seven or eight bad men of the long-haired variety, who in the early days usually graced the frontier towns with their presence. This brand of human cattle was not the disturbing element on the borderline of civilization that writers of that period depicted, or the blood-curdling drama portrayed. The average busy citizen paid little attention to them, considering them more ornamental than useful. But this was about the stripe that was wanted and could be secured for the work in hand. A good big bluff was considered sufficient to the end in view. This crowd was mounted, armed to the teeth and all was ready. Secrecy was enjoined on every one, and led by the sheriff and his deputy, they rode out about midnight

to the pasture and found the herd and herders.

"What do you fellows want here?" demanded young Gray.

"We want these horses," answered the sheriff.

"On what authority?" demanded Gray.

"This is sufficient authority for you," said the sheriff, flashing a six-shooter in young Gray's face. All the "heelers" to the play now jumped their horses forward, holding their six-shooters over their heads, ratcheting the cylinders of their revolvers by cocking and lowering the hammers, as if nothing but a fight would satisfy their demand for gore.

"If you want these horses that bad," said young Gray, "I reckon you can get them for the present. But I want to tell you one thing, there are sixty head of horses here under herd with ours outside the ninety-six brand. They belong to men in town. If you take them out of this pasture to-night they might consider you a horse thief and deal with you accordingly. You know that you are doing this by force of arms. You have no more authority here than any other man, except what men and guns give you. Good night, sir, I may see you by daylight." Calling off his men he let little grass grow under his feet as they rode to town. His father and uncle were soon roused and they in turn went out and asked their friends to come to their assistance, together with the owners of the sixty head, so that by daybreak they had eighteen mounted and armed men.

The sheriff paid no attention to the advice of young Gray, but when day broke he saw he had more horses than he wanted, as there was a brand or two there he had no claim on, just or unjust, and the extra horses must be cut out or trouble would follow. One of the men with the sheriff knew of a corral where this work could be done, and they started toward this corral, which was at least fifteen miles from the town whence the rescue party of Gray had departed at daybreak. The pursuing posse soon took the trail of the horses from where they left the pasture, and as they headed back toward Texas it was feared it might take a long, hard ride to overtake them. The gait was now increased to a gallop, probably covering ten miles an hour, which was considered better time than the herd could make under any circumstances.

After an hour's hard riding it was evident from the trail that they were not far ahead. The fact that they were carrying off with them horses the private property of men in this rescue party was not inclined to fortify the sheriff in the good opinion of any one of the rescuers. It was noticed that the herd had left the trail in a direction where there had formerly been a ranch house, the corrals of which were in good repair, as they were frequently used for branding purposes. On coming in sight of these corrals Gray's party noticed that some kind of work was being carried on, so they approached it cautiously. The word came back that the horses were there.

Gray said to his party: "Keep a short distance behind me. I'll open the ball, if there is any." To the others of his party it seemed that the supreme moment in the old man's life had come. Over the determined features of his face there was a smile of satisfaction, as though some paramount object in his life was about to be accomplished. Yet in that determined look it was visible that he would rather be shot down like a dog than yield what he felt were his rights to be trampled upon. When his party came within a quarter of a mile of the corrals it was noticed that the sheriff and his deputies quit their work, mounted their horses and rode out in the open, the sheriff in the lead, and halted to await the meeting.

Gray rode up to within one hundred feet of the sheriff's posse and dismounted, handing the reins of his bridle to his son. He advanced with a steady, even stride, a double-barreled shotgun in position as though he expected to flush a partridge. At this critical moment it seemed that reputations as bad men were due to gain glory, or suffer a decline at the hands of a heretofore

Drawn by E. N. Clark.

As though he expected to flush a partridge.

peaceable man. Every man in either party had his arms where they would be instantly available should the occasion demand it. When Gray came within easy hailing distance his challenge was clear and audible to every one. "What in —— are you doing with my horses?"

"I've got to have these horses, sir," answered the sheriff.

"Do you realize what it will take to get them?" asked Gray, as he brought his gun, both barrels at full cock, to his shoulder. "Bat an eye or crook your little finger, if you dare, and I'll send your soul glimmering into eternity if my own goes to hell for it." There was something in the old man's voice that conveyed the impression that these were not idle words. To heed them was the better way if human life had any value.

"Well, Mr. Gray," said the sheriff, "put down your gun and take your horses. This has been a bad piece of business for us—take your horses and go, sir. My bondsmen can pay that judgment if they have to."

Gray's son rode around during the conversation, opened the gate and turned out the horses. One or two men helped him, and they were soon on the way to their pasture.

As these men of his party turned to follow Gray, who had remounted, he presented a pitiful sight. The same determined features, relaxed from the high tension to which he had been nerved, were blanched to the color of his beard and hair. It was like a drowning man, with the strength of two, when rescued and brought safely to land, fainting through sheer weakness. A reprieve from death itself or the blood of his fellow men upon his hands had been met and passed. It was some little time before he spoke, then he said: "I reckon it was best the way things turned out, for I would hate to kill any man, but I would gladly die rather than suffer an injustice or quietly submit to what I felt was a wrong against me."

It was some moments before the party became communicative, as they all had a respect for the old man's feelings. The sheriff was on the uneasy seat, for he would not return into the state, though his posse returned somewhat crestfallen. It may be added that his sheriff's bondsmen, upon an examination into the facts in the case, concluded to stand a suit on the developments of some facts which their examination had uncovered in the original proceedings, and the matter was dropped in preference to fighting it in an open court.

THE AUTUMN WIND

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

The quiet feet of the rain
  Stealing down from the hills,
And the voice of the autumn wind
  That sobs and never stills;

The voice of the autumn wind,
  As sad as the mourning sea,
And it sets astir the chords
  Of the harp of memory!

It sets the chords astir,
  And my heart throbs quick again
With the old, old thrill of love,
  With its ecstacy and pain.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF

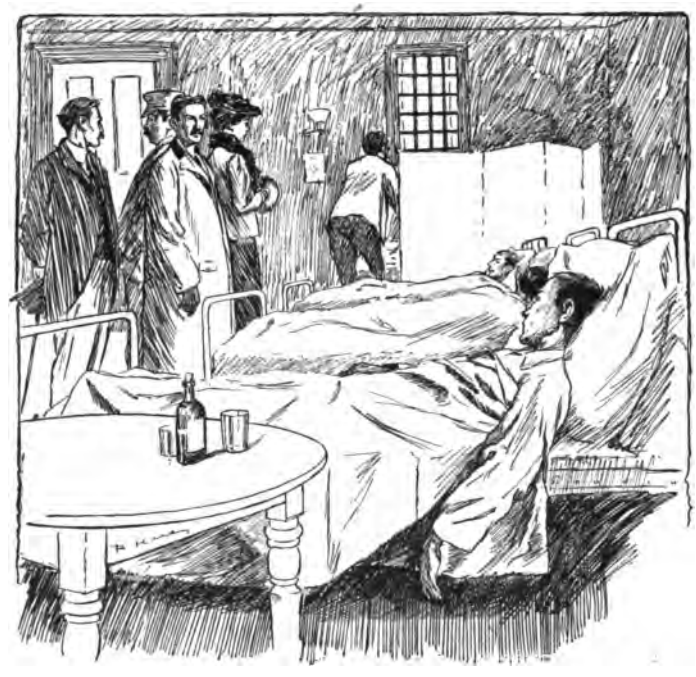
A Genuine Narrative Edited by HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

THE MADHOUSE AND REFORM.*

I WAS not recognized by the authorities at Sing Sing as having been there before. I gave a different name and pedigree, of course, but the reason I was not known as a second timer was that I had spent only nine months at Sing Sing on my first term, the remainder having been passed at Auburn. There was a new warden at Sing Sing, too, and some of the other officials had changed. None of the keepers knew me, and that meant a great deal to me; for if I had been recognized as a second timer, I should have had a great deal of extra time to serve. On my first term I had received commutation time for good behavior amounting to over a year, and there is a rule that if a released convict is sent back to prison within a period equal to his commutation time, he must serve not only the new bit, but in addition the time he gained for good behavior on his first term.

Some of the convicts, indeed, knew that I had served before; but they did not *squeal*. Even some of those who did not know me had an inkling of it, but certainly there is, sometimes, honor among thieves. If they had reported me to the authorities, they might have had an easier time in *stir*† and been given many privileges, such as a better job and better things to eat. There were many stool pigeons there, of course, but somehow these rats did not get onto me.

I was assigned to the clothing department where I stayed six months, but did very little work. Warden Sage replaced Warden Durson and organized the system of stool-pigeons more carefully than ever before, so it was more difficult to neglect our work. I said to Sage one day: "You're a cheap guy. You ought to be President of a woman's sewing society. You can do nothing but make an aristocracy of stool-pigeons." I gave up work after six months because of my health, which had been bad for a long time, but now was worse. My bad habits on the outside and my experience in prison were beginning to tell upon me badly.



I did not even "fan my face."

* The earlier portions of this narrative can be found in the September and October issues of this magazine. Each part, however, may be fully understood by itself.—THE EDITORS.

† Prison.

There was a general breaking down of my system. I was so weak and coughed so badly that I thought I was dying. The doctor said I had consumption, and transferred me to the prison hospital, where I had better air and food and was far more comfortable in body, but in my mind I was terribly low. I was so despondent that I did not even *fan my face* (turn my head away to avoid having the outside world become familiar with my features) when visitors went through the hospital. This was an unusual degree of carelessness for a professional *gun*.* One reason I was so gloomy was that I was unable to get hold of my darling *hop*.†

I was so despondent in the hospital that I really thought I would soon become an angel, and my environment was not very cheerful, for several convicts died on beds near me. Whenever anybody was going to die, every convict in the prison knew about it, for the attendants would put three screens around the dying man's bed. There were about twenty-five beds in the long room, and near me was an old boyhood pal, Tommy Ward, in the last stages of consumption. Tommy and I often talked about death, and neither of us was afraid of it. Tommy was doing life for murder and ought to have been afraid of death, if anyone was. But when he was about to die, he sent word to me to come to his bedside, and after a word or two of good-bye he went into his agony. The last words he ever said were: "Ah, give me a *big Peter*."‡ He did not receive the last rites of the Catholic Church, and his family refused to bury him. So Tommy's cell number was the inscription on the tombstone, if it could be called such, which marked his grave in the little burying ground outside the prison walls.

Indeed, it is not easy to make a convict religious. Often while we were in chapel, the dominie would tell us that life was short; but hardly one of the six or seven hundred criminals who were listening believed the assertion. They felt that the few years they were doing for the good of their country were long as centuries. If there were a few *cons*‖ who tried the cheerful dodge, they did not deceive anybody, for their brother *guns* knew that they were sore in their hearts because they had been caught without *fall-money*,§ and so had to serve a few million years in *stir*.

In May, 1896, when I still had about a year to serve on my second term, a rumor circulated through the prison that some of the Salvation Army were going to visit the *stir*. The men were greatly excited at the prospect of a break in the dreary routine. I imagined that a big, burly Salvationist, beating a drum, with a few very thin Salvation lasses, would march through the prison yard. I was dumbfounded by the reality, for I saw enter the Protestant chapel, which was crowded with eager convicts, two delicate, pretty women. No actress ever got a warmer welcome than that given to Mrs. Booth and her secretary, Captain Jennie Hughes. After the clapping of hands and cheering had ceased, Mrs. Booth arose and made a speech, which was listened to in deep silence. Certainly she was eloquent, and what she said impressed many an old *gun*. She was the first visitor that ever promised practical Christianity who actually carried out the promise. She promised to build homes for us after our release; and in many cases she did, and we respect her. She spoke for an hour, and afterwards granted private interviews, and many of the convicts told her all their troubles, and she promised to take care of their old mothers, daughters and wives.

After the singing Mrs. Booth asked that those convicts who wanted to lead a better life, should stand up. About seventy men out of the five or six hundred arose, and the others remained seated. I was not among those that stood up. I don't believe in instantaneous Christianity. I often wondered what the motives are that moved the men in that manner. Man is a social animal and Mrs. Booth was a magnetic woman. She had a good personal appearance and one other requisite that appealed strongly to those who were in our predicament—her sex. Who could entirely resist the pleadings of a pretty woman with large black eyes?

* Thief. † Opium. ‡ A narcotic. ‖ Grafters. § Money to bribe the police.

"You're the meanest, most despicable thief in the whole 'stir.'"

Certainly I was moved by this sincere and attractive woman, but my own early religious training had made me suspicious of the whole business. Whenever anybody tried to reform me through Christianity I always thought of that powerful Celt who used to rush at me in Sunday-school with a hickory stick and shout, "Who made you?" And I don't think that many of the men who profess religion in prison are sincere. One convict, whom I used to call the Great American Identifier, because he used to *graft* by claiming to be a relative of everybody that died, from California to Maine, and weeping over the dead body, was the worst hypocrite I ever saw—a regular Uriah Heep. He was one of Mrs. Booth's converts, and stood up in chapel. After she went away he said to me: "What a blessing has been poured into my soul since I heard Mrs. Booth!" Another hypocrite said to me on the same occasion: "I don't know what I would do only for Mrs. Booth. She has lightened my weary burdens." Now, I would not trust either of those men with a box of matches, and so I said to the Great American Identifier: "You are the meanest, most despicable thief in the whole *stir*. I'd respect you if you had the nerve to rob a live man, but you always stole from a *cadaver*."

In most ways, of course, my life in prison during the second term was similar to what it was on my first *bit*.* Books and opium were my main pleasures. If it had not been for them and for the thoughts about life and about my fellow convicts which they led me to reform, the monotony of the prison routine would have driven me mad. My health was by that time badly shattered. I could not sleep without a drug. My moral health was far worse, too, than it had been on my first *bit*. Then I had made strong efforts to overcome the opium habit, and made plans to give up grafting. Then I had some decent ambitions, and did not look upon myself as a confirmed criminal. But, in the second term I had grown to take a hopeless view of my case. I began to feel that I could not reform, no matter how hard I tried. It seemed to me, too, that it was hardly worth while now to make an effort, for I thought my health was worse than it really was, and that I should die soon, with no opportunity

* Term.

to live the intelligent life I had learned to admire through my books. I still made good resolutions and some effort to quit the *hop*, but they were weak in comparison with the efforts I had made during my first term. More and more it seemed to me that I belonged to the Under World for good, and that I might as well go through it to the end. Stealing was my profession. It was all I knew how to do, and I did not believe that anybody was interested enough in me to teach me anything else. On the other hand, what I had learned on the rocky path would never leave me. I was sure of my knowledge of the technique of *graft*, and I knew that a *sucker* was born every minute.

When I left *stir* again I did not get the pleasure that had been so keen after my first *bit*. My eyesight was failing now, and I was sick and dull. My only thought was to get back to my old haunts, and I drank several large glasses of whiskey at Sing Sing town to help me on my way. I spent the first day in New York looking for old pals, but I found few of them. Many were dead, and others were in *stir* or had sunk so far down into the Under World that even I could not find them. I was only about thirty-two years old, but I had already a long acquaintance with the past.

As soon as I had picked out a good *mob* to work with I began to *graft* again. Two of my new pals were safe-blowers, and we did that *graft* and day work, as well as the old reliable *dipping*.* But I was not much at the *graft* during the seven months I remained on the outside. My health continued bad, and I did not feel like jumping out so much as I had done formerly. I did not *graft* except when my funds got very low, and so, of course, I saved no *fall* money. I had an opium lay-out and a furnished room where I used to stay most of the time smoking with pals, who, like myself, had had the keen edge of their ambition taken off. I had a strange longing for music at that time; I suppose because my nerves were weaker than they used to be. I kept a number of musical instruments in my room and used to sing and dance to amuse my visitors. I philosophized a lot, too, partly under the influence of opium and moralized to my friends. I often got into a state of mind where everything seemed a joke to me. I observed my companions and their characteristics, and loved to size them up after they had left for the evening. When I thought about myself I was sad, but I thought about myself as little as possible. I preferred to let my thoughts dwell on others, whom I saw were a fine line of cranks and rogues.

It was not long before I got my third *fall* for the *stir*. The other times that I had been convicted I was guilty, but on this occasion I was innocent. It often happens that a man who has done time and is well known to the police is rounded up on suspicion and convicted when he is innocent. It is an easy way for the officials to cover up their failure to find the right person. One night I had left an opium joint where there had been a social gathering of *guns* because I suddenly had a flow of blood from the lungs. I went to see a doctor, who stopped the hemorrhage but told me I would not live a month if I did not take good care of myself. I took a car and went home to my furnished room, where I was arrested. I knew I had committed no crime, and thought I would be released in the morning. To make sure, however, I employed a lawyer with the very small amount of money I had. Things looked very favorable, for I was remanded back from court every morning for eight days on account of lack of evidence; this is, in a larceny case, almost equivalent to a *turn out*.† On the ninth day, however, luck turned against me. The chief of detectives identified me as another man and whispered a few words to the justice. I was committed and sent to the Tombs to await trial. I knew that I was lost, for my character alone would convict me. While I was in the Tombs a murderous idea took possession of me. I thought I had been horribly wronged, and that I would have my revenge. I was desperate, too, for I did not think I would live my *bit* out. I determined to make half a dozen angels, including

* Picking pockets. † A release.

myself. I meant to shoot the *copper* who had arrested me, District Attorney Olcott, the judge, the complainant and myself. But when I was to be conducted to court for trial the pistol I had obtained and concealed was found and taken away from me. I was convicted and sentenced to five years at Sing Sing.

When I got back to my cell in prison I was gloomy and desperate to an unusual degree, and for a time I was eaten up with a desire for vengeance on those who had sent me to *stir* for a crime I did not commit. My health was very bad, and my friends told me I would never live my *bit* out, and advised me to get to Clinton Prison, if possible, away from the damp cells at Sing Sing. But I took no interest in what they said, for I did not care whether I lived or died. I expected to become an angel very soon, and in the meantime I was well enough off where I was. I did not fear death. All I wanted from the keepers was to be left alone in my cell and not annoyed with work. The authorities had an inkling that I was in a desperate state of mind, and they believed it was healthy for them to let me alone a good deal of the time.

Schemes began to form in my head to make my *gets*.* I knew I wouldn't stop at murder if necessary in order to *spring*. I preferred to die at the beginning of my *bit* rather than at the end. The authorities must have suspected something, for they kept me in my cell twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four. Perhaps it was because they had it in for me because I beat them out of so much time on my second *bit*, and they had in the meantime got wind of that. While waiting a chance to escape I consoled myself with some of my favorite authors, but my eyesight was getting bad and I could not read as much as formerly.

I philosophized a lot and moralized to my friends.

One afternoon, after I had been at Sing Sing five months, I was taken from my cell, shackled hand and foot, and sent, with fifty other convicts, to Auburn prison. When I had been

* Escape.

there about six months I grew very violent and made several ill thought-out attempts at escape. I would take no back talk from the keepers, and began to be feared by them. One day I had a fight with another convict. He struck me with an iron weapon and I sent him to the hospital with a knife thrust through several parts of the body. Although I had been a thief all my life, and had done *strong arm** work, I had never been so quick to fight as on my third term, for by nature I am not quarrelsome. I was locked up in the dungeon for a week and fed on bread and water in small quantities. After I was released from the dungeon I was kept in my cell for several days, and used to quarrel with whomsoever came near me. The keepers began to regard me as a dangerous man, and they feared that I would either escape or commit murder.

One morning I went to see the prison doctor, who told me I had consumption, and transferred me to the consumptive ward of the hospital. He gave me a hypodermic injection, and when I awoke I found myself in the isolated dungeon, nicknamed by the convicts "the Keeley Cure," where I was confined again for several weeks, and during that time was given a hypodermic injection every day. Finally, I was taken before two doctors who pronounced me insane. With three other convicts, who were said to be *pipes*,† I was shackled hand and foot, put on a train, and taken to the asylum for the criminal insane at Matteawan. I had been in bad places before, but it was in the madhouse I first learned what it is to be in hell.

A friend on the outside.

Why was I put in the *Pipe House?* Was I insane?

* Used violence. † Insane.

In one way I have been insane all my life, until recently. There is a disease called astigmatism of the conscience, and I have been sorely afflicted with that. I have always had the delusion, until the last few months, that it is well to "do" others. In that way I certainly was *pipes*, and in another way, too, I was insane. After a man has served many years in *stir* and has contracted all the vices, he is not normal, even if he does not go violently insane. His brain loses its equilibrium, no matter how strong-minded he may be, and he acquires astigmatism of the mind as well as of the conscience. The more astigmatic he becomes, the more frequently he returns to *stir*, where his disease grows worse, until he is prison mad.

But to the best of my knowledge and belief I was not insane in any definite way; no more so than are nine out of ten of the men who had served as much time in prison as I. I suppose they did not send me to the criminal insane asylum because I had a perverted conscience, for I believe the *stir* is supposed to cure that. Why did they send me to the madhouse? I don't know any more than my reader, unless it was because I caused the prison keepers and doctors too much trouble, or because I had *done* them on my second *bit*, or because they were afraid of me.

Whether I had a delusion or not—and I am convinced that I have always been right above the ears—there certainly are many perfectly sane men confined in our State asylums for the criminal insane. Indeed, if all the fake lunatics were sent back to prison it would save the State the expense of building so many hospitals. But I suppose the politicians who want patronage would object.

Many men in prison fake insanity, as I have already explained. Many of them desire to be sent to Matteawan or Dannemora insane asylums, thinking they will not have to work there, will have better food than in *stir* and can more easily escape. They imagine there are no stool-pigeons in the *Pipe House*, and that therefore they can easily *make their elegant*.* But when they get to the madhouse they find themselves sadly mistaken. They find many sane stool-pigeons there and that their plans for escape are *piped off* there as well as in *stir*. When they get to the madhouse, God help them! I will narrate only a few of the things that happened to me there.

Between terms.

No man or woman, not even an habitual criminal, can conceive, unless he has been there himself, what our State asylums are. I had been in the violent ward two days when I was put into a dark room in which a demented scrofulous negro had been kept. For me not even a change of bed-clothing was made. In rooms on each side of me were epileptics, and I could hear, especially when I was in the ward, where I soon returned, raving maniacs all about me shouting out their delusions. I began to think that prison was heaven in comparison with the *Pipe House*. While in *stir* I could lie in my cot and read and soothe my nerves. But in the madhouse I was not allowed to read, and lay awake continually at night listening to the idiots bleating and the maniacs howling about me. The din was horrible, and I am convinced that in the course of time a sane man kept in an insane asylum must go mad; and those who are a little delusional will go violently insane. My three years in the *Pipe House* convinced me that beyond a doubt a man contracts a mental disease just as he contracts a physical ailment on the outside. I believe in mental as well as physical contagion, for I have seen men, a short time after arriving at the hospital, became raving maniacs.

* Escape.

For weeks and months I had a terrible fight with myself to keep my sanity. As I had no books to take my thoughts I got in the habit of solving an arithmetical problem every day. If it had not been for my persistence in this mental occupation I have no doubt I would have gone violently insane. It is only the sensitive and intelligent man, who when placed in such a predicament, really knows what torture is. The cries of the poor demented wretches showed me more than any other experience the error of a crooked life.

And now I come to the most terrible part of my narrative, which I must make very short. Many people will not believe what I have to say about the cruelty of the doctors and attendants, cruelty practiced upon these poor deluded wretches. But with my own eyes I saw scores of instances of abuse while I was at Matteawan, and later at Dannemora. It is, I believe, against the law to strike an insane man, but anybody who has ever been in these asylums knows how habitual the practice is. I have often seen idiots in the same ward as myself violently attacked and beaten by several attendants at once. Indeed, some of us used to regard a beating as our daily medicine. The patients are not supposed to do any work; those who refuse to clean up the wards for the attendants are likely to receive very little mercy.

I know how difficult it is for the public to believe that some of their institutions are as rotten as those of the Middle Ages, and when a man who has been both in prison and the *Pipe House* makes the accusation, who will believe him? Certainly his testimony on the witness stand is worthless. I will merely call attention to the fact that the great majority of the really insane are so only in one way. They have some delusion, but are otherwise capable of observation and of telling the truth. Again, why should the attendants not be brutal? In the first place, there is

very little chance of a *come-back*, for who will believe what the patients say? And in the second place, the attendants themselves are men of low intelligence, who after they have been associated with insane men for many years, are apt to become delusional themselves. Is it any wonder then that the ordinary attendant often becomes nervous and irascible, and will fly at a poor idiot whose silly noises get on his nerves?

I will give a few instances of brutalities I witnessed at Matteawan and Dannemora. One day I saw an insane epileptic patient try to prevent four attendants from playing cards in the ward on Sunday. He was delusional on religious subjects and thought the attendants were doing wrong. The reward he received was to be kicked in the stomach by one of the attendants, while another struck him over his heart, knocking him down, and a third jammed his head on the floor until it bled. After he was rendered unconscious a doctor gave him a hypodermic injection and he was put to bed. How often, indeed, have I seen men knocked out by *strong arm* work, or strung up to the ceiling with a pair of suspenders! How often have I seen them knocked unconscious for a time or for eternity—yes—for eternity, for insane men sometimes do die if they are treated too brutally! In that case, the doctor says the patient died of consumption or some other disease. I saw an idiot boy knocked down with an iron pot because he insisted on chirping out his delusions. I saw a patient about to be beaten by four attendants cry, "My God, you won't murder me?" and the answer was, "Why not? The coroner would say you died of dysentery." I could multiply instances of this kind, but I have said enough, and probably all will be put down by the public as one of my delusions. But I swear by my poor old mother that it is all true, every word of it.

After spending several years in hell I was released. Even hell has its uses, for the *Pipe House* cured me of a vice which, if it had continued, would have made me incapable of reform, even if I had lived. I mean the opium habit. In the madhouse I was unable to obtain the drug, and that fact added greatly to my sufferings at the time, but made it possible for me to reform after my release. For two years I did not take a bit of opium, and since my release I have kept away from the drug.

Life in a madhouse taught me a lesson I shall never forget. And when I left Dannemora I felt, for the first time in my life, that I really wanted to quit the *graft*. I knew very well that I could never repeat such an experience without going mad in reality or dying. The first term I spent in *stir* I had my books and a new life of thought and beauty to contemplate. Once for all I had had that experience. The thought of going through the prison routine again—the damp cells, the poor food, the habits contracted there, with the madhouse at the end—No, this can never be for me again. I felt that as I heard the *loons* yelling good-bye to me from the windows. I looked at the gloomy building and said to myself: "I have left hell, and I'll shovel coal before I go back."

Since I returned home I have seen some of my old pals, but when I am with them I am not of them. I prefer to talk to the meanest working-man than with any of the *guns*. Why? For a long time I have despised myself, and when I see that even my mother distrusts me I am resolved to force the world to regard me as an honest man. What taught me to lead a better life? Was it the years I spent in prison? Was it the constant love my mother showed me? Was it confinement in a madhouse and the horrors I saw there? Was it the noble books I read in *stir* and the new thoughts and ambitions they gave me? Was it a combination of all these? Was there not something more, which I will call an awakening of the soul? The perception that a life of crime does *not* pay; that all my old companions in *graft* came to harm; the realization of my broken health—this would seem enough to cause reform. But I believe something more is necessary. I loathe the old life, and for the first time in my experience I love a few persons and have ambition for beautiful things. I do not know why, I only know that it is so.

(*The end.*)

A DAUGHTER OF RAASAY

A TALE OF THE '45

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

CUMBERLAND brushed me aside with a wave of his hand.

"Donner! If the Pretender is on Skye—and he must be—we've got him trapped, Volney. Our cordon stretches clear across the isle and every outlet is guarded," he cried.

"Immensely glad to hear it, sir. Let's see. Is this the twelfth time you've had him sure? 'Pon honor, he must have more lives than the proverbial cat," drawled Sir Robert insolently.

There was one thing about Volney I could never enough admire. He was no respecter of persons. Come high, come low, the bite of his ironic tongue struck home. For a courtier he had the laziest scorn of those he courted that ever adventurer was hampered with; and strangely enough from him his friends in high places tolerated anything. The Prince of Wales and his brother Cumberland would not speak to each other, yet each of them fought to retain Volney as his follower. Time-servers wondered that his uncurbed speech never brought him into grief. Perhaps the secret of his security lay in his splendid, careless daring; in that, and in his winning personality.

"By Heaven, Volney, sometimes I think you're 'half a Jacobite," said Cumberland, frowning.

"Your Grace does me injustice. My bread is buttered on the Brunswick side," answered the baronet, carelessly.

"But otherwise—at heart—"

Volney's sardonic smile came into play. "Otherwise my well-known caution, and my approved loyalty,—Egad, I had almost forgotten that!—refute such an aspersion."

"Himmel! If your loyalty is no greater than your caution it may be counted out. At least you take delight in tormenting me. Never deny it, man! I believe you want the Pretender to get away."

"One may wish the Prince—"

"The Prince?" echoed Cumberland blackly.

"The Young Chevalier, then, if you like that better. 'Slife, what's in a name? One may wish him to escape and be guilty of no crime. He and his brave Highlanders deserve a better fate than death. I dare swear that half our redcoats have the sneaking desire to see the young man win free out of the country. Come, my good fellow"—turning to me—"What do they call you—Campbell? Well, then, Campbell, speak truth and shame the devil. Are you as keen to have the Young Chevalier taken as you pretend?"

Doggedly I turned my averted head toward him, saw the recognition leap to his eyes, and waited for the word to fall from his lips that would condemn me. Amusement chased amazement across his face.

A moment passed, still another moment. The word was not spoken. Instead he began to smile, and presently to hum:—

"You'll on an' you'll march to Carlisle ha'
To be hanged and quartered, an' a', an' a'."

"Come, Mont—Campbell, you haven't answered my question yet. If you knew where Charles Edward Stuart was in hiding, would you give him up?" He looked at me from under lowered lids, vastly entertained, playing with me as a cat does with a mouse.

"I am a fery good serfant of the

King, God bless him, whatefer, and I would just do my duty," answered I, still keeping the rôle I had assumed.

"Of course he would. Ach, liebe Himmel! Any loyal man would be bound to do so," broke in Cumberland.

Volney's eyes shone. "I'm not so sure," said he. "Now, supposing, sir, that one had a very dear friend among the rebels; given the chance, ought he to turn him over to justice?"

"No doubt about it. Friendship ends when rebellion begins," said the Duke sententiously.

Sir Robert continued blandly to argue the case, looking at me out of the tail of his eye. Faith, he enjoyed himself prodigiously, which was more than I did, for I was tasting a bad quarter of an hour. "Put it this way, sir: I have a friend who has done me many good turns. Now, assume that I have but to speak the word to send him to his death. Should the word be spoken?"

The Duke said dogmatically that a soldier's first duty was to work for the success of his cause regardless of private feelings.

"Or shift it this way," continued Volney silkily, "that the man is not a friend. Suppose him a rival claimant to a beautiful Highland estate I mean to possess. Can I in honor give him up? What would you think, Mont—er—Campbell?"

"Not Mont-Campbell, but Campbell," I corrected. "I will be thinking, sir, that it would be a matter for your conscience, and at all events it iss fery lucky that you do not hafe to decide it."

"Still the case might arise. It's always well to be prepared," he answered, laughing.

"Nonsense, Robert! What the deuce do you mean by discussing such a matter with a Highland kerne? I never saw your match for oddity," said the Duke.

While he was still speaking there was a commotion in the outer room of the inn. Sounded a rap at the door, and on the echo of the knock an officer came into the room to announce the capture of a suspect. He was followed by the last man in the world I wanted to see at that moment, no other than the Campbell soldier whose place I was usurping. The fat was in the fire with a vengeance now, and though I fell back to the rear I knew it was but a question of time till his eye lit on me.

The fellow began to tell his story, got nearly through before his ferret eyes circled round to me, then broke off to burst into a screed of the Gælic as he pointed a long finger at me.

The Duke flung round on me in a cold fury. "Is this true, fellow?"

I came forward shrugging.

"To deny were folly when the evidence is writ so plain," I said.

"And who the devil are you?"

"Kenneth Montagu, at your service."

Cumberland ordered the room cleared, then turned on Volney a very grim face. "I'll remember this, Sir Robert. You knew him all the time. It has a bad look, I make plain to say."

"'Twas none of my business. Your troopers can find victims for you without my pointing out any. I take the liberty of reminding Your Highness that I'm not a hangman by profession," returned Volney stiffly.

"You go too far, sir," answered the Duke haughtily. "I know my duty too well to allow me to be deterred from performing it by you or anybody else. Mr. Montagu, have you any reason to give why I should not hang you for a spy?"

"No reason that would have any weight with Your Grace," I answered.

He looked long at me, frowning blackly out of the grimmest face I had ever fronted; and yet that countenance, inexorable as fate, belonged to a young man not four years past his majority.

"Without dubiety you deserve death," he said at last, "but because of your youth I give you one chance. Disclose to me the hiding place of the Pretender and you shall come alive out of the valley of the shadow."

A foretaste of the end clutched icily at my heart, but the price of the proffered safety was too great. Since I must die, I resolved that it should be with a good grace.

"I do not know whom Your Grace can mean by the Pretender."

His heavy jaw set and his face grew cold and hard as steel.

"You fool, do you think to bandy words with me? You will speak, or by Heaven you will die the death of a traitor."

"I need not fear to follow where so many of my brave comrades have shown the way," I answered steadily.

"Bah! You deal in heroics. Believe me, this is no time for theatricals. Out with it. When did you last see Charles Stuart?"

"I can find no honorable answer to that question, sir."

"Then your blood be on your own head, fool. You die to-morrow morning by the cord."

"As God wills; perhaps to-morrow, perhaps not for fifty years."

While I was being led out another prisoner passed in on his way to judgment. The man was Captain Roy Macdonald.

"I'm wae to see you here, lad, and me the cause of it by sending you," he said, smiling sadly.

"How came they to take you," I asked.

"I was surprised on the beach just after Murdoch left," he told me in the Gælic so that the English troopers might not understand. "All should be well with the yellow-haired laddie now that the warning has been given. Are you for Carlisle, Kenneth?"

I shook my head. "No, my time is set for to-morrow. If they give you longer you'll find a way to send word to Aileen how it went with me, Donald?"

He nodded, and we gripped hands. From his serene courage I gathered strength.

They took me to a bothy in the village which had been set apart as a prison for me, and here, a picket of soldiers with loaded muskets surrounding the hut, they left me to myself.

Paradoxical though it may seem, the leaden hours flew on feathered foot. Dusk fell, then shortly darkness. Night deepened and the stars came out. From the window I watched the moon rise till it flooded the room with its pale light, my mind at last fallen into the sombre quiet of deep abstraction.

A mocking voice brought me to earth with a start.

"Romantic spectacle! A world bathed in moonlight! Do you compose verses to your love's bright eyes, Mr. Montagu? Or perhaps an epitaph for some close friend?"

An elegant figure in dark cloak, riding boots and three-cornered hat confronted me when I slowly turned.

"Hope I don't intrude," he said jauntily.

I gave him a plain hint. "Sir Robert, like Lord Chesterfield, when he was so ill last year, if I do not press you to remain, it is because I must rehearse my funeral obsequies."

His laugh rang merrily. Coming forward a step or two, he perched himself on the table.

"Egad, you're not very hospitable my friend. Or isn't this your evening at home?" he fleered.

I watched him narrowly, answering nothing.

"Cozy quarters," he said, looking round with polite interest. "May I ask whether you have taken them for long?"

"The object of your visit, sir?" I demanded coldly.

"There you gravel me," he laughed. "I wish I knew the motives for my visit. They are perhaps a blend—some pique, some spite, some curiosity, and faith! a little admiration, Mr. Montagu."

"All of which being presumably now satisfied—"

"But they're not, man! Far from it. And so I accept the courteous invitation you were about to extend for me to prolong my call and join you in a glass of wine."

Seeing that he was determined to remain willy-nilly I made the best of it.

"You have interpreted my sentiments exactly, Sir Robert," I told him, "but I fear the wine will have to be postponed till another meeting. My cellar is not well stocked."

He drew a flask from his pocket, found glasses on the table, and filled them.

"Then let me for so far play host,

Mr. Montagu. Come, I give you a toast!" He held the glass to the light and viewed the wine critically. "'Tis a devilish good vintage, though I say it myself. Montagu, may you always find a safe port in time of storm!" he said with jesting face, but with a certain undercurrent of meaning that began to set my blood pounding.

But though I took a glimmer of the man's purpose I would not meet him half way. If he had any proposal to make the advances must come from him. Nor would I allow myself to hope too much.

"I' faith, 'tis a good port," I said, and eyed the wine no less judicially than he.

Volney's gaze loitered deliberately over the cottage furnishings. "Cosy enough, but after all not quite to my liking, if I may make so bold as to criticise your apartments. I wonder now you don't make a change."

"I'm thinking of moving to-morrow," I told him composedly. "To a less roomy apartment, but one just as snug."

"Shall you live there permanently?" he asked with innocent face.

"I shall stay there permanently," I corrected.

Despite my apparent unconcern I was playing desperately for my life. I knew from experience that nothing would touch the man on his weak side so surely as an imperturbable manner.

"I mentioned pique and spite, Mr. Montagu, and you did not take my meaning. Believe me, not against you, but against that oaf Cumberland," he said.

"And what may your presence here have to do with your pique against the Duke? I confess that the connection is not plain to me," I said in careless fashion.

"After you left to-day, Mr. Montagu, I humbled myself to ask a favor of the Dutchman—the first I ever asked, and I have done him many. He refused it and turned his back on me."

"The favor was—?"

"That you might be taken to London for trial and executed there."

I looked up as if surprised. "And why this interest on my behalf, Sir Robert?"

He shrugged. "I do not know—a fancy—a whim. George Selwyn would never forgive me if I let you be hanged and he not there to see."

"Had you succeeded, Selwyn would have had you to thank for a pleasant diversion, but I think you remarked that the Dutchman was obstinate. 'Tis a pity—for Selwyn's sake."

"Besides, I had another reason. You and I had set ourselves to play out a certain game in which I took an interest. Now, I do not allow any blundering foreigners to interfere with my amusements."

"I suppose you mean you do not like the foreigner to anticipate you."

"By God, I do not allow him to when I can prevent it."

"But, as in this instance, you cannot prevent it—" My sentence tailed into a yawn.

"That remains to be seen," he retorted, and whipped off first one boot and then the other. The unfastened cloak fell to the floor, and he began to unloose his doublet.

I stared calmly, though my heart stood still.

"Really, Sir Robert! Are you going to stay all night? I fear my accommodations are more limited than those to which you have been accustomed."

"Don't stand gaping there, Montagu. Get off those uncivilized rags of yours and slip on these. You're going out as Sir Robert Volney."

"I am desolated to interfere with your revenge, but—the guards?"

"Fuddled with drink," he said. "I took care of that. Don't waste time asking questions."

"The Duke will be in a fearful rage with you."

His eyes grew hard. "Am I a child that I should tremble when Cumberland frowns?"

"He'll make you pay for this."

"A fig for the payment!"

"You'll lose favor."

"I'll teach the sullen beast to refuse me one. The boots next."

He put on the wig and hat for me, arranged the muffler over the lower

part of my face, and fastened the cloak.

"The watchword for the night is 'Culloden.' You should have no trouble in passing. I needn't tell you to be bold," he finished dryly.

"I'll not forget this," I told him.

"That's as you please," he answered carelessly. "I ask no gratitude. I'm settling a debt, or rather two—one due Cumberland and the other you."

"Still, I'll remember."

"Oh, all right. Hope we'll have the pleasure of renewing our little game some day. Better take to the hills or the water. You'll find the roads strictly guarded. Don't let yourself get killed, my friend. The pleasure of running you through I reserve for myself."

I passed out of the hut into the night. The troopers who guarded the bothy were in either the stupid or the uproarious stage of their drink. Two of them sang a catch of a song, and I wondered that they had not already brought down on them the officer of the day. I passed them carelessly with a nod. One of them bawled out, "The watchword!" and I gave him "Culloden." Toward the skirts of the village I sauntered, fear dogging my footsteps, and when I was once clear of the houses cut across a meadow toward the shore, wary as a panther, eyes and ears alert for signals of danger. Without mishap I reached the sound, beat my way up the sand links for a mile or more, and saw a boat cruising in the moonlight off shore. I gave the whaup's cry, and across the water came an answer.

Five minutes later I was helping the gillie in the boat pull across to Raasay. When half way over we rested on our oars for a breathing space and I asked the news, the rug-headed kerne shot me with the dismal tidings that Malcolm Macleod and Creagh, rowing to Skye for a conference with Captain Roy, had fallen into the hands of the troopers. He had but one bit of comfort in his budget, and that was "ta yellow-haired Sassenach body wass leaving this morning with Raasay hersel' and Murdoch."

Once landed on Raasay, I made up the brae to the great house. Fierce-eyed men with mops of shock hair were gathered into groups of cursing clansmen. Through them all I pushed my way in to Aileen.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LITTLE GOD HAS HIS INNINGS.

By the great fireplace she stood, hands clasped, head upturned as in prayer. The lips moved silently in the petition of her heart. I saw in profile a girl's troubled face charged with mystery, a slim, tall, weary figure all white against the flame, a cheek's pure oval, the tense curve of a proud neck, a mass of severely snodded russet hair. Abashed I came to a halt, and was for tiptoeing back to the door; but hearing me, she turned.

"Kenneth!" she cried, and stood with parted lips. Then, "They told me—"

"That I was taken. True, but I escaped. How, I will tell you later. The Prince—is he safe?"

"For the present, yes. A lugger put in this morning belonging to some smugglers. In it he sailed for the mainland with Ronald and Murdoch. You will have heard the bad news?"

"That Malcolm, Creagh and Donald are taken?"

"And Flora, too. She iss to be sent to London for assisting in the escape of the Prince. And so are the others."

I fell silent, deep in thought, and shortly came to a resolution..

"Aileen, the Highlands are no place for me. I am a stranger here. Every clachan in which I am seen is full of danger for me. To-morrow I am for London."

"To save Malcolm," she cried.

"If I can. There is a chance, for our family has powerful connections. Raasay cannot go. He must stay to protect his clansmen. Murdoch is a fugitive and his speech would betray him in an hour. Remains only I."

"And I."

"You?"

"Why not? After 'the '15,' women's tears saved many a life. And I, too, have friends. Sir Robert Volney, evil man as he iss, would move heaven and earth to save my brother."

There was much truth in what she

said. In these days of many executions a pardon was to be secured less by merit than by the massing of influence, and I knew of no more potent influence than a beautiful woman in tears. Together we might be able to do something for our friends. But there was the long journey through a hostile country to be thought of, and the probability that we might never reach our destination in freedom. I could not tell the blessed child that her presence would increase threefold my chances of being taken, nor indeed was that a thing that held weight with me. Sure there was her reputation to be considered, but the company of a maid would obviate that difficulty.

Ronald returned next day, and I laid the matter before him. He was extraordinarily loath to let Aileen peril herself, but on the other hand he could not let Malcolm suffer the penalty of the law without making an effort on his behalf. Raasay was tied hand and foot by the suspicions of the government, and was forced to consent to leave the matter in our hands. He made only the one stipulation, that we should go by way of Edinburgh and take his aunt, Miss MacBean with us as chaperone.

We embarked on the smuggler next day for the Long Island and were landed at Stornoway. After a dreary wait of over a week at this place we took shipping on a brig bound for Edinburgh.

The captain landed us near Wemyss' Castle, some distance up the coast, and what was worse, hours before the dawn had cleared and in a pelting rain.

I wrapped Volney's cloak around Aileen and we took the southward road, hoping to come on some village where we might find shelter. The situation might be thought one of extreme discomfort. There were we three—Aileen, her maid, and I—sloshing along the running road in black darkness with the dreary splashing of the rain to emphasize our forlorn condition. Over unknown paths we traveled on precarious errand. Yet I for one never took a journey that pleased me more. The mirk night shut out all others, and a fair face framed in a tartan shawl made my whole world for me. A note of tenderness not to be defined crept into our relationship. There was a sweet disorder in her hair, and more than once the wind whaffed it into my face.

"Tired, Aileen?" I asked. "There is my arm to lean on."

"No," she said, but presently her fingers rested on my sleeve.

"'Twill be daylight soon, and see! the scudding clouds are driving away the rain."

"Yes, Kenneth," she answered, and sighed softly.

"You will think I am a sad blunderer to bring you tramping through the night."

"I will be thinking you are the good friend."

Too soon the gray dawn broke, for at the first glimmer my love disengaged herself from my arm.

Out of the sea the sun rose a great ball of flaming fire.

"A good omen for the success of our journey," I cried. "Look!—

'Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.'"

"The good God grant it prove so, Kenneth, for Malcolm and for all our friends."

We presently came to a small village where we had breakfast at the inn.

A burn ran past the end of the inn garden, and here on a rustic bench I found my comrade when I sought her some hours later. The sun was shining on her russet hair. Her chin was in her hands, her eyes on the gurgling brook. The memories of the night must still have been thrilling her, for she was singing softly that most exquisite of love songs, "Annie Laurie."

"'Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true.'"

Her voice trembled a little, and I took up the song.

"'Made up the promise true,
And ne'er forget will I;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.'"

At my first words her lips parted, her

head came up prettily to attention, and though I could not see them, I was ready to vow that her eyes shone. Softly her breath came and went. I trod nearer as I sang—

"'Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel micht span.'

"Oh, Aileen! If I might, if I only had the right. Won't you give it me, dear heart?"

"I—do—not—know. Oh, you forget—my brother Malcolm—"

"I forget everything but this, that I love you, Aileen."

In her cheeks was being fought the war of the roses, with Lancaster victorious. Our eyes married, in hers at least love lucent.

"Truly, Kenneth?"

"From the head to the heel of you, Aileen lass. For you I would die, and that is all there is about it," I cried wildly.

"Well then, take me, Kenneth. I am all yours. Of telling love there are many ways in the gaelic, and I will be thinking them all at once."

And so Kenneth Montagu came into his inheritance at last.

CHAPTER XV.

REPRIEVED.

It was in London, five days later.

Sadly I made my way toward the city through jostling crowds of sightseers. A batch of captives from the North was to pass through the town that day on their way to prison, and a fleering rabble surged to and fro about the streets of London in gala dress, boisterous, jovial, pitiless. From high to low, by common consent, the town made holiday. Above the common ruck, in windows hired for the occasion, the fashionable world, exuding patronage and perfume, sat waiting for the dreary procession to pass. In the windows opposite where I, dressed in the guise of a common apprentice, found standing room, a party from the West End made much talk and laughter. In the group I recognized Antoinette Westerleigh, Sir James Craven and Topham Beauclerc.

First came four wagonloads of the wounded, huddled together thick as shrimps, their palid faces and forlorn appearance a mute cry for sympathy. The mob roared like wild beasts, poured out maledictions on their unkempt heads, hurled stones and sticks at them amid furious din and clamor. At times it seemed as if the prisoners would be torn from the hands of their guard by the excited mob. Scarce any name was found too vile with which to execrate these unfortunate gentlemen who had been guilty of no crime but excessive loyalty.

Some of the captives were destined for the New Prison in Southwark, others for Newgate and a few for the Marshalsea. Those of the prisoners who were able to walk were handcuffed together in couples, with the exception of a few of the officers, who rode on horseback, bound hand and foot. Among the horsemen I easily recognized Malcolm Macleod, who sat erect, dour, scornful, his strong face set like a vice, looking neither to the right nor the left. Another batch of foot prisoners followed. Several of the poor fellows were known to me, including Leath, Chadwick and the lawyer Morgan. My roving eye fell on Creagh and Captain Roy shackled together.

From the window above a piercing cry of agony rang out.

"Tony! Tony!"

Creagh slewed 'round his head and threw up his free hand.

"'Toinette!" he cried.

But Miss Westerleigh had fainted, and Volney was already carrying her from the window with the flicker of a grim smile on his face. I noticed with relief that Craven had disappeared from sight.

My relief was temporary. When I turned to leave I found my limbs clogged with impedimenta. To each arm hung a bailiff and a third clung like a leech to my legs. Some paces distant Sir James Craven stood hulloing them to the sport with malign pleasure.

"To it, fustian breeches! Yoho!

yoho! There's ten guineas in it for each of you and two hundred for me. 'Slife, down with him, you redhaired fellow! Throw him hard. Ecod, I'll teach you to be rough with Craven, my cockerel Montagu!" And the bully kicked me twice where I lay.

The bailiffs took me to the New Prison and thrust me into an underground cell, about the walls of which moisture hung in beads. Like the rest of the prisoners, I was heavily ironed by day and fastened down to the floor by a staple at night. One hour in the day we were suffered to go into the yard for exercise and to be inspected and commented upon by the great number of visitors who were allowed access to the prison. On the second day of my arrival I stood blinking in the strong sunlight, having just come up from my dark cell, when two prisoners shuffled across the open to me, their fetters dragging on the ground. Conceive my great joy at finding Creagh and Donald Roy fellow inmates of New Prison with me. Indeed, Captain Roy occupied the very next cell to mine.

The morning dawned on which nine of us were to be executed. Our coffee was served to us in a room off the yard and we drank it in silence. I noticed that Macdonald was not with us and turned to Creagh for an explanation.

"Haven't you heard?" he asked, his eyes brightening. Some one gave him a file and he has been tinkering at his irons for days. Yesterday afternoon he snapped them in the yard while we surrounded him in talk, then walked out with the visitors cool as you please. Egad!"

"Lucky dog!" murmured Leath. "I hope they won't nail him again."

The governor of the prison bustled in.

"Now, gentlemen, if you are ready."

Three sledges waited for us in the yard to draw us to the gallows tree.

A heavy rain was falling, but the crowd between the prison and Kensington Common was immense.

A messenger with an official document was waiting for us at the gallows. The sheriff tore it open. We had all been bearing ourselves boldly enough I dare say, but at sight of that paper our lips parched, our throats choked, and our eyes burned. Creagh found the hardihood at that moment to complain of the rope about his neck.

"I wish the gossoon who made this halter was to be hanged in it. 'Slife, the thing doesn't fit by a mile," he said.

"Mr. Anthony Creagh pardoned, Mr. Kenneth Montagu reprieved," said the sheriff, without a trace of feeling.

For an instant the world swam dizzily before me. I closed my eyes, partly from faintness, partly to hide from the other poor fellows the joy that leaped to them. One by one the brave lads came up and shook hands with Creagh and me in congratulation.

On our way back to the prison Creagh turned to me with streaming eyes. "Do you know whom I have to thank for this, Kenneth?"

"No. Who?"

"Antoinette Westerleigh, God bless her true heart!"

And that set me wondering. It might be that Charles and Aileen alone had won my reprieve for me, but I suspected Volney's fine hand in the matter.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GOLF WALK

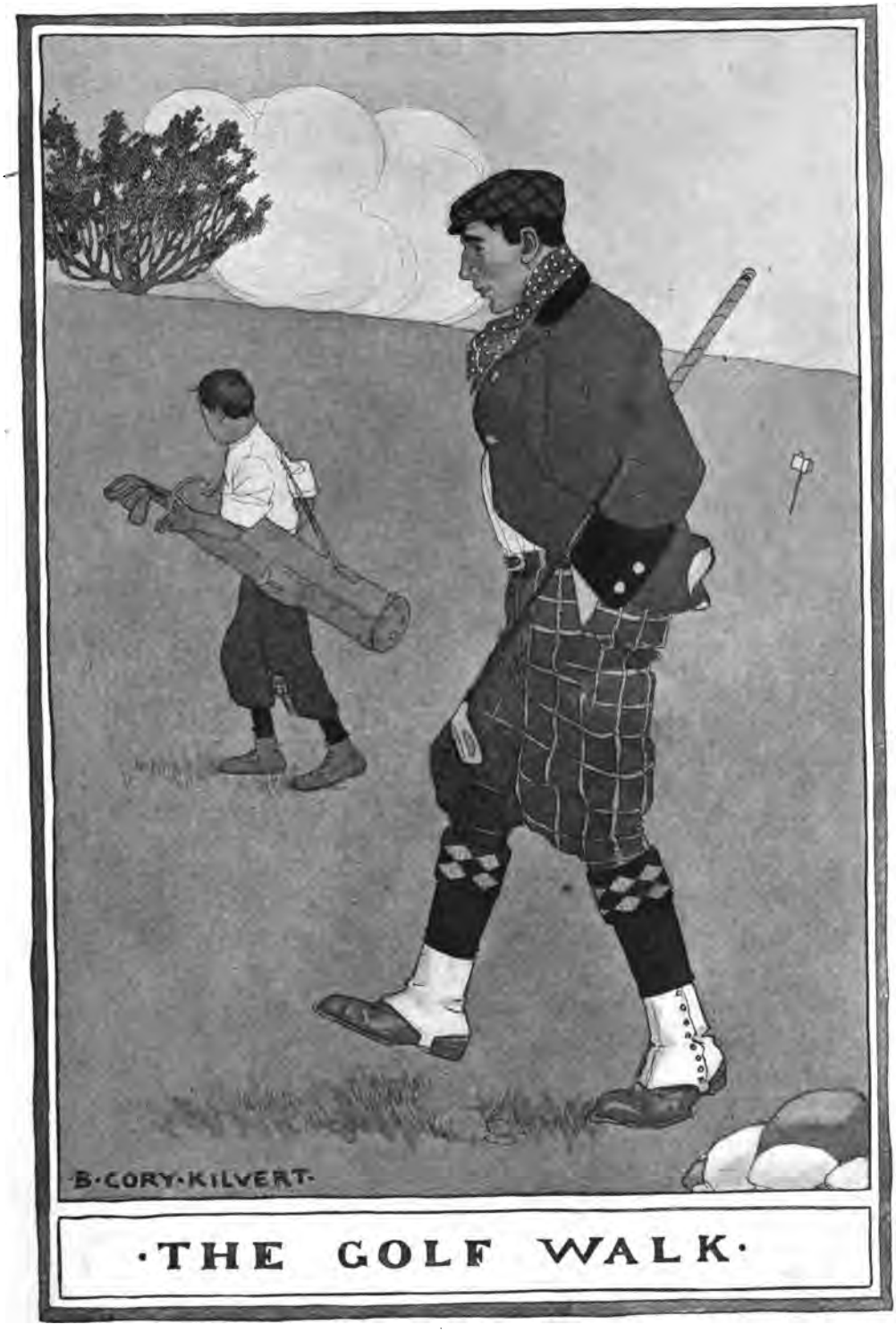
By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Behold, my child, this touching scene,
The golfer on the golfing-green;
Pray mark his legs' uncanny swing,
The golf-walk is a gruesome thing!

See how his arms and shoulders ride
Above his legs in haughty pride,
While over bunker, hill and lawn
His feet, relentless, drag him on.

And does the man walk always so?
Nay! nay! my child, and eke, oh! no!
It is a gait he only knows
When he has on his golfing clothes.

Blame not the man for that strange stride,
He could not help it if he tried;
It is his timid feet that try
From his obstreperous clothes to fly.



·THE GOLF WALK·

MARGINALIA

ROSE came into my room, her eyes like saucers. I was writing.

"Rose," I asked, aware of her presence, but not of her expression, "what kind of a hero ought girls of sixteen to read about? I've tried three and not one of them will do." I pushed aside the manuscript impatiently. "I wish I hadn't promised I'd write it," I said crossly.

Then I looked up at Rose and saw her eyes. She held a letter in her hand.

"Ted has resigned from the navy," she announced tragically.

I confess I was surprised, though not to the horrified extent that Rose's tone expressed.

"Why shouldn't he resign?" I asked. "It isn't like imprisonment for life. One *can* get out."

But Rose sat down near me and went on as if I had not spoken.

"With *his* prospects, with *his* ability, *so* young and *such* honors."

"Goodness! Rose," I broke in, "I should think you were preaching his funeral oration."

"It is his funeral," said Rose solemnly, and guiltless of intentional slang. "He has killed himself, professionally, and now he's going to bury himself,—down on Long Island," she added, as if to make her metaphor more locally vivid. "It's suicide, that's what it is, suicide. His sister is *heartbroken*," here she gazed at her letter mournfully.

"Rose," said I severely, "I shall be hysterical in a moment. Your face and tone and the thought of the Lieutenant's self-destruction are too much for me. Put your hat straight and don't stick your eyes out so."

"She was so proud of him," she continued, taking off her hat and jabbing the hat pins through its crown, "so proud of him."

"What is he going to do?" I asked.

"Rose looked up from the letter she was re-reading.

"That's the worst of it. As his sister says, if he would only be a civil engineer or something"—Rose held the letter nearer the light —"'something s-t-r-e-n-u-o-', strenuous, that's it, 'something strenuous.' This is what she says: 'He is so fitted for a strenuous life. But, my dear girl, what do you think that crazy boy has taken it into his head to be?" Here Rose turned from the letter to me. "What do you think?"

I shook my head.

"A farmer!"

"That's according to scripture," I said. "He has turned his sword into a pruning hook."

"I don't know what a pruning hook is," said Rose, "but I'm sure a sword is much nicer. 'I can't make it out at all'," she was reading from the letter again. "'It would just have broken mother's heart. She fairly had to *drag* him to Annapolis, and was so proud of him in his uniform and all the notice he received. And now to think of him down on that ridiculous little old farm of his —well, I am going to be as nice as I can about it, but it will be hard work.'"

Rose stopped reading and leaned back in her chair. She seemed to be thinking deeply. I watched her unconscious face. I, too, was puzzled over the Lieutenant's radical change of profession. And yet it seemed to me that perhaps I understood better than those who had known him so long and so well. I had noticed the sigh of satisfaction with which he would settle down for an evening in our little sitting-room. I had seen his boyish delight in the simple dinner or informal luncheon that he had shared with Rose and me. And I thought that possibly the love of peace had outweighed the glories of war, and that the homing instinct had led him from foreign shores to the little Long Island farm that was, after all, his very own.

Still I watched Rose's face. A variety of expressions were following one another in readable sequence over her mobile features. Disapproval first, then bewilderment; bewilderment giving place to surprise and surprise fading away into certainty. Then a pleased half-smile played about her mouth; roguishness, tenderness and triumph mingled in her voice as she spoke.

"I believe I know why Ted left the navy," she said.

"Good," I said approvingly. "Now you can tell me."

"Don't you know?" she asked.

"Indeed I don't," I answered truthfully. "He hasn't said a word about it to me."

"He is going to marry," she announced.

"'Off with his head!'" I cried. "Dear me, Rose, first dead and then wed. You have reversed the usual order of things. What an imagination you have! Or have you any other authority for your announcement?"

Rose ignored my remarks.

"Once," she proceeded, wagging a small forefinger at me, in wise old woman fashion, "Ted told me that he didn't think a man in the navy had any right to marry. *I* know why he has resigned."

"There is no doubt," said I, "that the author of 'The Critique of Pure Reason' lost a valuable assistant through not knowing you."

"You may joke," she said sternly, "but *I* know. He will *never* give you up," and with this prophetic assertion she left the room.

I laughed helplessly. It was useless to argue, and after all, what could I say? How blind she was and yet how thankful I was for that blindness! For her belief that the lieutenant was hopefully in love with me would prevent her from suspecting that he was hopelessly in love with her, and would keep his secret, though he might never know it was in my possession.

I tried to work again, but the only hero my mind or pen would picture was a tall, slender, keen-eyed man; a man who had left a battle ship for a farm, and had laid aside the blue and gold for the plain garb of a country gentleman. Obviously such an one would not suit the requirements of youthful readers.

* * * * * *

That very evening the lieutenant called. He looked at Rose as though he expected to be scolded.

"Well, in two months I'll be free," he announced aggressively.

But Rose disappointed him.

"Are you sure you'll never be sorry you've given up your profession?" she asked mildly.

"It wasn't my profession," he answered. "It was the profession that was chosen for me. Rather than disappoint anyone I've done the best I could at it. But I'm sick of it. Sick of it," he went on, sitting down by my desk. "There hasn't been a day since I've been in the service, except those that have been too busy for me to imagine anything, that I haven't thought of my little old place down in the country, and imagined myself pottering about. I didn't expect I'd get to it till I was a good many years older, but somehow, lately," here he looked at me as if he hoped I'd understand, "somehow lately I've felt that maybe I've done in these few years enough—of that kind, I mean—to quit and do what I want to. Of course it hasn't been so very much, still there's been a good deal crowded in."

She seemed to be thinking deeply.

"Indeed there has," I agreed warmly. "I understand, I think, what you mean. You felt, for some reason, that you had about so much of that sort of thing to do, and of course at first you thought it would take a lifetime. But, as things turned, the war and all that, you feel as if you'd earned the right, as it were, to leave it now to those who like it better, and to follow your own inclination and tastes."

"That's it," he exclaimed eagerly. "You think I'm right, don't you? Of

course it's all settled and I wouldn't change, but—you think it's all right, don't you?"

Hebe came in just then to ask Rose something, and she left the room saying, "Well, I wish you luck."

"I do think it's all right," said I, in reply to the lieutenant's question, "and I'm sure *she* will understand."

"She does, I'm sure," he said simply. "Dear old Mater!"

He was fingering a small book and I took it from him. He laughed and flushed.

"'A Few Words on Roses,'" I read.

"I just bought it," he explained. "There's a jolly little rose house on the place. I thought I'd like to try a few experiments. You're interested in roses, aren't you?"

I told him I loved them and was very sure he'd find them a more delightful study than tactics or navigation.

"You do approve of what I've done?" he questioned again anxiously. He laid his hand on mine as he spoke and I pulled away awkwardly and abruptly. It was so unlike him that it startled me.

His eyes were looking strangely, earnestly into mine. If I had not been so certain that he cared for Rose I should almost have thought—but I realized that he only wanted a little intelligent sympathy. Probably sister Marie had not succeeded in being as "nice" as she had hoped to be.

So I answered, "Indeed I do approve, and I'm glad to see that besides the courage you've already shown us you possess, you also have the courage of your convictions."

"I haven't much courage," he said half shamefacedly. "If I had—" Then he started to take my hand again. "I wonder if you do understand," he said in a low tone.

But I pretended I didn't see. I picked up the unfinished manuscript that was still lying on my desk and looked at it carefully.

"Oh, yes, I understand," I said. Then I felt that I must say something more and added, "Rose says you're going to be married," that being the first thing I thought of and the last thing I wanted to say. The lieutenant smiled grimly.

"Rose is very intuitive—sometimes." His tone implied that this was not one of the times, and I felt I had blundered horribly.

"Rose is very silly—sometimes," I returned, and I hastened to change the subject. "I'm going to have you for my hero."

"Your hero," and he started a step nearer. "But you don't mean it."

"Yes, I do," I insisted, holding up the manuscript more conspicuously.

"Oh, I see," said the lieutenant.

"I've tried three already, and none of them will suit," I went on foolishly. "Now I think I'll take you, and with a few changes—"

He walked toward the window.

"I wouldn't," he said, "I'd not do at all, even with changes. I'm no hero. I'm an ass."

I saw that in some way I had hurt him.

"I didn't mean to be flippant," I cried, taking a step toward him. "I have tried to let you see how I sympathized with you, but of course you've never told me and I couldn't *say* anything."

"You must have seen it plainly enough—"

"I did," I exclaimed, "and that is why I had so much sympathy—" He turned quickly.

"I don't want your sympathy," he said in a rough tone. "I want—" and then Rose came into the room.

I was glad of it. I would hate to have him tell me of his love for her. She is so happy in her engagement to Paul. Why should her happiness mean his misery? It is a queer world.

"I was afraid you would be gone, Ted," said Rose. "See what he left in the hall, the careless boy." She had an uncovered box in her arms. "Look, Chérie, the loveliest roses; but they're awfully wilted," and she shook her head at the lieutenant.

He said he hoped we'd like the flowers, he'd sent down to the farm for them. And then he told us that he was going to be very busy and couldn't probably see us for some time. He was sorry, he said, and Rose and I expressed our regret and said he must come just as soon as he could. He certainly would, he said, and then he went away and forgot to shake hands with me. It worried me a little, for I knew I must have offended him even more than I thought.

Rose took the flowers to the dining-room.

"I'm going to put them in your cut-glass bowl," she said. "Do you mind?"

"No," said I, and she disappeared.

She came back presently, looking queer and bringing the bunch of roses.

"Hebe says," she began, "that Ted asked for you when he came."

She looked narrowly at me.

"Hebe says," she went on, "that he brought the roses this afternoon, while you were out. She forgot them. What a little dunce I was!"

"Did you want her to tell me that?" I cried. "I can see it by the way you are talking. The lieutenant only happened to ask for me first and of course he meant the roses for both of us."

"Did he?" asked Rose skeptically.

"He always asks for both of us."

"Does he?" asked Rose.

"He always means everything for us both." I referred to numerous offerings of the lieutenant.

"Really?" said Rose, "then perhaps he means *this* for us both!" She flourished a card toward me with a triumphant smile.

"'I have tried so many times to tell you,'" I read. "'Won't you understand?'"

I knew I grew white. Rose looked at me fixedly.

"What's the matter?" she said.

I made no reply.

"You can't think *that* was meant for me." There was less triumph in her voice, but still no hint of suspicion.

"Can you, dear?" she repeated softly.

I shook my head, and with a gay little laugh she left me.

"I rather keep an eye on the market."

A MATTER OF MIND

By JAMES EDMUND DUNNING

THE policeman I had been noticing for some minutes came across the station to where I awaited my train. He carried a printed paper.

"Where are you going, sir?" he asked me, looking to the paper and back again. I had just bought a Providence ticket, but I replied:—

"Excuse me, but I'm not sufficiently decided to inform you."

He did not seem so indignant as I expected, but smiled with an indulgent kindliness which angered me.

"No offense, sir," he continued, "only—well, aren't you Mr. Martin—Gerald Martin, of Philadelphia?"

"I'm not obliged to reply to such impertinence," I said.

"No,—but aren't you?"

"What?"

"Mr. Martin, of Philadelphia?"

"No!" I replied in a way intended to settle our growing difficulty.

"I see," remarked the fellow with amazing affrontery, because I could not understand what he could see; "then, sir, as a special favor to an officer in the discharge of his duty, will you tell me who you are?"

"A duty?" I asked incredulously.

"An important one, sir," he replied, so earnestly as to win me.

I picked up my bag to enter the Providence train. "Since you insist," I said, "I'll tell you my name is—my name—is—why—officer—"

Horrible, indeed! I could not recall it! The more I tried, the less I could. It was a most astounding psychological incident. I was interested, but annoyed.

The policeman enjoyed another indulgent smile, and made a sign which brought up two men; they must have been watching us. I did not find myself able to respond with sincerity to their greetings. One, a tall youngster, addressed me most familiarly. The other stared.

"I'm not 'Gerald Martin,'" I said, laughing in spite of my mortification, "and but for the rather brutal way in which you have assailed me, I could not have been placed in this embarrassing position. I've been working hard of late, I think, and—"

"What's your business, sir?" queried the silent member, suddenly. They all seemed deeply interested.

"Nothing regular, you know," I replied, conscious of a sense of impropriety in such an answer, though it was the best I had. "I—I rather keep an eye on the market, and I write, sometimes." That was as easy as anything.

The end of it was that we all went to call on the chief of police. I felt chagrined. They chattered at a fearful rate, and then one said:

"He has been calling himself 'George Marsh.'" My heart leaped.

"I am George Marsh," gentlemen, I cried, for it seemed to come back to me then, "and I am a lawyer by profession, though given to literature. I live in the city of Boston, at the Winterset Hotel."

The man who spoke little but looked at me hard, said:—

"And how long have you lived in Boston, Mr. Marsh?"

"Oh," I answered, "not—not so long, you know—not so long." Really, it seemed to me the time was of no importance, just then. They spoke in low tones until my quiet acquaintance said:—

"Mr. Marsh, we are in a very difficult situation. We cannot get out of it without your aid. I beg you will not insist on our at present informing you of the details. I want to ask you if, as a very special favor, to help persons in deep distress, you are willing to join our party and accompany us to Philadelphia, free of all expense, and at a reasonable compensation for loss of time."

"Or this luxurious Thackeray."

"How long?" I

asked, wondering what was coming next.

"Two or three days—perhaps," he replied.

"Yes," I agreed, "I will go if it will do you a service—because you seem to be agitated to an extraordinary degree."

We started for Philadelphia with no delay, and I found myself in company whose agreeable manners were tempered with a respectful reticence. On nearing our carriage at Camden station I halted and said:—

"Gentlemen, you must excuse me if I insist that before going further I be admitted to a knowledge of our errand."

The slender youth seemed fit for remonstrance, but the other, whom I had begun to like, interrupted:—

"To be sure. Well, then, I am Doctor Wrangle—this is Mr. Harold Martin, son of Mr. Gerald Martin—"

"My double, I suppose?" I said.

"Yes," replied the doctor, and I wondered what about his face reminded me of that policeman.

"As to our errand," he continued, "Mr. Martin most mysteriously disappeared three weeks ago. We are searching for him, and we want you—a practical lawyer with plenty of leisure, to take up the hunt as an entirely unprejudiced person. The best detectives have failed. We have been seeking a man exactly—yes, I may say exactly like you."

"My double, I suppose?"

"You display astounding confidence in a stranger," I suggested.

"We are desperate," replied he. "Mrs. Martin is frantic with grief and apprehension. Will you allow us to put you in entire charge of the search for a sufficient period to make a study of the case?"

I got into the carriage.

At the door young Martin led the way past a pretty maid into a house set with obvious elegance. It occurred to me that the missing Martin lived well when he *was* at home. The doctor and I waited. Harold ran upstairs. I heard a door unlatch and a woman's voice cried something indefinite. Then Harold broke in. "Yes, mother," he said, "we've found him."

"The door closed. I found the doctor regarding me intently.

"Well, sir?" he remarked, as if expecting me to say something of importance.

"Mrs. Martin was expecting me, then?" I inquired.

"Expecting you?"

"Yes—or someone in my capacity."

"Yes," the doctor led the way toward what looked like a library. "We needed you desperately."

"It's very flattering to be in such demand," I replied.

"You'll be better than Jolworthy, the police detective who has been bungling the case," returned the doctor. "He has been outrageously careless of Mrs. Martin's feelings. This is Mr. Martin's library."

"Martin lived well, anyway," I said. "A bookman, wasn't he?"

"No—a lawyer."

"A good one, then."

"Yes—good to all but himself."

"How?"

"Overwork. His last murder trial finished him."

I surveyed the room in detail. It overflowed with elegance.

"I've discovered a clue, doctor," I cried, as I stood before a ripping collection of Byzantine teapots. He was by my side instantly, all alive.

"Don't start," said I, "I've only discovered that Martin was out of his mind. No sane man could stay out of this library three successive weeks and live."

"Don't trifle, please," said the doctor, looking pained.

But my opinion of Martin was fixed. "No sane man could quit these teapots three weeks," I repeated. "No proper mind could be lured from those Mongolian ivories, or these amazing brasses, or this luxurious Thackeray; hence, the poor devil is mentally askew. Clue one for me. Has Jolworthy so much?"

The doctor only pointed to the library table. "Look over his papers," he said, "his diary is there, too, at the top of the pile. He was hot over the trial, you'll see."

I read aloud the last entry:—

"Jury has now been out twenty-eight hours. My head spins. I'll walk in the park an hour to tone me up."

"That," I declared, is where Martin went to smash."

"It is," assented the doctor. "Can't you some way connect that jury business with the mystery? Can't you make that and the walk in the park and the dizzy head mean something to you? Put yourself in his place, Mr. Marsh, can't you?"

"Can't see it," I replied. "I'm not a Vidocq, you know. In short, I make nothing out of it."

"Nothing at all!" cried young Martin, in a despairing voice. I turned to see him at the door, with a lady whom I supposed was his mother. They had been eavesdropping, and I did not like that. I bowed formally. In spite of Wrangle's detaining hand, Mrs. Martin, a most attractive person, I must admit, came quickly to my side and sank down with her arms about me.

"My darling!" she whispered, "won't my love help you to see it all as it is?"

I leaped to my feet and flung the woman off. Wrangle's face was an added insult.

"By Heaven, sir," I cried, "if this is a joke—well, sir," and I started for the door, "I don't wonder poor Martin left home!"

Jolworthy dodged around the table. I vaulted over it.

Just then the detestable Jolworthy entered. I read insolent intentions in his eyes and met them in perfect kind.

"They've enough of you, sir," I growled, savagely as I could.

He grinned insultingly. "Oh, drop this bluff," he said, "it makes me tired!"

"Will you leave, sir, and let me finish my business with these people?" I demanded, very angry.

Jolworthy sneered audibly. I started for him. He dodged around the library table. I vaulted over it. As I alighted Jolworthy, possibly somewhat cut up by my violence, extended his fist quite vigorously. Something cracked, back in my head, and I could do nothing but fall on the floor.

It will always seem that it was a very long while later when I awoke. The slender youth and his mother were over me. They looked strangely like—then it began coming back. Why, I was in my house. My wife and boy—

"Mr. Marsh," said he, "are you better?"

I was irritated.

"Harold," I cried, "what's the matter with you? Don't you know your own father? Who is Marsh, and what's the matter with my head? Helena, how does all this happen? Why—Helena!"

My wife threw a towel one way and a bottle of camphor the other, after which she shrieked in a loud voice and cast her arms about my neck. I will not say what she said into my *left* ear. I discovered that my right ear was covered with a huge damp towel.

Harold was yelling like an Indian buck. And then that great boy kissed me. I was angry.

"Be quiet, you silly people," I cried, striving to look not too deeply disgusted over such hysteria. "Now tell me, did the jury report?"

Harold whooped and Helena began to cry.

"Harold," I commanded sternly, "something has happened. Tell me!"

"Yes," cried Wrangle, who had been standing behind me all the time, "tell him, Harold, all of it,—beginning with three weeks ago."

I reared my son to be truthful at all times, but I did not believe all he then said. After he had done I turned to Wrangle:

"What brought me out of it?"

"That thundering rap Jolworthy gave you," he answered, grinning.

"I don't know who Jolworthy is," said I, going over to Helena and taking her in my arms then and there, "but white or black or whatever, I insist that he be invited here to dinner and that the best in the house be his."

But Helena did not seem to care about Jolworthy.

Men, Women & Books

IT is a year ago this month that the "American Diary of a Japanese Girl" first attracted the attention of the public in the pages of LESLIE'S MONTHLY. The editors of the magazine, and now the publishers of Miss Morning Glory's most naive volume, have been beset by questions as to the author's identity, but still the secret is kept absolutely. One thing is certain. The author is Japanese. The diary would have been an impossible feat for any one with a drop of our Western blood. No Anglo-Saxon would be so unconscious of self. We Americans are just beginning to get used to a strong infusion of Japanese into our contemporary literature and art. Miss Onoto Watanna, author of "The Japanese Nightingale," Yone Noguchi, poet author of "Seen and Unseen," and Gengiro Yeto, the artist, are all to-day familiar to our public.

In a recent interview, Charles R. Sherlock, the author of "The Red Anvil," made the following somewhat startling comment on Daniel Webster:—

"In my reference to Daniel Webster's speech, made here in 1851, I made one of my characters say: 'He is drunk!' Now he certainly was drunk when he made that speech here. I've looked into the matter and made thorough inquiries, and I'm sure that's right. The little iron balcony from which he spoke still projects from the east side of the *Courier* building, facing City Hall Park. When I was a reporter on the *Courier*, all the old citizens used to come up into the editorial-room and say: 'Do you know that Daniel Webster made a speech from that balcony? And he was drunk, too!'"

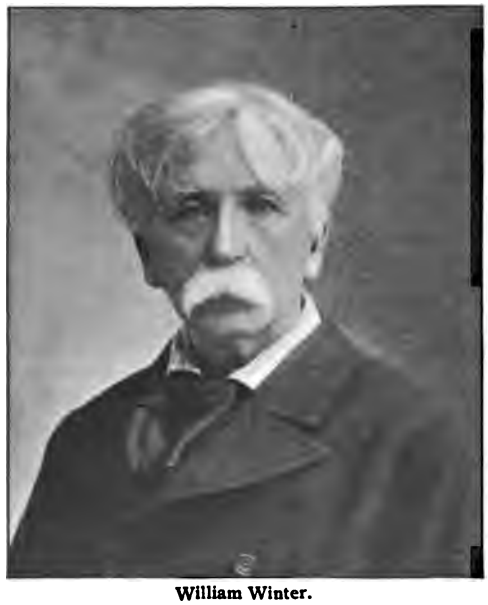
The success of Stephen Phillips' poetic "Paolo and Francesca" will arouse interest in a comparison between his setting of the world-wide story of love and death with D'Annunzio's quite different presentation of the same tragedy in his "Francesca da Rimini," as acted by Duse and her company in their present American tour. It is interesting to remember that D'Annunzio's tragedy, when first presented last December in Rome, created such an uproar in the theater that the critics were reminded of the reception of "Hernani," by Victor Hugo, but D'Annunzio was not called upon to continue the fight with the persistence and vigor of the great Frenchman. The reaction against the bitter prejudice of the moment followed quickly, and "Francesca" has played to crowded houses amid the unwaver-

ing enthusiasm of Italian audiences. Mr. Arthur Symons is making the English translation, and announces his intention of adhering as closely as practicable to the unrhymed verse employed by D'Annunzio.

Another woman's name, this time that of an Englishwoman, must be added to the long list of those who have gained their greatest success by drawing children. Miss Edith Farmiloe, in her "Young George," a series of studies of children of the London slums, has done some most original and charming work. The little sketch on this page shows her method, which is as simple and direct as it is effective.

The value of ornamental book covers, both artistically and for advertising purposes, seems to be increasing rather than diminishing. The public has grown to expect an attractive cover on a book as a matter of course, and the number of those who make a business of creating designs for that purpose is continually increasing. A few of this autumn's book covers are shown on the first page of this department, and they represent some of the most popular types of this kind of work, although reproduced merely in black and white, they of course lack the most essential element of their success and their greatest charm.

Mr. William Winter, whose latest photograph we publish on this page, may be said, without reproach to to the talents of his brother critics, to stand at the very head of his profession. The appreciation of Mr. Mansfield's art, which Mr. Winter does us the honor to contribute to this number of LESLIE'S MONTHLY, is an admirable example of the combined delicacy and vigor of his criticism. It may well serve as a model of its kind.



William Winter.

The cult of nonsense has increased to such an extent, and the number of purely nonsense books has grown so large that a "Nonsense Anthology" is announced among the fall books this year. The editor of this, the first anthology of its class, is Miss Carolyn Wells, who has created not a little of the best known of recent verse of this particular variety. She should be a thoroughly competent judge of what is and is not nonsense, and in the preface to the book she makes a rather successful and appreciative analysis of her subject. There is more variety in nonsense than people generally imagine, and a fashion as distinct and as variable as that for any other kind of literature. The market for it seems to be constantly increasing. The present time is, indeed, as one of the nonsense-makers said:—

Carolyn Wells.

"An age when humor's worth its weight in gold,
And nonsense valued at a stated price;
When no wit's squandered, but in books 'tis sold,
And where men speak it once they write it twice.

Josiah Ward, the author of the historical novel of Assyrian life, "Come With Me Into Babylon," was formerly a St. Louis boy, and took part many years ago in a "cold reception" to the Grand Duke Alexis when he passed through the part of St. Louis near the high school which young Ward attended. It was on a winter's day when this Grand Duke of Russia rode through the city and received a salvo of snowballs given on the spur of the moment by young Ward and his friends. The Grand Duke's aides construed the bombardment as an attempt to assassinate, but Alexis, who remembered his own boyhood, brushed off the snow and laughed with great glee.

Mr. Ward is now the editor of an important newspaper in the West, and his genial nature

has made of him the sort of man who can get the most good work out of the independent spirit of a newspaper staff. He is a capital storyteller, and possesses wit of a subtle sort. Throughout the West, where his kindly personality is cherished, his advent into the field of literature is held with great warmth of feeling.

William MacLeod Raine, the author of "A Daughter of Raasay," says that he has knocked about the West a good deal and "looked through Old Man Hard Luck's specs" at intervals during a good many years. He knows what it is to search for the soft spot of a saddle for a pillow and go to sleep with the stars for a roof, and says that many a time he has "thumped over Western hills on a bronco to attend a ranch dance."

William MacLeod Raine.

During the recent exciting man-hunt around Seattle after the notorious escaped convict, Tracy, Mr. Raine was "covering" the story for a newspaper syndicate, and with several other newspaper men passed close to the house where Tracy, having invited himself to spend the day, sat by the window nursing the Winchester with which he killed eight men in the preceding four weeks. The reporters went past the house without observing him.

"There are some of those reporters. You can tell them by the pads sticking out of their pockets," remarked the desperado to his unwilling hostess. "That means the sheriff's posse will be along after a while. They always arrive about a half hour after the newspaper men. I guess I'll have to be packing, lady, just as soon as we've had dinner. Sorry, but I've got to take a hike. You tell those reporters for me to quit telling lies about me or I'll make sieves of some of them."

Fortunately for the press representatives, the energetic Tracy postponed the manufacture of sieves until he came into touch with the next posse.

Apropos of the Stevenson memorial monument on the old plaza at San Francisco, Mr. Raine tells a story illustrative of the enduring quality of fame. He was standing in front of the granite drinking fountain on which are carved some sentences from Stevenson which express his working philosophy of life. An old sailor came up, took a drink, and stood eyeing the bronze ship above the granite mass.

"He didn't sail in no ship like that," he said at last.

"No? What sort of ship was it?" asked Mr. Raine, thinking that possibly the old man might have some reminiscence of the great writer.

"In a man-of-war, o' course," returned the old salt contemptuously.

A faint doubt stirred in the other's mind.

"Who was this Stevenson, anyhow?" he wanted to know.

The grizzled sailor volunteered prompt and unhesitating information: "Commander of the fleet that come here and fit the Mexicans. He was killed in the battle."

It is acknowledged, though not too openly, that many artists in this present time do make use of a camera in catching poses of rapid movement and in recording certain changing effects. Still it is rare indeed to hear of an artist giving up his pencil and brush and devoting himself to photography. Undoubtedly when this happens, as in the case of A. Radclyffe Dugmore, his training as an artist will be of more help to him as a photographer than his skill as a photographer would be to him as an artist. Mr. Dugmore has just written a book called "Nature and the Camera," and one of the illustrations from it, shown in the cut on this page, gives some idea of the kind of thing that he does with a photographic instrument.

Copyright, 1902. A. R. Dugmore.

A very young family.

MISS MARLOWE AS *MARY TUDOR* IN "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER."

American Stage Series. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.*

Drawn from life and copyrighted, 1900, by John Cecil Clay.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

VOL. LV. DECEMBER, 1902. No. 2.

THE GREAT WHITE DEEPS.

BY EGERTON CASTLE, AUTHOR OF "YOUNG APRIL," ETC.
WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW BENDA.

MR. EVERARD MILDMAY, *cornette* in His Most Christian Majesty's *Gensdarmes Anglois*, had positively not a *louis d'or* left to ballast his pocket. It was not through lack of good pay, for Louis-the-Well-Beloved treated his English company of gentlemen-at-arms—Jacobite refugees, all of them—right royally; but, in Paris or Versailles, gold will slip like quicksilver through a young soldier's fingers. And here was his off-duty week, and pay-day not till the end of it!

So Cornet Mildmay sentenced himself to arrest in his little, high-perched, iron-balconied room in the good old house of the Rue Ste. Placide, and after three days of this seclusion, realized that his *ennui* was rapidly growing beyond endurance.

Impatience positively seethed in his brain, forbade his lusty limbs a minute's rest. Full a score of times had he been out on his balcony, now wrapped in his great red military cloak, now merely in his *douillette*, till the biting air drove him in again. He had watched the sumptuous chariots of La Guiche and Croï sweep with fine curve and clangor into their respective courtyards; he had watched the halting of sedan-chairs before the silent gray walls of the convent opposite—the Ladies' Retreat of St. Elizabeth—and with unspeculative eye had marked the veiled figures slip in through a discreetly opened door.

As he stood, a vivid patch of crimson against the white and gray background, flicking with his finger little flakes of snow from the iron rails of his balcony,

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one of the jealously shuttered windows of the convent opposite, slightly below his level, was flung wide open. He glanced idly down; and his gaze was arrested, fixed.

Framed in the gray carved stone, blossoming like a white flower against a background of darkness, had appeared a vision: a girl's face, pale and exquisite, illumined by the cold snow-light as by a special radiance, with dark eyes, wistful—aye, and by all the saints of England, gazing upward, full and earnest upon him!

"Mr. Mildmay!"

The call rang across the narrow French street, in English accent, as silver pure to his astonished ear as the tart air was to his lips.

"At your service!" he called back eagerly; and, forgetting his French court bow, leaned down towards her, perilously, over the iron-work. "Forgive me, madam, I——"

But she stopped him with a gesture.

"Do not speak! Listen, if you would help."

Then she herself stopped for a moment to fling into the street below a quick look, which he followed with the sharpened intuition of exceptional occurrences. The Rue Ste. Placide, a moment before, had certainly been empty; and yet now two men seemed to have sprung into being down there, out of space—two shapeless brown spots upon the snow, just under their windows. One of them was requesting, in the most natural manner, of the other a light for his pipe.

And on the instant, in Everard's brain flashed the recollection of the many tales he had heard of M. de Berryer, the Lieutenant of Police, and his army of informers, ever at work in Louis-le-Bien-Aimé's capital.

Thus, when the girl at the window addressed him again, but this time in French and with a marked alteration in her tone—an affectation of coyness very different from the eagerness with which she had just spoken in English—he would have been dense indeed not to realize that her words were now aimed at the hearkeners below.

"Yes, you may come over—we are fearfully dull. I am so glad you are better!" Then, with a slight pause, as though to emphasize for his ear the next words: "Beware of the cold! Keep on your cloak, friend, when you come, or I shall be angry!"

With a pretty mimicry of shuddering, she closed the window. And the officer, puzzled, yet all aflame, withdrew on his side, even as the two smokers in the street, having apparently succeeded in striking fire, separated and went back into nothingness.

But the time to exchange his *douillette* for the blue and silver uniform, and his slippers for the long boots, to consult the mirror a moment or two, to set the laced *tricorne* at the most approved angle, to fling the end of the crimson cloak over one shoulder—he smiled upon the thought of that quaint behest—to dash, clanking, down the stairs, and then in three steps Everard Mildmay was across the street.

Before he had time to raise the knocker the door opened, and he was silently received by the white vision herself. And once more the sweet English voice spoke:—

"Mr. Mildmay, the place is watched night and day. You understood. I thank you for that no less than for your courtesy. So you are willing to help?"

She extended her hand; and, as he seized and kissed it and held it still, he felt it first flutter like a frightened bird, then close upon his.

"I want help, God knows," she said, under her breath, with a little catch as of a stifled sob.

In the midst of the wild conjectures now whirling in his head, the young man was chiefly conscious of the girl's loveliness and of her clinging touch.

"Command me!" he said, fervently.

She fixed her full glance upon him.

"Ah! I expected no less from you, my countryman; no less from one of your house, Mr. Mildmay of Hildon."

"You know me, then? How am I to call you?"

She hesitated. "Call me Lucy," she said.

"Lucy?" The soft name fell from his lips like a caress.

"Listen, if you would help."

She drew her hand from his.

"Mademoiselle Lucy. Will not that suffice for the nonce at least?" The shade of an adorable smile flickered on her lips. She gave her head a little toss of pride, then she proceeded with gravity: "Mr. Mildmay has bound himself my knight, and he must lead or follow me to-night without question."

Here it was as if she would fain be arch; but something—the same strained anxiety that robbed her smile of mirth—now robbed her coquetry of freedom.

He laid aside his cloak and hat.

"I am off duty for four days more," he said, suddenly grave also. "Lead and command, I follow."

Mademoiselle Lucy beckoned, and he followed. There was nothing alarming in the first stage—a silk-paneled, much gilded boudoir, illumined by candelabra. In front of a gay fire, upon the sofa, a dark woman in the late summer of her beauty and very bright eyed. Though her face bore that hard, almost cruel, look peculiar to so many Frenchwomen of the aristocracy, she smiled most brilliantly upon his entrance. Withdrawing the generous display of shapely feet exposed to the blaze, she curtseyed to his bow. As she rose from her bend she stepped on one side and waved her hand.

"Sister Bonnefoy," she said. And then Everard saw a singularly tall nun, who, from her dark corner, slightly inclined her head. Her eyes, he thought, were fixed upon him with strangely watchful scrutiny.

A panting little clock struck six; and, as if spurred on by the sound, the Frenchwoman once more spoke:—

"Ah, M. de Mildmay! To the rescue of your little compatriot? That is well. Now, not a moment to lose, if Lucy is to escape to-night. Art ready, little one?"

"I have but to slip my mantle on, madame."

The girl's face looked white, almost drawn. The lady tapped her cheek.

"Fie!" said she; "and a minute ago we were all so proud of your courage—eh, my sister?" The tall nun inclined her head again, and the young man felt that mystery was indeed closing round him.

"Oh, hurry! hurry!" pursued the lady, bustling. "First we must off with these, our chevalier!" pointing to those great, high-rowelled spurs which, among other old-fashioned accoutrements, were distinguishing badges of the *Maison du Roy*. "For in the ways your valor must tread to-night they would but hinder you. Nay! when you see whose fingers doff them, and when I tell you whose fingers will buckle them on once more, I warrant you that frown shall pass!"

"And this handsome coat," the elder lady began with fresh gusto. "It would be irremediably ruined on the muddy and difficult way. M. de Mildmay will allow me, I beg, to provide him with one more suitable." And she seized the blue and silver lapels with a firm grip.

A man Everard might have, must have, resisted. But these women! Now, upon his other sleeve was Mademoiselle Lucy's touch, too exquisite to resist. And had he not promised? Like a child, he let them pull off his stiff-skirted coat; and, like a child, slipped his arms into the "wall-colored" *houpelande* they held up for him between them.

Motionless, the tall nun watched.

"And now," pursued the dark-browed dame, "for your instructions."

"Indeed!" said the young man with a puzzled laugh. "I shall be glad, madam, of some explanation——"

"Explanation!" she echoed quickly. "I did not promise you that! See here, sir; is not that explanation enough?" She caught Lucy by the chin and turned the girl's face towards him. "And the child is in danger!"

Lucy met his eyes, with pride in hers.

"Yes, in danger," she said in English and with more coldness and decision than she had yet displayed; "and if Mr. Mildmay carries out his promise of help, he must understand that he will be in danger too."

This English girl must have known the mettle of her countryman; her words were as oil to his flame.

But the French lady laughed aloud.

"And, after all, what is it we ask of

"Where this red line ends are our cellar stairs."

the gallant gentleman? It is our woman's way, you see, to romance about the little services rendered us. My pretty young sir, I am sorry to undeceive you, but this is no very great affair—merely to escort a poor, persecuted child through some lonely passages, for which she wants the help of a man's head and a man's arm—and there are nothing but weak women in this holy place."

As she spoke she had been spreading upon the table a large sheet of paper, incredibly worn, creased and greasy with usage. She now signed to him; and the next moment found him listening to some very concise instructions, which she gave with such an air of gravity that he felt them to be of vital importance.

"No escape through the streets," she was saying. "We are watched, caught like rats in a trap. But, with this in your hands, with your determination, M. de Mildmay, a safe passage to you both—if not above ground, then under ground. You have heard perhaps of the abandoned stone quarries that are said to lie under this side of the town?"

He assented briefly—he had heard rumors, vague accounts.

"Nothing vague about them. Here is a plan of those deserted wastes, those great voids that run deep under our streets and out into the country; and there is a way unknown to any but us. Here it is—see," she went on, running her strong white finger along a wavy streak of red that cut through the irregular fretwork of black lines upon the paper. "It would indeed be hazardous to venture in those spaces without a guide; but with this you have, pray God, an assured deliverance."

Everard took the plan into his hands to con it for himself; the lady leaned over his shoulder explaining.

"Look. Here where this red line ends are our cellar stairs. And there, at the other end of it, one of the many openings outside Paris, where even now a coach and attendants are awaiting the flight of this bird. The way you must traverse is due south, and the distance not more than half a league."

"I am ready," said Everard. He folded the paper and thrust it into his breast.

"Remember who will tie on your spurs of gold again, beau chevalier!" cried the lady then, feverishly. And to the girl: "Kiss me, Lucy. Courage!"

Lucy embraced her, coldly enough, thought Everard. Then, with a sudden turn, ran across to the nun, fell on her knees, and passionately kissed the long pale hand that was silently extended to her. In another instant she was back at Everard's side.

"Let us go," she said. Color had returned to her face and her eyes were bright; it was as if something had rekindled the torch of her courage.

Through corridors they went in haste; then through courtyards, down other passages and steps; passed an iron-bound door, and at last found themselves in a small, low vault, empty save for a lantern already lit on the floor. There, drawing the eyes, in the opposite wall was a recently made gap yawning into blackness, from which rose an earthy breath, markedly warmer on this night of frost than that of the world above ground.

"Here lies our way, Mr. Mildmay," said Lucy, with a sort of taunt, taking up the lantern and looking, as she spoke, back at him over her shoulder.

"Forward, then," he returned, and took her hand, which struck him with such coldness that it seemed as if all her brave blood were burning in her cheek.

"You will find a brace of pistols in the pockets; also a compass, flints, and matches," madame called to him as they moved on. "Were you going alone, sir, I should say to you: '*Service du Roy!*' But as it is, why——" Her laugh and the grating of the closing doors behind them were the last sounds of the outer world to fall upon their ears. They were engulfed into an awful silence, pointed by their footsteps.

After some minutes of steep descent down narrow stairs they emerged upon wider spaces, and Everard's somewhat scattered wits came back to him. He took the light from the girl's hand and

drew her to his side, and then stood to survey the scene.

Here, then, were the first crossways of those mysterious labyrinths, unexplored for ages, whose very existence was all but forgotten by the Paris above; extending under the network of busy streets and the cluster of gardens, palaces, churches and convents that men above ground called the Faubourg St. Germain. A world like a shroud; roof, floor and sides, wherever the rays of the lantern struck the soft stone, shone back white as milk; and every void gaped black as death. And over all, for ever, the silence—silence such as is not known in the stillest night under the heavens, the silence that oppresses the soul as with breathlessness, that makes the fall of a drop of water twenty yards away heard as if it fell on the brain.

He smiled boldly at her, took her hand again, and pressed it as he spoke, though this was, unconsciously, in a whisper:—

"A strange place, sweet! But safer, we know, for us, than the merry streets to-night. Nay, am I not with you?"

She rallied at once, he knew not whether to the tenderness in his voice or to the comfort of his protection.

"And did you deem I was afraid, sir? Nay, then, it must be the reflection of these pale walls, for I vow I saw you turn the color of fear yourself. And now," she went on, with yet more assurance, forbidding his attempted approach with imperious hand, "to work, good Mr. Mildmay. Your map, sir, and your compass."

Half piqued, half in admiration of her courage, he made her a bow the most flourishing that his French court life had taught him; and then obediently laid down his lantern, spread his plan and knelt beside it. As he bent he felt her lean over him, and suddenly looked up again with laughing eyes. And the next instant the laugh died in him, for, catching her face unawares, he caught there the image of terror. The very pulse in her soft throat was beating like a thing in agony. He glanced back at his plan and, for the first time, in the light of what he had seen of these great white deeps, the true knowledge of their perilousness burst upon him. To be lost underground in these endless white mazes—horrible fate! To run vainly, seeking issue, to fear madly, to meet madness at last and die there, like a rat! And how easy to be thus lost!

Sobered indeed, he set his compass, saw the needle slowly swing back to repose and at last unmistakably point to one of the smaller galleries. He studied the plan carefully before making up his mind; but red line and needle were true to each other. He picked up the implements, and with decision:—

"Come," said he, briefly, and then in softer tones bade her take his arm; and once more, in silence they took their road.

They first passed a succession of similar crossways, which only required the verdict of the compass. But after a while the character of the surroundings changed.

A pervading dampness, which up to now they had been spared, was beginning to assert itself in oozing walls, in pools of clear water, at the bottom of which the lantern rays revealed a soft, white slime. The surrounding pillars presented an ever more crushed and rotten appearance; the low, water-soaked ceilings bulged over their heads, rift in every direction.

Suddenly, whether from the oppressive silence or the muffled, unwholesome airs which drove the blood to his head, a wave of anger, of exasperation, swept over Everard. Was his alluring adventure to be nothing but this mole-like creeping, leading perchance to nothing but a vermin's death? And this still, dumb creature that went by his side, holding her fears under her pride and meanwhile scarce concealing her disdain for him whom a bend of the finger and a look over the shoulder had sufficed to draw blindly after her—should she not repay him for this folly of submissiveness? Was he not to secure—whatever else these caves held in store for him—the present good at least of kisses?

He wheeled round upon her with a

sharp movement: there was a dancing light, not over-sane, in his eyes. At the same moment, as if a kindred tinge of madness had infected her own spirits, the girl clutched him by the arm.

"Speak!" she cried. "Say something, or the silence of this awful place will make me scream."

His strange passion broke loose then like straining dogs from the leash. He caught her to him, and with how hard a grip he himself was all unconscious; and, holding up the lantern, devoured her beauty with fierce gaze. And he called back to her:—

"Speak? Ay, that will I! Tell you how maddening you are, and how, if it be death you are leading me to, I shall not complain so you first make the end of life sweet. Lucy, white witch! Temptress!"

He bent to kiss her, but she flung her hand over her face, and then, with frenzied outward gesture, thrust him from her.

The very feeling of the pitiableness of her strength in his grasp, the sudden trembling that seized her as he had held her, brought him to himself. But if the strength of her woman's body was small, not so that of her woman's spirit. She flamed upon him in such fury that all the echoes surprised and caught the notes of her voice and flung them one to the other, till the whole weird region seemed alive.

"I trusted myself to your honor! Is this how my countryman keeps his promise to a woman in distress? Or perhaps you imagine, sir, that the mere sight of you in your red cloak has been too much for my maiden heart, and that was why I have lured you after me? Faith! Then the place of intrigue is well chosen. I need fear at least no rival to distract your attention. Oh, Mr. Mildmay!"

Reproach, indignation, jeer — she rang the whole gamut of her anger. Her words stung him from his shame into a new irritation.

"Madam," he retorted, "I would remind you that it is I who have trusted myself to you. I asked no question. In all this mystery there is but one thing clear to me, and it is: that this seems a strange place for seeking safety."

By the light of the lantern he saw her pale face change. Contempt faded from her lips.

"I warned you of the danger!" she cried, earnestly.

"No, Lucy," he returned; "you taunted me with the fear of it."

Convicted, she had not a word. But then all his chivalrous manhood woke up again, and he repented him.

"Never mind," said he, comfortingly; "I would do it again, for your sweet sake."

"For my sake!" she echoed, quickly. Her eyes flashed a sombre fire. "And do you think I would have brought you here thus for myself? Are you really so simple as to think that a poor girl like me could have enemies so powerful? No, sir, other issues were at stake—something more than life, indeed. Oh! we have gone so far, I will tell you now, and it may wake you to a better pride in yourself, sir, than that which led you to insult me. A cause, a nation's hopes were trembling in the balance. We were in dire straits, knew not which way to turn, pressed for time, when, with a flash of your crimson cloak, came to me the inspiration—"

"My cloak?"

"Aye, sir, your red cloak, after all, and it now wraps, please God, one for whom you should be ready to dye it deeper crimson in your best heart's blood! You serve a nobler cause than you wot of; and if you and I both lay down our lives to-night we shall have but given them up for one who has the right to demand them."

His breath came short.

"Our lives!" He scarce dared understand her. Then, with a flash of intuition that seemed, as it were, to start afresh all the settling birds of surmise to wild flight in his brain, so that it was filled with beating wings:—

"Sister Bonnefoy!" he cried.

Lucy made no reply, and Everard repeated with conviction: "Sister Bonnefoy!" He remembered the mistrustful, watching eye and the passion with which Lucy had prostrated herself. And his soul was filled with anger.

"Halt there, or I fire!"

"My life," he said, "belongs to the King of France."

"Right!" she cried, sharply. "And therefore reproach me not that I tricked you. For, had I asked your help for another King, what then would you have said to me?"

His gaze grew troubled, his eyes dilated.

"I must have said, 'A man may not serve two masters.'"

"Then Madame de Vassé was right," she said, regretfully. "I would have trusted you."

"Madame de Vassé!" he exclaimed.

It was with the name of that notoriously beautiful and self-willed woman that had always been associated at court, the Young Pretender's obstinate refusal to leave France (as stipulated by the Treaty of Aachen); refusal which had led to the disgraceful scene of his arrest but a year before.

"Therefore I did well—I did well!" Lucy resumed, and smiled with a sort of triumph. "And now to draw back would be worse than to go on. Let us on, then, Mr. Mildmay!"

"One word more," he panted.

"Not a word!" said she, and forced him onwards.

"But surely," he insisted, "a man has the right to be told for whom he may have to die, and why, and how! I don't understand what part I—!"

"Why, Everard Mildmay," she interrupted, with deep reproach, "have you already forgotten you were once a loyal Englishman? Your father's head bore witness to another spirit when last I passed under Temple Bar!"

He was silenced. In very truth he was ashamed to have questioned where he already knew. But he was far from being elated, or even satisfied.

"I am tired," said Lucy suddenly, and, leaving his side, went and sat down on a block of stone. Everard looked around him with a start. They had emerged, apparently, from the water-logged area, and were again at some intersecting ways which required the help of the compass. He moved back some paces to place his lantern on a convenient ledge, and was about to stretch out his plan, when a stifled cry brought him to her side in a few bounds.

She was pointing with rigid finger towards the gaping spaces they had just left. At the same instant there was a beat of steps behind him.

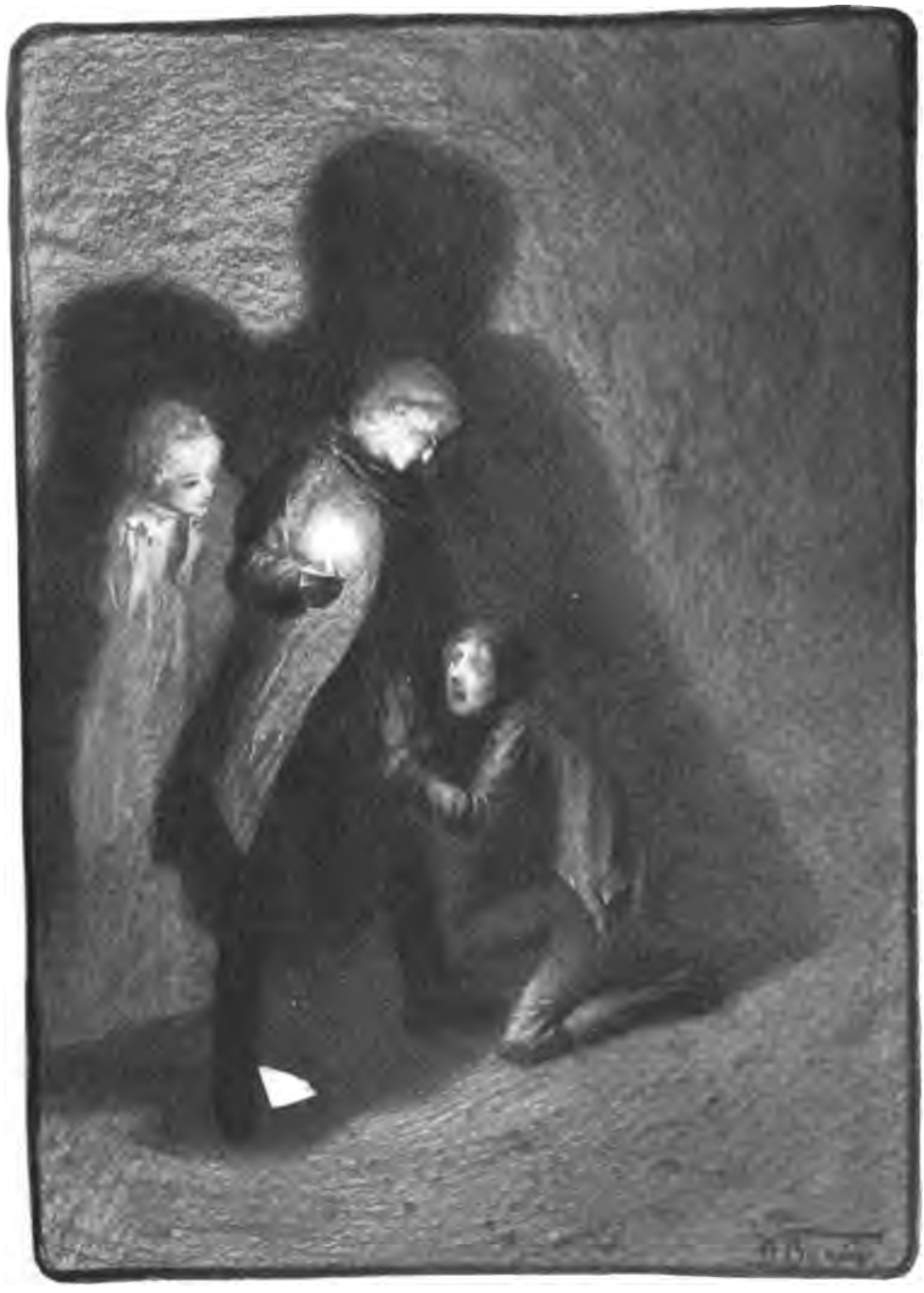
He wheeled round. In a second one of the pistols was in his hand, and he was peering, he scarce knew at what.

"Halt there," he called, in sharp military French, "or I fire!"

Clear as was his voice the words rolled confusedly, and were echoed fantastically through the labyrinths. A black form had already detached itself from the outer blacknesses and crept into the narrow area of light thrown by the lantern some twenty feet away, when the crisp click of the locks brought it to a sudden standstill.

"*Des pistolets . . . gare!*" cried a hoarse French voice, and the figure disappeared behind a pillar. But the only answer to the warning was an angry growl from the depths behind and the shuffle of running feet among the stones. A man dashed past the light, to fall upon his face as the flash of Everard's pistol leaped at him, red and long, with such thundering amid these caverns that it seemed as if the world was blasted. The echoes had scarce time to send back its counterfeit roar before new clangors broke forth—crash upon crash rending the heavy air; thud after thud shaking the soil. Sounds of collapsing pillars, subsiding roofs, avalanching rocks, broke forth from the great vaults they had just passed through.

Everard was bending forward, his second pistol at the ready, striving through the faint light, made fainter yet by the powder smoke, to see the effect of his shot. The appalling turmoil for the moment paralyzed his wits. As he stood rigid, one hand still holding Lucy behind the shelter of his own body, a last crash broke about them, nearer, and with it rang a fearful yell; still more fearfully cut short. And at the same instant the light went out, the world became solid blackness, and the hideous silence settled upon them once more.



'I have been running for hours, hours."

As, slowly, the reaction came, and his brain began to work again, he set himself in a half-dazed way to piece together what had happened.

The shock of the pistol-shot had brought down some of these rotten pillars, the instability of which he remembered noticing with anxiety but a few moments before; and the waylayers (whoever they might be) now lay buried under the ruins with the lantern. The lantern! The whole unspeakable horror of the situation burst upon him. His brow grew clammy with an icy sweat; his breath stopped—stopped, too, the very pulse of his heart.

A warm young voice called upon him; warm young arms clasped him; he felt upon his hand the falling of warm tears.

"We are going to die here, and it is I—it is I who brought you to this! Oh, forgive!"

The clogging mantle of helplessness fell from him; the blood rushed back to heart and brain.

"Courage, Lucy," he whispered—his lips were on her silken strands of hair—"I shall still lead you out of this, if I have to grope upon my knees. There is not so far to go that we should lose hope."

Her nimble feminine wits leaped to his brave impulse.

"Yes—quick!" she cried. "The flint, steel and matches!"

Hastily he struck, and the sparks flew in showers. And in their lurid light he saw her fair face, close, eager, almost with a smile upon the parted lips; saw and thought that in all the wide free ways of the world above he had never seen anything more lovely than this flower in the vaults of death.

Once more they started on their precarious pilgrimage with many stops, many anxious consultations of the plan by the uncertain glimmer; with much stumbling over unseen obstacles, much husbanding of the little store of pine-wood splinters; pressed one against the other without speaking, yet with every thought consorting. At last, upon one of these halts, he paused so long over the plan that the little torch burned down to his very nails. He fumbled in his pockets. She heard his breath come short.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"The last match!" He barely breathed the words.

An icy pall had fallen upon them. After a long while she said, very low:—

"Then this is death!"

And as the man in him strove still feebly to comfort the woman with deceitful hope, she interrupted him gently:—

"No, no, Everard!" And then, laying both her hands against him: "Kiss me," she said, "that I may know you forgive!"

And so, in the darkness, in their living tomb, as they thought, these two poor children kissed. And as they pressed one against the other, upholding each other, each trying to comfort the other, each thinking for the other, love was borne to them—the love that is stronger than death.

A span--they could not have said whether long or short—they stood thus. Then the silence that had begun to roar into their ears like a tide of great waters, was riven by a faint, distant cry, like a call of distress across a sea of storm. They started from their trance-like stillness and hearkened, and the sense of life returned to them.

From far away, from some unknown direction amid the stone mazes, it drew upon them, rising and falling; now seeming to retreat, now to approach, then ever louder, ever nearer—a sort of nightmare howl. And then it became a confused medley of lamentations and yelping sobs, the mad, babbling voice of terror. And presently, words, incoherent but distinguishable—English words, by all that was fantastic!—fell upon their ears.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Oh, hell! . . . Lost! I am lost! Toby is lost! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Hell!"

A moment it might have seemed as if their own fear had taken some devil-shape and was let loose upon them. But the next instant, dancing upon the wall some twenty feet away, appeared a faint gleam of light—a blessed ray. And suddenly, a man bearing a lantern

dashed into the wider gallery on the edge of which they stood and began wildly circling round like a frenzied dog, still wailing his mad iteration to the echoes.

With the new hope a keen decisiveness leaped into Everard's soul. He took a step forward, and in a second cocked his pistol and was taking aim.

"Stop, fellow!"

His voice rang like a clarion. The man stopped as if he had been shot, wheeled round, then with a screech ran towards them.

Everard, his weapon leveled in the right hand, took with the left nimble possession of the light. But, far from resisting, the creature sank to the ground, embracing the young man's knees.

"Oh! oh! take me out of this! You will take me out of this! I am lost, lost—a poor English lad! Those French devils, they set me on guard at a cross-way and left me!—the Lord blast them! I was all alone, with the whole place falling about! Ugh! And I have been running for hours, hours, and there's no way through, and my candle is burning down! Oh, take me out! If you will only take me out I'll tell your Honor all, I'll give your Honor his revenge."

"Oh! you'll give me my revenge?" said the Cornet grimly. "I think I begin to understand. But I have had my revenge, sirrah. And what is there to keep me from shooting you, too, and leaving your carcass to rot here with the rest of your gang? Well, up with you!" cried Everard, as the man with a new howl of despair rolled a shock head against his knees. "Up with you, and on! The wretch is right, Lucy. That candle would not have lasted long, but it will see us through."

And the strange companions started upon their way. Soon they emerged into what, according to the plan, was the gallery opening into the fields of Vaugirard. Freer airs began to circulate, colder and colder; and, though they were now able to advance rapidly, the freezing temperature of the outer world struck deadly chill upon their shaken nerves.

At the last corner Lucy laid her little fingers in Everard's hand and pointed to where, across a fallen block of freestone, a long bramble was stretching in from the outer soil into the shelter of the caves, heralding the end of their journey. He halted a moment to share with her the joy of deliverance written upon her quivering face. When he turned round again their rascally fellow-traveler was gone. Everard looked grave for a moment, but then shrugged his shoulders.

"I doubt," he said, "if even now our poor country could produce a more pitiful wretch. Oh, I understand!" he went on quickly, as the girl seemed about to speak. "Here was another wolf on the trail of blood. Faugh? Let him run and seek his vermin fate elsewhere. Now, Lucy, to be under God's skies once more!"

As he spoke the flickering wick of the candle fell over and the light went out. But beyond the jagged opening there was the light of stars; and in another moment they stood free, the night air, austere in its cold purity, cleansing them from the earthy taint of the quarries.

They stood awhile, close side by side, to taste the ecstacy. Once more they heard homely sounds of life—it seemed a cycle since they had known such things—a dog barking in a distant farm-yard, answered by another yet further off; away along a road the trot of some willing horse carrying some unknown rider to some unknown goal; the cry of a night bird startled under a snow-laden bush; then suddenly the impatient stamp of a hoof, the jingle of harness. And, indeed, in the faint glimmer of starlight a short distance away, was seen upon the snow the dark outline of a coach and the gleam of its lamps.

Again Lucy laid her hand upon his. He could but descry the outline of her face, but she spoke with a nervous ring of girlish laughter in her voice, new to him:—

"And now, my gallant chevalier, you will bear me no grudge for one last little mystification—"

But pursuing fate had not yet done with them—the words of pretty mock-

ery passed suddenly into a wild shriek.

There was a tearing rush from the brambles, as of a boar breaking cover. Before Everard could even turn round, something horrible, something thick and yet flexible, clinging like an unspeakable living sheet, glutinous, slimy, was dashed over his face, and with fiendish twist rolled round his head, blinding, inexorably choking. It gripped so close that not a sound could escape him. Through his furious efforts to tear off the thing he could hear Lucy scream again. He reeled round, stumbled, fell on his side. He knew that in another minute he would be dead, as surely suffocated as by twenty fathoms of water. But he had barely touched ground before he was again seized upon and raised to his feet, whilst strong hands hastily unrolled the cruel cloth which clung so tenaciously that it only yielded with a sound as of tearing silk; to be wrenched away at last, leaving his face streaming with blood. But little recked he of the smarting pain, so exquisite was the blessed air to his lungs.

Gasping and dazed he stood contemplating a scene which was yet further bewilderment. He was now surrounded by a number of men in the sombre uniform of the *maréchaussée*, that seemed to have sprung in fantastic manner from the soil. Two of these were converging upon him the rays of dark lanterns, another was supporting the half-fainting form of Lucy; a few paces away two or three more were occupied in tricing up Toby, the honest English lad, in spite of his frantic struggles.

Now one, who was evidently in command, advanced closer, hat in hand, and bowed deeply.

"Monseigneur," said he in French, "I feared to-night that my duty was to be wholly a painful one, but a find that I have been happy enough to be the instrument of saving your Highness's life."

"Highness, sir?" cried Everard, whose wits were still scattered.

"Your Highness finds us well informed," answered the other, bowing, with a gratified smile. Then, with renewed gravity, he proceeded:—

"Now, sir, in the King's name, I arrest you. Yet I trust your Highness will find less cause for resentment than upon the occasion last December, when M. de Vaudreuil—my name, sir, is Beuvrey—so brutally carried your Highness from the opera. The King's orders are to pay every regard to respect and your comfort."

"M. de Beuvrey," returned the Cornet, "I am grateful for your courtesy. But I must tell you you are in error when you address me thus. My name is—"

Lucy had suddenly released herself from the arms that supported her.

"Monseigneur is safe!" she cried, with a wild thrill in her voice. And Everard, wheeling round, saw her pale face straining towards him in yet wilder appeal.

And now, remembering her half confidences, above all, his compact with her, he stood abashed, biting his lips. But he was spared the trouble of mending his mistake by the officer's next words:—

"By what name, then, will Monseigneur be pleased to be called?" he inquired, with another deep bow.

"Since you will have it so," answered the young man, smiling, yet not without a side-thought of the Bastille, "it is my pleasure to be called Mildmay." Then he added, with a secret malicious enjoyment of his enforced rôle of deception. "I may be permitted, I presume, to confer with the lady a moment?"

But the officer interposed hastily.

"Monseigneur will forgive me if I implore him to come with me now. He will have every opportunity by and by, and may rest assured that Madame will receive every attention. Will your Highness honor me by leaning on my arm?"

The proffered arm was evidently one of those attentions which it were better to receive with good grace, and Everard found his hand closely pressed against the officer's ribs.

"Monseigneur is much shaken, and no wonder," pursued M. de Beuvrey, "and his face will require the care of a surgeon."

"Yes. And, by the way," said Everard, halting to cast back a look in the

Everard found his hand closely pressed against the officer's rib.

prisoner's direction, "that man, my assailant?"

"Oh, sir, rest assured he shall be dealt with as he deserves. *Sacripant*, with his *masque d'empois!* That bird-lime towel, sir—an invention of Cartouche, the brigand. We had thought it had remained his secret. He is no doubt one of the gang who meant to earn to-night, the thirty thousand livres offered, as we hear—by the—by someone in England for the head of—"

"Of Mr. Mildmay, I suppose," said the Cornet, ironically.

"Of Mr. Mildmay," assented the police officer respectfully. "When his Majesty was informed that a price had infamously been put upon your head, he was anxious that the arrest (to which treaties bind him) should not be delayed. Yonder scoundrels seemed to have discovered your Highness's intended movements also; for this man was undoubtedly one of the emissaries charged with . . . he had, I find, a canvas sack and a butcher's knife about him!"

The officer took place in the coach facing Everard; and then Lucy was ushered in beside him.

"Forgive me, sir, for presuming to give orders in your own coach," said in honey tone the elegant police officer. "The King has selected Chateau-Gaillon as your Highness's permanent residence, but to-night, to save you fatigue, we stop at Vincennes. The carriage will then convey Madame back to the House of St. Elizabeth." And popping his head out, "To Vincennes, by Saint Marcel!" he called.

In the semi-darkness Lucy sought the young man's hand and pressed it; and while M. de Beuvrey discreetly looked out upon the starlit snow, she brought her fresh lips to his bleeding ear and whispered in English, so low that he could but just hear the words:—

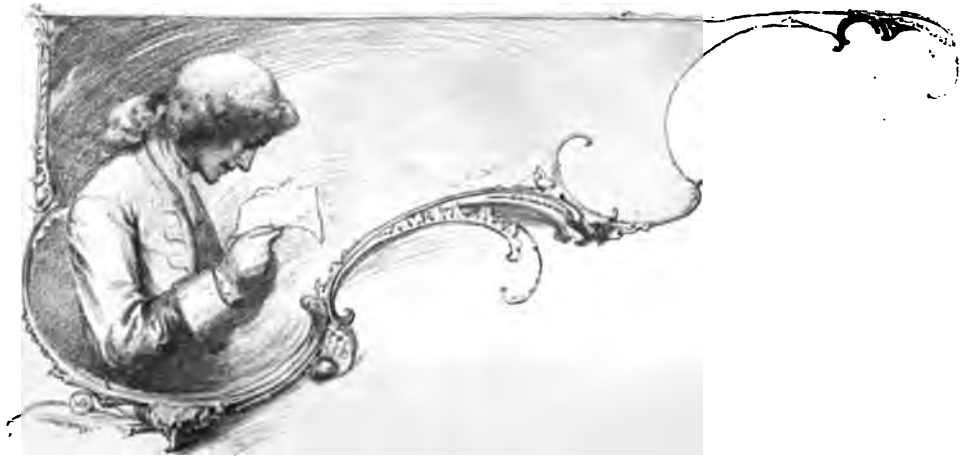
"Everard, to-night while they are looking for their prisoner here and wasting their time on us, Sister Charles Edward Stuart is posting towards the sea in the cloak, hat and spurs of a *Gensdarme Anglois*, and to-morrow night, pray God, embarks safely. Now you know all. You have sped your prince towards his throne, perhaps . . . and you have earned the gratitude of Lucy."

"Only gratitude?" he whispered back, eagerly. But, by the flickering glow from the carriage lamps, he saw her smile, and it was a smile full of sweet promises.

After two days of respectful detention he was released from custody. In his room he found two letters. One was signed "Sister Bonnefoy," and contained some singularly ill-spelt phrases of vague and haughty acknowledgment. But the other brought a glow to his cheek and a gleam to his eyes.

"When will my preux chevalier come across the way to have his spurs of gold buckled on once more?"

A few minutes later the Cornet, cloaked and dressed to regulation, though still spurless, was knocking at the discreet door of St. Elizabeth.

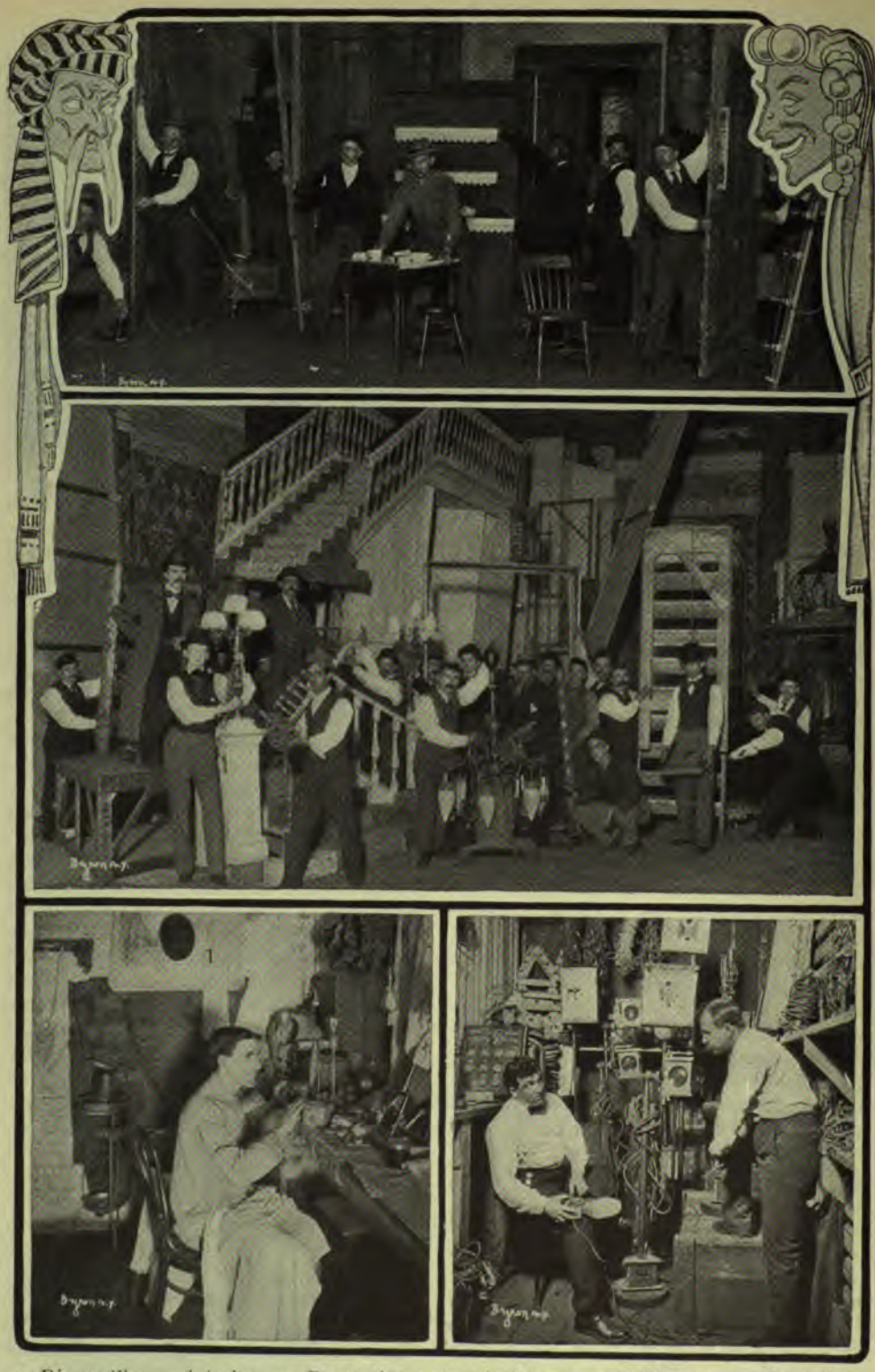


The Dress Rehearsal

By F. ELDERKIN FYLES Photographs from BYRON'S COLLECTION

THE inexperienced dramatist may think that when he has sold his play to a manager his trials are over, but they have in fact little more than begun. His troubles are in three distinct sets: The difficulty in selling his drama, then the effort to get the purchaser to produce it, and finally the first night, the briefest torture of all, but the most nerve-racking. In this article I am going to deal with the second period of anxiety; of hope, disappointment, utter discouragement and sometimes of ultimate triumph. Almost as surprising as the great quantities of plays written and never heard of is the number accepted by managers and yet not produced. It is a case of passing one bench of judges after another, with the playgoing public instead of the dramatic critics as the real supreme justices, until the successful piece has had to go through more courts than the contest for the fortune of a dead millionaire. In the first place, there are the great number of dramas bought for a small sum in cash, often taken simply because of a promising scene or two, or some novelty in story that possesses possibilities of development. A manager buys the manuscript and stores it away, where it lies untouched often until his executors go over his papers after his death. The amount of manuscripts found in the late Augustin Daly's desks was enormous, and among his father's letters Edward H. Sothern found many plays, one of which he had rewritten and used in his early career.

Besides the dramas thus everlastingly shelved, there are those that wait many years for a public hearing, often pieces contracted for with experienced dramatists on simply a sketched out scheme. For the option on these the producer pays usually $1,000, and agrees to stage the work within a year. How many, many dramatists have waited that year simply to receive their manuscripts back and only the forfeit instead of the large gains which they had some justification in hoping for! Or perhaps the manager does not want to part with the drama that for some reason he is not prepared to produce within the specified time. Frequently he fulfils the letter if not quite the spirit of his contract by giving one matinee of the piece, technically a "production," and thus retains possession, but with no gain for the disappointed author. Once in a great while such a performance brings out merit enough in a work to give the manager confidence to make a regular production. Such was the case several years ago with "A Man and His Wife," at the Empire Theater. Mr. Charles Frohman bought the comedy from the lady who calls

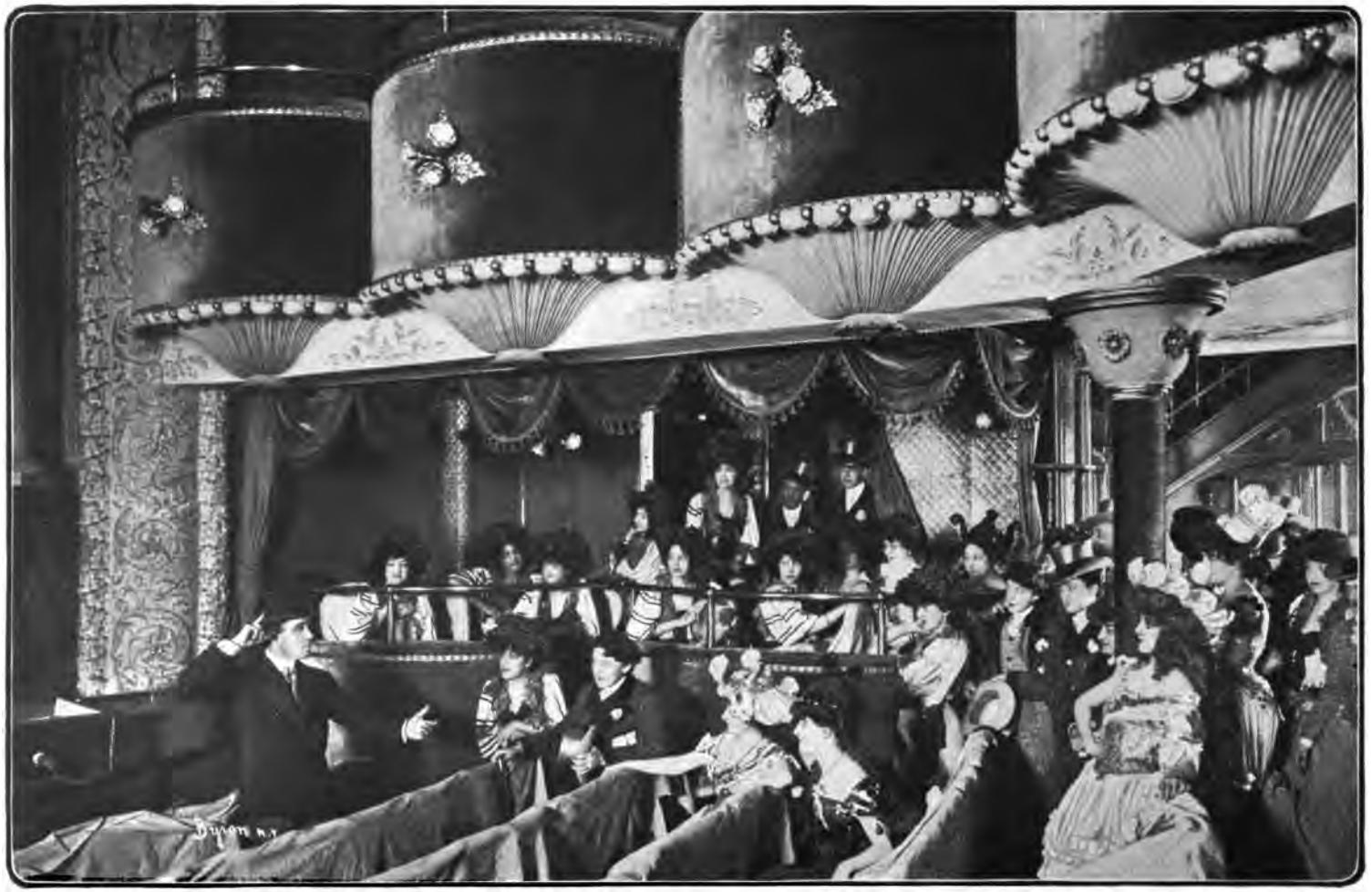


1. Dismantling an interior. 2. Decorating a stage ball room. 3. Making up. 4. Electrifying the heels of Mephistopheles.

The Lady Moon arranging her final pose.

herself "George Fleming," but he lacked just enough belief in it to give it a place before "Under the Red Robe" and such plays. So it dragged along for some time until the limit of his ownership was reached. He did not quite want to let it go, so during the run of "Under the Red Robe" he tried it at a matinee. It is so seldom that really good stage fiction is revealed at such a performance that the circumstances perhaps enhanced its success. Mr. Frohman had "produced" it, so "A Man and His Wife" was his property, and he stored it away for a rainy day. That was in 1897, and he did not have a failure with his stock company until 1900, when he brought out the neglected comedy and put it into the evening bill, with Miss Jessie Millward, Mr. William Faversham and Mr. Guy Standing in the roles originally acted by Miss Viola Allen, Mr. Faversham and Mr. Robert Edeson. But a case like that is extraordinary. Such a trial of a play is too severe, implying as it does managerial doubt and therefore starting the piece under a shadow.

Almost the most interesting case of that sort in recent years, at least in this country, was the production of "Hearts Aflame." Miss Amelia Bingham had that exceptional drama in rehearsal last winter when the failure of "Lady Margaret" required an immediate substitute. At rehearsals, she quarreled with Mrs. Haines, the author, and dropped her play. Although it was pretty well understood that they had disagreed because the woman of the pen would not alter her story to enlarge the leading role for the woman of the stage, the incident undoubtedly cast doubt on Mrs. Haines' unacted drama. So, in partnership with Mr. W. N. Lawrence, she hired the Garrick Theater in New York late in the spring for a single week of trial for "Hearts Aflame." The first night audience was electrified. From an unknown author came a play, refused by many managers, even so experienced as Mr. Daniel Frohman, and rejected at the last minute by Miss Bingham, and yet a play so good that its success was an absolute sensation among people who closely follow stage affairs. Miss Bingham tried to excuse her bad judgment by saying that she refused the drama because it too nearly resembled "The Climbers," and the other mistaken managers tried to wriggle out of their blunder in similar ways. Of course the complete success of Mrs. Haines' startling drama on its regular



Before going on the road, Mr. Julian Mitchell explains to the chorus at Weber and Fields, just what will happen to those who miss the train.

production at the Bijou is well known.

Mr. Daniel Frohman probably gives more of his personal attention to manuscripts submitted to him than any other manager of his importance. But he has so many rules for what he will and won't allow on his stage that he has refused numerous excellent American dramas, notably "The Moth and the Flame," "Hearts Aflame," "Nathan Hale" and "Arizona," all offered to him first. He had Pinero's masterpiece in his desk nearly a year, and Miss Georgia Cayvan in his company as a capable actress for its title rôle, but he would not use the drama because it did not come up to the moral standard of the Lyceum. And yet that was the theater where he had produced "The Dancing Girl," and later not only horrified the Puritans but disgusted the broadminded with "The First Gentleman of Europe!" Besides "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" had already made an artistic sensation in London, but the Lyceum company continued all that season to produce failures instead of that sure success.

Mr. Frohman always encourages playwrights who show the slightest promise, the number of men writing plays for his stock company ("next season") being about fifty to the one who really sees his work acted by that admirable organization. Every week of the season, when they are not rehearsing a new play for the regular bill, Mr. Frohman's actors go over a possible piece. They do not learn the lines, of course, but the parts are distributed to their probable players should the piece develop merit, the actors receiving their rôles in time to go over them once or twice, so that the play may get a little fairer test than a first and utterly unfamiliar reading could give.

Naturally managers' methods vary even after they have accepted a play and engaged its cast. Some believe in distributing the parts before the actors know the purport of the story of which they are units, but it is more general to start rehearsals by reading the complete drama to the assembled company. The author or the stage-manager does this. In engaging actors of reputation it is nearly always necessary to let them see their parts, or at least give them a very definite and particular idea of them before they will accept and sign a contract. So many plays are imported from England that not a few of our actors have gained prominence because they are good copyists. For such parts managers frequently send their actors abroad, paying their expenses, to see the originals and duplicate them as nearly as possible. However, reputations made in that way must necessarily collapse at some time when there is no one to imitate, and the final successes belong to such artists as Miss Margaret Anglin, who followed Miss Lena Ashwell, of London, in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," and the foreign Mrs. Esmond in "The Wilderness," but refused to see either and triumphed at the Empire because of her own genius; and Mr. Jameson Lee Finney, who would not even hear how another man played a part for which he was cast, because "an actor must conceive the character himself, in his own way absolutely, to be convincing and sincerely effective."

During the first week or two, and sometimes a little longer, the players keep their parts in their hands, but thereafter they are expected to be letter-perfect. It is almost impossible to tell at rehearsals who will "make good" and who will not. Very often new actresses will seem startlingly clever at such times and disappoint utterly in a performance. This was usually because they were doing their best, acting with all their might, when others were not. A popular story of "faking" at rehearsals is told of Miss Blanche Bates when she was unknown to New York. Augustin Daly gave her the adventuress rôle in "The Great Ruby," and fearing that he would take it from her if she did her best at rehearsals (because of his supposed care that no woman but Miss Ada Rehan should succeed greatly on his stage), she appeared to be doing her utmost, but was in fact acting the rôle of an incompetent actress instead of the villainess in the melodrama. In defense of Miss Bates's story is the fact that the day after her unexpected first-night triumph she was

The corps de ballet in the ballet room of the Metropolitan Opera House.

dismissed from the company. However, so many malicious and unfounded stories of Miss Rehan's autocracy at Daly's Theater are told that it is hard to know what to believe.

Among our pictures is one of Miss Anna Held's company receiving tickets for a rival play, but no photograph could give an idea of the way they act when they go to one. Sheridan's knowledge of backbiting, gained from observation of society in the eighteenth century, was as nothing compared to what he would have seen at a professional matinee in the twentieth. There

A chorus group round the "rain" machine.

are invariably much applause and calling for speeches, but, oh, such "knocking!" That is the only word.

Actors are too familiar with the way effects are gained to be deceived by some plays that the public accepts. In a reckless moment, Mr. Gillette gave a professional matinee of "Sherlock Holmes," and there has probably never been such a frosty occasion in a New York theater. The actors all but hissed the drama that unprofessional audiences applauded. Yet, given really good art, no assemblage is more appreciative than a theatrical one. The superb technique of Miss Annie Russell and Mrs. Gilbert, for instance, excites such enthusiasm on Thursday afternoons as never is heard in the evening. Tuesday afternoons at Weber & Fields' are the delightful times of the season. The boxes are engaged weeks ahead by as interesting celebrities as one sees in the larger horse shoe of the Metropolitan Opera House. Miss Ethel Barrymore occupies a box every Tuesday she is in town, and I have known of her coming over from nearby cities where she was playing, even as far as Philadelphia, to enjoy one of these unique "Weberfield's" days. During his stay in New York, Mr. Charles Hawtrey never misses a Tuesday, and all of the visiting actors from abroad go there immediately. Last season, Sir Henry Irving spent his first night in New York there because, he said, he could not wait for Tuesday afternoon. All classes of theatrical lights go, and it is the real meeting of "society and the stage" that we hear so much about and so seldom find. I have seen Miss Barrymore and Mrs. Bloodgood sandwiched between soubrettes from The Dewey, and Mrs. John Jacob Astor sitting next to a peroxide serio-comic from Proctor's.

Rehearsals at Weber & Fields' are in

some ways very different from those elsewhere. In the case of the chorus they are more exacting and artistic than at any other theater, Mr. Julian Mitchell standing far above his rivals in such work in this country. Higher salaries are paid to the chorus girls here than elsewhere, and those of a certain mental refinement are engaged, so that all of the gestures made mean something, instead of being the usual wooden postures. And when a small part comes along a competent actress can always be found among the subordinates. They are hard workers, tireless in their efforts for a general success. Still, their good nature is fostered by the gentle, thoughtful kindness of Mr. Mitchell, and of nearly all of the prominent actors in the stock company. Particularly charming to the chorus girls is Miss Lillian Russell. I remember the afternoon of a first night last season. The company had rehearsed until four o'clock in the morning, and were called again at eleven. Miss Russell was perfect in her part, but some of the chorus girls were not. Tired as they were, they had to go over and over a dance that accompanied one of her songs, and with sweet consideration she went through it with them every time. In contrast to her is the ridiculous pompousness of the grand opera singers. Quite properly they refuse to use the full power of their voices at rehearsals, but they often absolutely decline to go over their parts at all, and never give the chorus any idea what they will do at a performance, which is probably the reason there is so much bad acting at the Metropolitan. The rehearsals of the ballet are in the room on the promenade floor, especially for that purpose.

Most of the English dramatists rehearse their own plays, but not so many Americans do. They usually sit in front, though, and offer suggestions, or explain just what they intend in lines that might be interpreted in two ways. Mr. Clyde Fitch, Mr. Belasco and Mrs. Genevieve G. Haines are among the native playmakers who stage their own work. Mr. Fitch is peculiarly clever in engaging actors so exactly suited to his parts that it requires less of art for them to play the characters excellently than it would seem. He is not without cleverness in directing them just how a thing should be done, though it is more in large effects that his exceptional ability lies. Mr. Belasco, on the contrary, is particularly adept in infusing into his actors the emotion he feels. Mr. Mansfield has that faculty, although he is sometimes unpleasantly critical at rehearsals. His cleverness invariably commands admiration. It was when he was going over the balcony scene in "Cyrano de Bergerac" that the man who managed the calcium moon displeased him. The light thrown from the imitation celestial orb fell in a perfect, definitely marked circle. Mr. Mansfield took a pasteboard box cover and kicked a hole in it. Breaking it so it would let a jagged, outlined light through, he gave it to the electrician to put over the moon, and all through the run at the Garden Theater that paper box encircled the moon as it looked down on the love lorn *Roxane*. More heated words than even Mr. Mansfield ever used were spoken at later rehearsals of "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the same theater, but they were in French. At such times M. Coquelin and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt wrangled as if they might commit murder, yet their firm friendship stood steadfast. In first-class theaters noisy arguments seldom occur, and offensive language rarely.

For a legitimate play, "The Diplomat" was in a most extraordinary condition at the last rehearsal. When Mr. Collier was a star he rewrote the farces he acted in, always many and sometimes all of the witty lines being his. He originated a good number for "The Diplomat," in fact so many that at the rehearsals the author, Miss Martha Morton, departed in disgust, saying he had ruined her play. Personally I should hate to be so impolite to a lady as to say who was responsible for the dulness of "The Diplomat." At the last rehearsal Mr. Collier was puzzled just where to end the plot, a rather difficult point, as the story never started. But he wanted to finish brightly, so he made up some clever lines for a conversation in the final scene, and his last

May Irwin about to try a new song.

Miss Maxine Elliott, Miss Annie Irish, Mr. Dodson and Mr. Arbuckle waiting for a rehearsal of "A Merchant of Venice."

warning to the prompter was to ring down the curtain at the first hearty laugh. Roars of merriment greeted one of Mr. Collier's lines, aud glancing at the prompter, he took a lived-happily-ever-after pose with the heroine, and the curtain descended amidst such jovial delight it had to be lifted many times.

Miss May Irwin is inclined to be rather exclusive with her rehearsals. She quite sensibly does not care to have outsiders see her preparing her impromptu gaiety. Undoubtedly one of her reasons is that her humor is not as spontaneous as it seems. In fact, much that she does apparently on the moment is the result of careful practice. Miss Marie Cahill is the same way, while Mr. Peter Dailey is really an impromptu actor. Mr. Fields and Mr. Weber never go over their parts before any one until the dress rehearsal. They talk their scenes over in their private office, building up on the material supplied by Mr. Edgar Smith. Sometimes they sit on the stage and rehearse in whispers. Mr. Sothern is one of the most exacting of stage managers, that is, most insistent on every rehearsal being like a performance. Instead of letting his actors learn their parts with a cane and an umbrella for the swords in the duel, and blank air instead of the letter that the heroine opens in trembling excitement, he has every "prop" used from the very first rehearsal.

Managers have various ideas about letting outsiders in to dress rehearsals. Mr. Charles Frohman is very much opposed to it. Miss Bingham and Mr. and Mrs. Nat Goodwin, on the contrary, are inclined to make social functions of them. They belong to a set with which Mr. and Mrs. Dodson (Annie Irish) are intimately connected, and visit each other at such times. At the last trial of "The Merchant of Venice," at the Knickerbocker, Mrs. Goodwin and Mr. and Mrs. Dodson, in the picturesque costumes of *Portia*, *Launcelot*, *Gobbo* and *Nerissa*, sat in the empty orchestra and criticised Mr. Goodwin as *Shylock*.

The dress rehearsal, usually the night before the performance, once over, the most distressing time in an actor's life comes, that is, to the player most importantly concerned. With the knowledge of the importance of the first night, and nothing left to do, the strain may be imagined. Somehow, usually driving aimlessly but madly round and round the Park with some sympathetic friend, they get through that dreadful day, and make their way to the theater to face the cruelest ordeal of the American actor, a New York first night.

Packing for the road immediately after the last performance.

McGINNIS, SCIENTIST

By EMERSON HOUGH,

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble"

EVEN as McGinnis punched his burro into Arroyo City, so in due time he punched it out again. "I'd be the savin' o' this town," said McGinnis, "but I'm not appresh'ated. Moreover, there's no po'try in workin' on the ore pile whin Sathurday comes only twice a month. Even if we hung the manager, what wud be the use?" This being much the belief of all, the camp dissolved for the time being, after the fashion of such communities in the Rockies twenty years ago.

I did not see McGinnis again for several years. We who said good-bye at the foot of Baxter Peak, and started over the dusty trail across the Mal Pais to the railroad, counted on meeting each other again somewhere in the West, for the West of those days, though mysteriously large, was also mysteriously small. Friends met in it, and news traveled in it faster than the foot of horse or man, even in a country where was neither horse nor man.

There was no surprise, therefore, in the fact that, after many years, I met McGinnis again at the other extremity of the Rocky Mountains. It seemed entirely natural that we should see him coming on, a plodding, snow-swept figure, following the trail from the Sunrise Basin down Lamar Creek to Yancey's cabin in the valley. We were snowed in at Yancey's, for there was progressing the worst storm yet known during the early winter. McGinnis was icy and white when he crossed the beaver meadows in a fog of drifting white, and at last leaned his skis up against the cabin wall of Yancey's and came into the room where the rest of us were sitting, watching the sheet of white shut out the big mountains, blot out the sight of the blue and white ridges of the rapid Yellowstone, wipe out the black forest on the steep ridges around about as though with a giant sponge of white.

It was silent at Yancey's. Uncle John Yancey was a Missourian, an unregenerated long-hair man, and not ashamed of it, though long hair was not then held fashionable in the West. It was thought probable that Uncle John allowed his hair to grow long because he was too tired to cut it. It was thin, and a bit gray, and a trifle tangled, qualities which it had gathered during some years of travel through the West in days when it paid to wander if but for the very love of wandering. For three days Uncle John had not said anything. The cook, who was a deserter from a certain military post, was equally silent. The little valley in the winter time was no place for conversation, even had these men been light of speech. Even when McGinnis opened the door, Uncle John did little more than grunt, and McGinnis himself, being well fagged, said nothing, but went to the stove and began to pull icicles out of his moustache. He cast off from his shoulder a sack, knotted at the mouth, but empty, save for some small object which thumped slightly on the floor as it struck. This Uncle John regarded silently. He was a lovable man, Uncle John, although himself professedly a hater of all the world. The tenderfeet did it, and anyone who knows the unspeakable plague of tenderfeet sometimes met in the mountains cannot blame Uncle John for the loss of his temper. He knew McGinnis as anything but a tenderfoot, but he snorted now as he saw McGinnis' flax bag fall upon the floor, for to Uncle John a prospector was one not of good mind.

"Rock, eh?" said he. "Specimen? Good to eat, I reckon!"

"Yes, Uncle John," said McGinnis.

"'Tis good to eat, but 'tis no rock. 'Tis a petaty, the finest I iver saw in all me life. 'Tis maybe a thrifle froze comin' down the creek, but 'twas a noble petaty wanst. I tied it in the

corner of me bag to give the pack strap a better hold, as anny fool would see but you, Uncle John."

"All the grub you've got?" said Uncle John, as if it made any difference, since he was a notable friend of all those "broke."

"Well, yis," said McGinnis. "All I have by me now. You will understand, Uncle John, that whin I started down the East Fork I had me bag full of patty de fow graw and tinned aspergus and champagne, with a few orchids to dress the table. But 'twas heavy

Silent at Yancey's.

carryin' on the skis, so I cached the lot a bit back up the creek. We'll go get it sometime, Uncle John." And McGinnis took a seat with gravity unbroken.

"Humph!" said Uncle John.

"You're a domineerin' old fraud, Uncle John," said McGinnis. "Shut up, will ye!"

In truth, Uncle John did shut up. Perhaps he happened to think once more of ancient grievances he had against the tenderfeet, who might be in there any month during the following summer. Indeed the silence became general, so that for three days more nothing was said at Yancey's. It snowed, but everyone could see it snowing, and the fact was not announced, as such things are in the States, where life is not serious and thoughtful, as it was at Yancey's. Even the tongue of McGinnis ran slow and paused after he had greeted me in matter-of-fact fashion, as though it were but yesterday I had seen him in a land where skis were unknown and potatoes cost more than free gold specimens. I

McGinnis twined it round with a sprig of green.

knew that McGinnis would tell me all about it in the spring, and this was only early in December. We were snowed in at Yancey's, and there was plenty of time for everything in the world. Perhaps there came upon the little party about the stove a touch of that melancholy of the mountains which was known to the wanderer of those days, the melancholy of the mountains, wherein the veil is lifted and one sees into his own life clearly. At any rate, there are many things far more important than speech among men.

We might all be sitting yet silent at Yancey's, staring at the stove, with Uncle John twisting a curl of his long gray hair about his finger, and the deserter starting if the door creaked, and McGinnis tugging at his long red mustache, had it not been for one thing, an event singular for that place and time, when all had been given over to winter and the solitude.

At about noon one day there came a whisking glance of shadow across the window front which made everyone think that perhaps a snow-slide had started on the hill above. We stepped to the window in time to see a ball of white unroll and attempt to untangle itself from a pair of skis, which had become curiously and intricately reversed and intertwined after the way of skis in charge of tenderfeet. A short, mild, bespectacled, snow-bespangled figure at length emerged from this coil and approached the door.

"Good morning!" said this stranger. "If you please, may I come in? I'm lost. My guide has gone back."

Uncle John looked at him and snorted in his roughest fashion. At length he said:

"Well, I'm goin' to move! A man ought to have some rest from tenderfeet for at least a little part of the year. The trouble with this place is it's at the foot of the hill both ways, east and west, and it catches all the d—d fools that are blowin' around in the mountains. Can you come in? Say, what do you mean by being out at this time o' year?"

The stranger gazed at him mildly.

"You see," said he, "I'm over from the railroad. I'm from the East. I've —well, you see, I've come West. I'm of East Monmouth College, you know, and I've come quite a way west. I didn't know but I might stay. At least I thought I'd look about—study—investigate, you know. At the railroad they told me there was a new field over in here.

"They is," said Uncle John, calmly.

It was then three days before Christmas, and nothing more was said during those three days. The stranger was quietly allowed to become a member of the little winter colony. He took some notes now and then, and talked to himself, but dared not speak aloud, one look from Uncle John being enough to deter him. Possibly the deserter figured on asking the newcomer, some time during the early spring, where he had come from; but if the deserter had this intention, it never reached vocal form. There was going to be plenty of time. The snow was eight feet deep on the level, and a foot more fell every night, so that only the tip of a twelve-foot ski would show at the surface of the floor of fluffy white when one plowed his way out to the horse corral or to the shed where the bacon was kept.

As for the deserter, it should be said that he was an honest man, although ignorant. Surely he cooked the best Christmas dinner that lay within his power. There was boiled elk meat—illegal and not bad; fried pork—legal and not bad; coffee of beans and sundries, bad enough almost to be illegal; bread, and a cake with black currants in it. Never was such a Christmas dinner at Yancey's before. The cream of it all was when the potato of McGinnis was served, it being insisted upon by McGinnis himself that he, too, must figure as one of the patrons of the function.

"I've been a savin' that petaty for months," said he, "and now I'll not be denied by any long-haired Missourian." Wherefore the cook brought on the potato of McGinnis, baked, and no doubt as good as any frozen potato could be expected to be. McGinnis twined it round about with a sprig of

"It's good-bye here."

evergreen, and passed it with his own hands from the one to the other of us, offering of it regally, as one sharing great abundance.

"Whin it comes to Christmas dinners," said McGinnis, "this wan will go down as A1 in the ricord. Don't be backward, Uncle John. 'Tis astonishin' how far one petaty will go upon occashion. And sure you know that better 'tis one petaty and contint therewith, than a stalled ox with hatred and oncharitableness. As for Dick McGinnis, 'tis happiness he wishes all the world, and God pity him who has no roof over him and no petaty to share this day."

Tobacco followed round the stove for a couple of hours. But now McGinnis was restless and became scornful of the conduct which should obtain among Westerners in the winter time.

"Tell us a story, Uncle John," said he. "I mean, tell us your only and single story; the wan you tell to iverbody who will listen to it; the wan about the married woman in Missouri."

Uncle John made no reply at once, but sat twisting a long gray curl about his finger. Perhaps about an hour later he began.

"I wanted to go to town one day," said he, "and I had to cross a river. Only boat was one belongin' to a neighbor. He wasn't to home. His wife was. Fine lookin' big woman, weighed about two hundred pounds. Mighty mean. Asked her if I could take the boat. She said no. I said I had to. She said I dasn't. I went down and got into the boat. She gathered a stick of cordwood and came for me. I picked up the oar and, kind of careless like, hit her with it. Kept her quiet for a while. I went on across the river. 'Bout two weeks after that I met her husband. We was in a narrow lane. Couldn't git away nohow. I gets my hand on my gun. It shore looked like there 'ud be some shootin'. Says he to me, as he rid up: 'Was it you that soaked my wife with a oah the other day?' I allowed to him I had. 'She was plum unconscious for 'bout two houahs,' says he. 'I'm mighty sorry,' says I. 'Stranger,' says he to me, 'I wish to God you'd done that about ten yeahs ago! She's been a bettah woman ever since.' That relieved me some."

Whereupon Uncle John lapsed again into silence, only now and again a hollow cough which might have been construed as a chuckle being heard as a sign of life on his part. No one laughed at this story; seeing which the newcomer gazed perplexedly about and himself refrained from outward expression of emotion. He seemed not quite to gather the drift of the local population. McGinnis was the first to evince interest in him. He was thawing out at the stove a mountain goat hide, which he purposed adding to his own bedding roll, and seeing the stranger looking at the goat skin curiously, he tossed it to him.

"'Tis a beauty, is it not?" said McGinnis.

The stranger looked at it with the greatest interest, turning it over in his hands. "This," said he, "I take to be the hide of a white goat, that strange mountain antelope of which I have so often heard. Why, in our whole museum at East Monmouth we had not a single specimen."

McGinnis nodded his red head through a cloud of blue tobacco smoke.

"All white!" said the professor.

"Sure," said McGinnis. "Not a spot of any sort, exceptin' the nose, an' hoofs, an' horns, which is black." McGinnis had seen mountain goats before in the Cœur d'Alenes.

"But, look! See here!" cried the stranger, pointing to the muzzle of the hide, which had been taken off entire. "The nose of this hide is not black, but yellow!"

McGinnis took up the hide and looked at it. "Sure enough," said he, "'tis as you say. The nose is plum yally. Sir," he continued, regarding the other gravely, "I congratulate you. Your fortune as a scientist is made. Niver since God Almighty made the first mountain Billy was ever wan seen before with a yally nose. Man, you've discovered a new speshus. An' we poor ignorant fellies out here, we never would have thought it. That shows how great a thing is science."

"Can you tell me where this specimen was killed?" said our visitor excitedly.

"I can show you the very place where it was shot, ez Uncle Toby said."

"Why, an adult specimen of this animal would indeed make my reputation!"

"That's what I said," rejoined McGinnis. "There's none like it ever been seen in these parts. That yally strip up the nose is somethin' new in mountain Billy skins."

"What price do you put upon this skin?"

"Price?" said McGinnis. "Price on a Billy hide? Take it along, professor, if you want it. It's Uncle John's, an' he don't need it."

The professor turned eagerly to Uncle John with a question in his gaze.

"Good God, yes, take it if you want it!" said that irascible soul, "and shut up! I can't stand this jabberin'."

The professor gasped at this rebuff, as well as at the generosity. Silence fell again for about two days, and the incident seemed closed. McGinnis, however, after a time again became uncomfortable.

"My friend," said he, accosting the stranger, "that you are a learned man is ivvident to us all. But what, an' where, an' why?"

The stranger penetrated the intent. "Well, sir," replied he, with a deprecatory cough and a hurried glance at the chair where Uncle John sat dozing, "I don't know why you suspect it, but the fact is I did once hold the chair of natural science in the college at East Monmouth."

"Did ye fill it?" asked McGinnis.

"Well—that is to say—I did until I came West. You see—I beg pardon—" said the stranger, in a certain confusion.

"What was the name of the gurl that sint ye West?" said McGinnis.

"I don't understand," said the stranger, flushing.

"Ye're a liar," said McGinnis, calmly, yet so softly that no one could take offense.

"Listen," said he a little later. And we all listened, for at times the speech of McGinnis held a certain interest.

"The gurl that threw ye down, Professor, wasn't much bigger than ye are yerself. She was pale blue in the eye, an' pale white in the skin, an' her hair was hay color, an' her eyes was weak like yer own, an' so she wore glasses in the house when there was no need fearing of the snow blindness, like yerself. She was little and slim, all straight up and down, an' lackin' the figur' of the woman which po'tes writes about and painters puts into the clouds and the waves, and things of that kind, d'ye mind. The gurl wud have weighed about one hundred and tin in her bones, not more. She talked admirable. She'd rid a heap of Shakespeare and Byron—no, not Byron—I beg yer pardon, she niver rid Byron at all, for she couldn't understand Byron, and what we can't understand we abhorr. But as fer Danty and Gaitty and Schiller, and the old Dutch an' the early English, and the Ranaysaunce—why, man, you couldn't thrip her noways. She was there all the time. She could tell ye an' Ethruscan vawse from old Greek ivery time. She knew the old Egypshun as well as you and me when we was in coll—I mean as well as you did. She knew a Navajo blanket by its first name, and was so well posted in Injun potthery, that when she saw an *olla* she could tell you what cintury 'twas made in—if the Injun had any fair chance to dhry it out before the same was sold to the thrader as an antique. She cud do all thim things. She was a wonder, wasn't she? Forehead a thrifle high, face not unpleasant to luk at, though ye wuddn't dhream of it—I mean I wuddent, beggin' your pardon. She wasn't so much to talk, either, bein' well bred. She nivver conthradicted ye; she was too d—d polite fer that. She was prompt with her brid and butther letthers after being invited say to a Christmas dinner out of town, like this one of ours here to Yancey's. She was—oh, well, ye know well enough that what I'm saying to ye is thrue, ivery word of it," for he turned to look at the Professor, whose face was working with a multitude of emotions—surprise, pain, resentment, bashfulness—and over it all,

wonder at McGinnis and his uncanny talk; for assuredly McGinnis had never seen this man before nor known aught of his earlier surroundings.

"How did you know?" at last broke out the Professor. "Man—why, you have no right, you know. I protest—I won't have it, you know!"

"There, there, now, be aisey, be aisey, son. Don't mind, now. I nivver saw your sweetheart in all me life, an' I'll not rob ye of her. As to my knowin'? And why should not McGinnis, Scientist, know such things as that?"

A moody fit of reminiscence caught McGinnis and he sat silent for a time. "How do I know it?" resumed he fiercely. "Did ye say ye held a chair of nacherl science? Maybe ye did, back there, but not here in the college of Yancey's-under-the-Hill. Ye hold the chair of nacheral d—d fool here. As to the rale perfesser—luk at him. McGinnis—I'm him! I hold the chair of science here. I know the kind of gurl ye'd meet, and nacher'ly, havin' met her, ye'd fall in love with her. Fer nacher don't want mistakes, and she even takes all kinds of chances lest men and wimmen shudn't be sufficiently atthracted to each other. Ye was atthracted, and ye thought by the only livin' faymale on earth fit for ye. She wasn't, but ye thought so. That's Nacher. Listen to McGinnis. The way I know the gurl is from knowin' ye yerself so long. Ye two flocked togither in the haythendom of yer propinkitty."

"But I didn't think—you see, it's so different here—why, there are no women here at all," said the professor, brokenly. What he meant to say was that he wondered how McGinnis acquired any knowledge whatever about the opposite sex.

"I know ye didn't know, son," said McGinnis, gently. "So many of us don't think. 'Tis only a thrue scientist like meself as thinks. There are so many things as isn't known in yore East Monmouth science. Ye didn't know that the goat could have a yally nose. Ye nivver saw it in the books. Ye don't believe that the antelope can shed its horns, because ye nivver saw it in the books. But they do. Ye don't know why snow sticks fast to your snow shoes, when it don't to mine and Uncle John's. Ye don't know how Uncle John or me can pint out the way to the settlements blindfolded and in the dark; but we can. Ye think leather boots is good, and the higher the better; but they ain't. Ye've got a toad sticker on for a knife, and ye think its all right for the West; but it ain't. Pore, sufferin' soul, it looks like we'd have to begin almost all over with ye agin and make a new man. I'm sorry. But we'll make it painless as possible.

"In the first place, of course as I said," began McGinnis later in the day, "a gurl sint ye West. We all of us know about that, God help us, an' I'll not argy that. In me own case 'twas no optical illushun, such as exists in yore's. An' to think ye think ye know about wimmin, ye folks that lives back in the States. To hell with the States! There's no man that lives in a'city ivver knows a woman. Yore so-called gintlemen will tell ye in the cities of the general aisiness of wimmin to be accomplished as a gineral fact. D'ye grasp me now? God knows they're aisy sometimes; but God knows also they're angels all the time, ivery wan of thim, good or bad. Man, if ye want to study woman, and want to understand her—d'ye hear me, to understand her—why, live in the Rockies, if the Rockies'll allow it. Thin, perhaps, sometime ye may grow fit to occepy a rale chair of science, like mesilf."

McGinnis again fell silent before he resumed, waving his pipe toward the window. "Luk at the clouds, man! Luk at the pink light o' dawn in the mountains, an' the white-blue color on the snow. There's the flame o' chastity, an' the flame o' livin' love. Ye can't see thim, can ye, out there on the mountains? No; I reckon ye can't, yit. It takes time. Ye don't understand yit the pure sort of molekkilar atthraction that makes the snow stick to yore shoes whin it don't to ours. Ye can't see an' ye don't know, do ye now, my son?"

Again McGinnis fell silent. Yet I

think that even the Professor felt that what he had said had been meant kindly. Moreover, folk will fall a thinking in the winter in the Rockies.

We did not talk much thereafter for nearly two days. Then there came a change. The day broke in dazzling glory, the peaks around about being lighted up with unspeakable brilliancy. Soft masses of cloudy white hung upon the trees. The blue of the sky was almost appalling in its glory.

McGinnis knocked the ashes from an early pipe as he looked out of the door. "The first class in science will now stand up," said he. "Manny, dear, ye're going home to-day. I've greased yer skis and smoked yer glasses, an' here's a pair of shoes an' some socks fer ye, which Uncle John don't need as much as ye do. Come along!"

He motioned to me. And so we all made ready our bundles and presently struck out into that blinding brilliance. For five miles we toiled up the sharp sides of the Devil's Gorge. The Professor was perspiring and panting, yet he had pluck withal, wherefore McGinnis beamed upon him.

"Almost sometimes I begin to think I cud make a man of ye yit, me son," said he. "If ye only had a couple of ginerations to spare, all spint in the Rockies, I'm most sure I could make part of a man of ye, at least." He cooed, reassuringly.

We pressed onward until the roofs of the army post could be seen from our eminence. Here McGinnis paused.

"It's good-bye here," said he to the Professor, throwing down his pack and beginning to unroll its covering. "But before we part, take this little reminder of McGinnis. 'Tis the yally-nosed goat skin, the only wan known to science. I've neglected to tell ye earlier that the raison this goat has a yally nose is because the hide was hung on a big nail outside the door at Yancey's, an' the wather runnin' down made the nail rusty, an' that discolored the hide below. Take the yally-nosed goat back to yer felly scientists in the States. Or take it back to the goddess of yer heart, my frind," said he, "the gurl who sint ye West, the goddess of yer own particler propinkitty. Tell her this is yer Golden Fleece, the fortune ye gained in the West, where ye went a-Argonautin'. But, man, listen to me! Before ye take her this golden fleece go get some new experyances. Don't get drunk unless ye must. Don't swear unless ye have to, and if ye must, learn to cuss artless if ye cuss at all. Go lick somebody or get licked a thryin'. Live in the Rockies a bit, if they'll let ye. Go back to yer goddess some day. Maybe she'll love ye thin. No one can ivver tell about these things. And if she don't—why, there's as many others—But, no," said McGinnis, dreamily regarding a white scurry of cloud which swept down along the snowy mountain side. "I'll not say that neither. Sometimes I believe that sayin' about the other fish in the sea, and sometimes again I doubt it. 'Twas a gurl sint each wan of us West. Ye have got the pictur of that gurl there in yer waistcoat—don't deny it. There's the pictur of mine, in yander cloud. Whist, ye can't see it. Well, she's different shape from yours, me son and felly-scientist, but just as straight up and down, inside at least. See, the cloud is gone!"

McGinnis rose from his seat upon his snow shoe pole and kicked a much wondering professor in the back with the sharp toe of his ski, something which I think I never saw done before, yet obviously in this case done out of affection. The Professor started down the hill to the Army post. "He can't git lost goin' that far," said McGinnis, "but we'll watch him safe."

"McGinnis," said I to him, when at last we rose and pulled the skis out of the snow, "is it true that you were ever a college man?"

McGinnis was gentleman enough to ignore this violation of the fundamental creed of the West. He swept about a meditative eye, as though missing the little drifting cloud.

"'Tis late," said McGinnis. "We'll hit the trail hard. Don't ye know that whin the fever takes hold of a man, an' all the past comes back to him like a dream again, there's nothin' in the world like the snow shoein' fer a cure?"

Coming in varied hues of ribbon calico.

CINDY'S FUNERAL

By HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

DR. NORRIS may have had initials early in life, but after thirty years' disuse they disappeared from the memory of man. He was the only Norris in his county, and since he rendered no bills and received no mail, initials were of little service to him. "Doctor Norris" was sufficiently descriptive, and if an occasional friend of long standing affectionately designated him as "Doc," even that was enough.

The Doctor's practice was confined to plantation people, white and black. He was old-fashioned, but skilful, combining in his daily work the office of physician, nurse, friend and family adviser. His quaint, active little figure was familiar throughout the diameters of twenty miles square, and his speckled gray mare was recognized as far as the eye could detect a moving object. Place the Doctor's covered buggy and mare against the sky-line of Hancock County, Georgia, fifteen miles away, and there was not a man, woman or child in sight but could instantly identify them. Let him pass a cabin at any hour of the night, and if the road outside were hard enough to echo the measured jog trot of the ancient mare, the occupant knew at once that the Doctor was passing by.

Forever on the move, industrious, silent, he pursued the even tenor of his way, the friend of the human race.

No man had ever heard Doctor Norris express an opinion on the condition of a patient; that is, a verbal opinion. Unconsciously, however, he expressed his opinion in little actions which were characteristic of the individual. Gradually, among his widely scattered constituency, there grew up an accepted code of signals, by which the workings and conclusions of the good man's mind could be read with infallible correctness.

For instance, should the Doctor enter the chamber of a patient, seat himself by the bed, take the pulse, release the wrist, and address a casual remark to some member of the family, there was instantaneous information conveyed that the ailment of the patient was insignificant. Should he hold the wrist, and thoughtfully consider the clinical aspect of the prostrate one, then it was known that cause for interest existed. Usually there were symptoms of fever. Should he, after this, arise and pace the room slowly, stopping occasionally to look out through the window, and returning to regard again the patient, the case was beginning to have a serious aspect. Genuine alarm began in the room if, after gazing at the patient for the second or third time, the good man lost himself in reverie. Something like a panic would seize on the family if, after this prolonged meditation, he went into the hall or veranda, drew his pipe from his coat-tail pocket, stuffed it with tobacco and began to promenade and smoke. But if, instead of drawing his pipe, he should clasp his hands behind him, twirl his thumbs, and as he paced back and forth whistle a tuneless little air that he had invented, the family went into tears forthwith, and prayers for the dying began to ascend. Usually after the final and fatal display the Doctor would leave some simple remedy from his medicine case, shake hands sympathetically with the friends of the doomed and disappear.

Uncle Harry's third wife was chief mourner.

It was in 1870 that the Negroes of middle Georgia began to have what they called "funerals" for the long-since dead. Gradually on the old plantation where Cindy had lived and died, the funerals of all those who had passed away within the recent memory of the living were duly celebrated. The day came when Cindy alone remained unhonored of all those who slept out in the little plantation burial-ground where haw, crab-apple and the briars ran riot and in the spring morns glorified the resting-place of the dead. Then it was announced in the little log church among the pines, that on the "second Sunday," Cindy Thomson's funeral would be preached, and in the preaching of that funeral the dramatic ending of Cindy's brief life was eloquently told.

The dusky congregation assembled early and rapidly on that second Sunday, coming in varied hues of ribbon, calico and gingham along the highway, across the fields and by woodland paths, responsive to the mellow call of the bell an "Old Miss" had contributed in some distant day gone by. Wagons, rickety buggies and dilapidated carryalls, the flotsam and jetsam of a county civilization, deposited their burdens at the door. When the first hymn was raised the woods were full of tied-out stock and within doors there was standing room only. The echoes of the hymn died away and were succeeded by the stentorian tones of Uncle Josiah Sims, whose voice was lifted in prayer. The voice of Uncle Josiah Sims was one of the wonders of nature, and penetrated depths of the forest that no hymn could have reached, and as he traveled on his knees over the space reserved for him by the pulpit, he aroused his listeners to a degree of emotion that expressed itself in the sobs, moans and shouts with which the country darkey is wont to cheer on his leader to higher flights and finer frenzies.

The gentle, eventless life of dusky Cindy was touchingly described by the rudely eloquent speaker. It had ended in the twelfth year, and about seven years had passed since her death. Cindy's mother had also passed away, and Uncle Harry, her father, had succeeded in marrying twice since her passing.

Naturally, there was but little personal interest in Cindy among those present, but in such a congregation and on such an occasion personal interest of the most pronounced kind grows with every shout and gesture of the orator. As Uncle Josiah proceeded the fact that Cindy had been dead seven years or more, or had died at all, passed from the minds of his hearers. When he reached the final scene the air was full of cries and interruptions, and Uncle Josiah was panting out his sentences:—

"Unc' Harry was er workin' in de fiel', Unc' Harry was er workin' in de fiel'," he shouted, "an' hyah comes er runner an' say: 'Go fer de Docter, yo' chile is done took!'

"Unc' Harry say ter de overseer, 'my chile is done took; I mus' go fer de Docter!' But de overseer, dat hard-hearted man, he crack his long black whip an' say, 'hoe dat cott'n, nigger! Hoe dat cott'n!' an' Unc' Harry, wid er heavy heart, he hoe dat cott'n.

"Bimeby hyah come ernuther runner an' say, 'Unc' Harry, go fer de Docter; Cindy's took! Go fer de Docter, yo' chile is took!' An' Unc' Harry say to de overseer, 'I mus' go fer de Docter, my chile is done took!' But de overseer, dat hard-hearted man, he crack es long black whip an' say, 'hoe dat cott'n, nigger? Hoe dat cott'n!' An' Unc' Harry, wid er heavy heart, he hoe dat cott'n!

"Den bimeby hyah come ernuther runner an' say ter de overseer: 'Ole Miss say sen' Unc' Harry fer de Docter; his chile is done took!' An' de overseer, dat hard-hearted man, he crack dat long black whip an' say ter Unc' Harry, 'go fer de Docter, nigger, go fer de Docter! What you loafin' roun' here fer, an' yo' chile down sick!' An' Unc' Harry he go fer de Docter. The Docter warn't home! Oh, de Docter warn't home! But dey prommus ter sen' 'im when he come. Oh, dey prommus ter sen' 'im erlong when he come. An' erbout dark he come an' dey sen' 'im erlong when he come."

"Thank de Lord!" said Uncle Manuel in the audience, "Docter Norris is er comin' now!"

"Dey sen' 'im erlong an' he strike de d-a-r-k road unner de pines as de moon was er risin', de l-o-n-g, d-a-r-k road unner de pines whar de little screech owls curve down and knock at yo' hat?"

Panting out his sentences.

"Hush!" exclaimed Uncle Lige. Several of the sisters added shivering moans.

"He come erlong from dem d-a-r-k woods close by de white folks' buryin' groun', close by de cyarved angel stannin' deir in de moonlight!"

"Hush!" shouted Uncle Lige again; and again a moan swept through the church.

"Stannin' deir in de moonlight wid 'er right han' raise up an' 'er whipperwill roostin' on it an' talkin' to de lonesome place—'

One of the children screamed and the men added their groans to the confusion.

"Talkin' ter de lonesome place! An' he come on down de hill—him an' de ole speckle gray mare—dey come on d-o-w-n de hill thru' de canebrake, which lap over de head of the ole speckle gray mare des like hit lap over de head of de peddler dey foun' down deir wid 'es th'oat cut." A woman in the rear of the church fell off the bench and interrupted the speaker with incipient hysterics. Sympathetic neighbors poured water on her. Josiah's voice rose above the confusion.

"He come on an' he driv' in de back yard up yanner! He driv' in Ole

Miss' back yard an' he go in 'er house, —oh yes he go in dat b-i-g white house an' put 'es han' on Cindy—"

"Look out now!" shouted Uncle Dick from the audience.

Breathless silence followed, broken almost instantly by the preacher's voice lifted even higher.

"Yes, look out now! He put his han' on Cindy an' he ain' tek it off—"

"Lord have mercy on Cindy!" said Uncle Dick fervently.

"Amen!" responded a score of voices.

"An' he ain' tek it off! He look at 'er long time!"

"Save 'er! Save 'er, good Lord," shouted Aunt Phillis.

"Save 'er, Lord!" responded Uncle Peter. "She's er good girl, save 'er!" Peter's appeals were generally rendered in an advisory tone. He spoke as to one sitting next to him.

"He look at 'her er long time an' 'e walk up an' d-o-w-n dat room—"

A groan burst from the whole congregation.

"Up an' d-o-w-n dat room! An' bimeby he stop an' 'e look out dat window in de orchard!—"

Screams arose in the rear of the church and the confusion was increasing. A voice shouted out, "Don't you do it, Unc' Siah, don't you do it!"

"I ain't er doin' it, my sister, I ain't er doin' it! De Lord's er doin' it! An'—'e look out dat window in de orchard. He come erlong back, oh-h-h, my brothers! Oh-h-h, my sisters, he come erlong back. He look at Cindy some more! Oh, he look at Cindy one mo' time! An' he go out deir on dat back po'ch!"

The excitement in the audience was now reaching its climax. Like oil on the troubled waters the calm advisory voice of Peter was poured forth.

"Lord, if yo' is goin' ter stan' by 'er, now is yer time!"

"He go out deir on dat back po'ch an' he put es han's behin' 'im as 'e walk up an' down!"

The cries of the women drowned the speaker's voice; he was forced to restrain the congregation. Standing on his tiptoes he shouted:—

"But he put 'em in es pocket whar 'e keep es pipe an' terbaccer!"

"Thank Gord fer dat!" said Uncle Dick fervently, "thank Gord fer dat! Dere's hope for Cindy yet!"

"Whar 'e keep es pipe an' terbaccer!"

"He look at her er long time."

"Thank Gord fer dat!" The congregation echoed Uncle Dick's sentiments.

"But 'e tek 'em out! Oh, yes, my friends, he tek 'em out, 'cause 'e can't help it. De good man 'e tek 'em out!" A single shrill scream split the air. It came from Uncle Harry's third wife, who by virtue of her position as post-mortem stepmother was chief mourner, and the congregation, chilled to the marrow, waited breathlessly.

"He tek 'em out an' 'e twis' es thums behin' es back!"

"Nothin' c'n save 'er now!" said Peter. He turned in formal sympathy and shook hands with Uncle Harry.

"Gord have mercy on Cindy!" exclaimed Manuel.

"He twis' es thum's behin' es back an' 'e whistle dat same ole tune!"

"She's gone!" said Peter instantly. And confusion reigned. Friends were crowding about Uncle Harry, when someone raised the old plantation hymn, "Swing low, sweet chariot," and to its stirring melody the congregation dispersed for dinner.

Cindy's funeral was ended.

THE WITCH

A Story of Chicago's Prison for Juveniles

By THOMAS W. STEEP

With Illustrations by W. GLACKENS

JIMMIE SZAG stood on his head in a sawdust pile. He was filling the air with malevolent gutterals and kicking his thin legs in reckless semi-circles. Once he tweaked his head to look up and down the workshop, but, unsatisfied with the prospect, he continued howling. Gasky had pushed him into the sawdust pile. It was Jimmie's idea that if he stood on his head long enough the Superintendent would see him and be better convinced of Gasky's villainy. Plethoric with glee, Gasky, with the other boys, lurked on the opposite side of the shop.

It appeared that Gasky had declared that Pannikin, the matron of the dormitory, was a witch, and Jimmie in defending her had received a tumble for his pains. Jimmie had no reason to believe otherwise—in fact he had every reason to believe that Pannikin *was* a witch; yet he regarded it imperative to dispute Gasky. From the juvenile standpoint, Pannikin, the matron, who lived with the seclusion of a bat in a small room in the garret above the dormitory, was a Pandora's box of mysteries. She never was known to have uttered a human word in the hearing of the boy prisoners. In a faded gingham dress and a bonnet she hovered about the institution, an embodiment of reticence and solitude.

Several of the boys who had hazarded to sidle close to her had been frightened away by a peculiar hissing sound, which emanated from her toothless gums. Her sunken lips accentuated her eternal silence; she moved with a sort of feline stealth, and once, when Jimmie had dared to look beneath the hood at the withered, saturnine face, he had been vanquished by a reptilian stare from her eyes and a menacing gesture from her gaunt hand. It was said that, when in the midst of her work of sweeping and making beds, she stopped occasionally and described crosses on her bosom, she was communicating with invisible people. Yet, fearsome as she was, deep in Jimmie's heart rested an inexplicable fondness for Pan-

nikin; to him, her quiet and seclusion suggested peace and repose, and often, particularly in moments of distress and defeat, he longed to go to her. His childish fancy had formed its notion of the solace in a woman. Hunger for maternal affection he always had known — his dead sister Lou had instilled that in him. But his want lacked definition, and Pannikin held aloof, and Jimmie remained at a distance, wistfully loitering outside the mysterious circle that surrounded the woman. His memory recalled vividly when, on an especial occasion, Pannikin being sick, he had been sent to her room, and standing outside, looking in, he saw hanging on her wall the picture of a child. Ever since he had envied the subject of that picture. In his moments of dejection he often had let his fancy run amuck to the extent of picturing himself on intimate terms with Pannikin; half of the joy of this was in the imaginable jealousy of the other boys.

Now, as he stood on his head, he realized that he had for the first time made a demonstration of his inward regard for the matron. He was not quite sure in just what fashion he had done it, except that during Gasky's caviling the words slipped unwarily from his mouth. Then he was compelled to openly defend her. It aggravated his choler to think that while he had incurred the revilement of his mates he still dared not embrace the woman. He felt he could be her everlasting slave if she would but smile on him.

Jimmie's neck was beginning to hurt and the sawdust was getting into his eyes. Convinced at last that the Superintendent had no intention of coming to view his topsy-turvy pose, and that he was only playing the fool and punishing himself besides, he arighted himself and shuffled shamefacedly to his workbench. Instantly there was a chorus of derision.

"Ho-o-o-ho-ho-ho! Jimmie's in love wid a witch! In love wid a witch!"

Jimmie turned toward them. He was seized with a diabolical hankering; his bosom palpitated with incipient anarchy. His fingers reached for a scrap of wood and he threw it; then another and another; anger possessed him.

From the opposite side of the shop came back at Jimmie various fragments of timber. The boys all sided against him now, and their missiles were projected with gatling-gun rapidity. At last from the hand of Gasky a block of oak rose in the air and twirled like a bomb. It struck Jimmie in the forehead; he fell. Regaining his feet, stunned, he raised his hand to the bruise of the blow, and on his fingers was a spat of blood.

"He's duckin'! He's duckin'! He's skulkin'!"

Jimmie had no intention of skulking. He simply had discovered it expedient to consult a hydrant spigot and a water trough.

When the boys had assembled in the dormitory that night Gasky made it plain that he had been reprimanded for injuring Jimmie, and he proposed some form of retaliation. Bedlam reigned as soon as the guards had gone. Sheets were torn from the beds, and clothing, twisted in hard knots, flew helter-skelter. Jimmie fought peskily, but his assailants,

Missiles were projected with gatling-gun rapidity.

winding the sheets about him, hauled him up and down the floor. The attack soon reached the stage where the victim was hurled from quarter to quarter like a charge from a sling-shot. Jimmie heard the sheets rip; he grasped wildly, but could clutch nothing tangible. He was a cat clawing helplessly amid a pack of savage dogs. He was sure he was a martyr. Exhausted finally, the persecutors subsided and Jimmie lay in a heap in the midst of them.

"Say, fellers," said an obscure one, "let's lock Jimmie up wid Pannikin!"

The suggestion came in the nature of an inspiration. Two elfish eyes in every urchin head glistening, turned toward the door behind which were the stairs leading up to Pannikin's room.

"Oh, yes," chorused all, "let's lock Jimmie up wid Pannikin! Let's lock Jimmie up wid Pannikin! Let's lock him up wid t' witch!"

Jimmie retrenched, defiant, with puckered lips. "I dare yehs," he said testily. "Oh, I dare yehs."

That was a fateful challenge for Jimmie Szag. But he had to make it. In an instant he found himself thrown up against the stairs, the door shut and locked behind him. He was surrounded by Cimmerian darkness.

Lurid tales were told of Pannikin. It was bruited that if you awoke just after midnight you could see her at the foot of your bed, walking up and down, waving her arms, singing strange incantations and leaning over you, her eyes shining with a sulphurous glow, like that of a match when you rub it in the palm of your hand in the dark. One of the tales said that if you attempted to rise from your bed you could feel her cold hands about your throat, pressing you back again. If you waited until the blue light of dawn came creeping in through the windows you

could see Pannikin gather her skirts and rush up to the garret, closing the door behind her.

Jimmie rammed at the door; in reply he heard only laughter. With the fatigue of his day's labor and his castigation, he lay back on the steps jaded, until the noise ceasing in the dormitory, he fancied them all asleep. In his endeavor to find a level upon which to stretch himself, he crawled up the steps. Courage comes momentarily, even to the weakest.

Tremblingly Jimmie stood at the top of the stairs and peered into the conjectural garret. The room was transfused with a crepuscular dimness by the moonlight which streamed in through an open window and threw a silver patch on the black floor. The location of Pannikin's room, huddled in one corner, was indicated by the slits of light in the cracks of her door. A flood of sympathy filled his heart as he pictured the old woman in there, laboriously mending bed sheets, while in the dormitory below, a few moments before, the boys had been engaged in so ruthlessly tearing them. But what if Pannikin should jump out at him! What if she should creep up behind him and strangle him! What if he should hear screechings and moanings! Jimmie hurried to the moonlight and the window as he would have hurried to daylight.

A puff of hot wind laden with a tar-roof smell struck his nostrils as he leaned in the window and looked out. This was the only casement in the institution not crossed by bars. Its open view invited a sense of liberation. The sky never before had looked so clear, the moon never so brilliant. It was not unpleasant to look upon the prison buildings lying below, white and still in the moonlight. He was beginning to enjoy himself. He would plan some punishment for Gasky.

Thrown up against the stairs.

Suddenly a little black, wiggling thing fell suspending in the air before his face. At sight of it he recoiled, sitting back on his heels. Then he perceived that it was merely a spider. His own feeling of exile impelled him to leave the spider unharmed; ordinarily he would have put it out of existence. The spider went to the bottom of the window and then climbed up again; it zigzagged across and up and down in-

dustriously, creating a net in which to snag the first fly that ventured out in the morning. Jimmie became interested; the spider impressed him as being an actor in a little comedy, with a possible tragic element in the nature of a fly's death. He slipped back on his stomach, his chin in his hand, his elbow on the floor, intent on the worker weaving its delicate, impalpable web fantastically in the moonlight. Gradually his eyelids drooped; the exertion of the day was demanding its repose; the spider faded vaguely until it seemed to melt in the moon; the boy's hand dropped from beneath his chin, his head fell on his arm, and he slept, murmuring in his dreams, "I dare yehs! Oh, I dare yehs!"

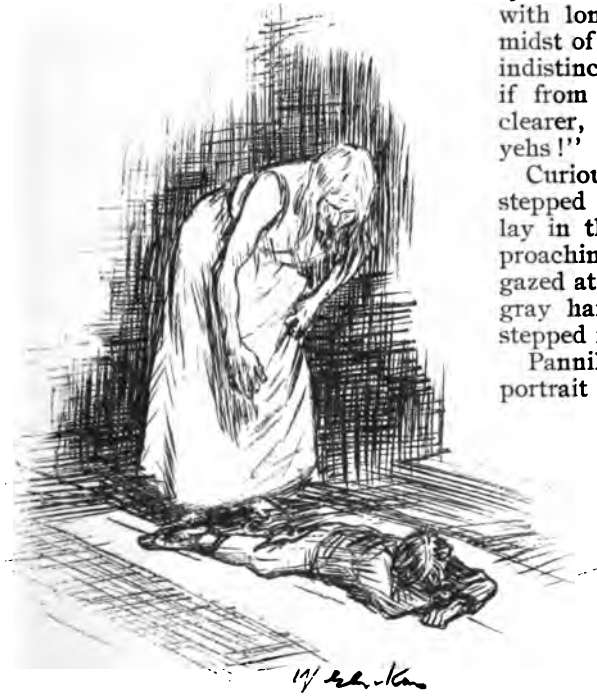
In her room, Pannikin had finished her evening's stint of stitching and was kneeling at her bed. As her withered fingers wandered in a cross on her bosom she raised her head toward a faded portrait of a child on the wall, as if the picture had some tender implication in her prayer. The light of the lamp played across her features, her

Peered into the garret.

eyes sunken with age, her face shrunken with long, repressed sorrow. In the midst of her quiet she heard a voice, an indistinct, smothered voice, coming as if from a distance. It came louder, clearer, "I dare yehs? Oh, I dare yehs!"

Curiously she opened the door and stepped out into the garret. The boy lay in the light by the window. Approaching, she stooped by his side and gazed at him wonderingly, her loosened gray hair turning vivid white as she stepped into the moonlight.

Pannikin never had told that the portrait of the child on her wall was that of a son whose life had failed to keep its promise, whose career in crime had ended in death and left the mother-soul stricken. She clung to that picture as one might cling to the effigy of a dead hope. She had become a recluse because skepticism had so gathered at her heart as to embitter her against promiscuous affection. Her



Gazed at him wonderingly.

motherly instincts long since had been atrophied by disuse. Intimate association with the children of the prison would have aroused remembrance with a sting. It was as though she had bitten her own lips so sorely that she was chary of the pain of a child's kiss. If she looked back—as she often did when her memory burst through its restraint and held her captive in its revival—she saw a young mother happy in the bloom of confident expectation; her early widowhood was the initial instance in the process of elimination through which she lived; the child became a boy, the boy a man, the man a miscreant, the miscreant a poignant tragedy, and disappointment's lingering travail marked her for its own. Then where the sublimated past met the emaciated present she would arise and bestir herself to think of it no more.

The boy on the floor twitched in his sleep. His face, upturned in the moonlight, winced as if troubling dreams moved it. A fresh scar lay across his forehead.

Pannikin had seen too much of the boys not to know of their tricks, their badinage and intrigues. She knew Jimmie was the victim of some childish prank. Again the boy twitched, his lips puckering:—

"I dare yehs! Oh, I dare yehs!"

Quietly Pannikin gathered him in her arms and carried him to her room; gently she loosened his shoes and jerkin and lying him on the couch, covered him. Hesitating as if in temptation, she drew back and looked to the picture on the wall. Then she turned and stooping over the sleeping boy pressed her lips to his cheek; and she thought she saw a suggestion of contentment flit across his pillowed face.

In one of his internal upheavals the boy flung his arm across his body, striking it violently against the wall. At the shock he rose, startled. "O-o-oo-ooo!" he gasped.

"Don't be frightened," said Pannikin now realizing the boy's natural bewilderment. "Don't be frightened, Jimmie."

"Don't be frightened, Jimmie."

"Oh, Miss Pannikin, I didn't do ut! T'ey done ut. T'ey done ut, t'otter fellers done ut. I didn't come here by myself."

"I brought you in," said Pannikin. "The boys put you in the garret and I brought you in here. It's all right—I wanted you."

There was such softness in the woman's voice that the boy's fear left him. "Don't yeh care?"

"No, Jimmie. You can come up here every time the boys bother you—as often as you like. I want you to be around me more. I get so lonesome."

"Oh, Miss Pannikin, wouldn't you care?"

The woman repeated that she wouldn't, and in her own soul she felt she had received more happiness than she had given the boy; only, Jimmie Szag knew better.

THE AMETHYST BOX*

By ANNA KATHERINE GREEN

Mr. Sinclair is betrothed to Gilbertine Murray who, like her cousin, Dorothy Camerden, is niece and heir of the irascible Mrs. Lansing. On the eve of his wedding Sinclair shows a number of the bridal party a curious, tiny amethyst box containing a single drop of deadly poison. That evening the box is taken from the cabinet where it is kept, and Sinclair and his friend, who tells the story and who is engaged to Dorothy Camerden, suspect one of the two girls of being the thief. That night the household is aroused by a woman's scream.

The editors offer a prize of $100 to the first subscriber to Leslie's Monthly who correctly forecasts the development of the story.

IV.

WHAT SINCLAIR HAD TO SHOW ME.

THIS scream seemed to have come from the room where we had just heard voices. With a common impulse, Sinclair and I both started down the hall, only to find ourselves met by a dozen wild interrogations from behind as many quickly opened doors. Was it fire? Had burglars got in? What was the matter? Who had uttered that dreadful shriek? Alas! that was the question which we of all men were most anxious to hear answered. Who? Who? Gilbertine or Dorothy?

Gilbertine's door was reached first. In it stood a short, slight figure, wrapped in a hastily-donned shawl. The white face looked into ours as we stopped, and we recognized little Miss Lane.

"What has happened?" she gasped. "It must have been an awful cry to waken everybody so!"

We never thought of answering her.

"Where is Gilbertine?" demanded Sinclair, thrusting his hand out as if to put her aside.

She drew herself up with sudden dignity.

"In bed," she replied. "It was she who told me that somebody had shrieked. I didn't wake."

Sinclair uttered a sigh of the greatest relief that ever burst from a man's overcharged breast.

"Tell her we will find out what it means," he kindly replied, drawing me rapidly away.

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong were aroused, and I could hear the slow and hesitating tones of the former in the passage behind us.

"Let us hasten," whispered Sinclair. "Our eyes must be the first to see what lies concealed behind the door swinging open below there."

I shivered. The door he had designated was Dorothy's.

* Begun in November.

Sinclair reached it first and pushed it open. Pressing up behind him, I cast a fearful look over his shoulder. Only emptiness confronted us. Dorothy was not in the little ante-chamber. With an impulsive gesture Sinclair pointed to the bed. It had not been lain in. Then to the gas. It was still burning. The communicating room, in which Mrs. Lansing slept, was also lighted, but silent as the one in which we stood. This last struck us as the most incomprehensible fact of all. Mrs. Lansing was not the woman to sleep through a disturbance. Where was she, then? and why did not we hear her strident and aggressive tones rising in angry remonstrance at our intrusion? Had she followed her niece from the room? Should we in another minute encounter her ponderous figure in the group of people we could now hear hurrying our way? I was for retreating and hunting the house over for Dorothy. But Sinclair, with truer instinct, drew me across the threshold of this silent room.

Well was it for us that we entered there together, for I do not know how either of us, weakened as we were by the forebodings and alarms of that night, could have borne alone the sight that awaited us.

On the bed situated at the right of the doorway lay a form—awful, ghastly, and unspeakably repulsive. The head, which lay high but inert upon the pillow, was surrounded with the gray hairs of age, and the eyes, which seemed to stare into ours, were glassy with reflected light and not with inward intelligence. This glassiness told the tale of the room's grim silence. It was death we looked on; not the death we had anticipated and for which we were in a measure prepared, but one fully as awful, and having for its victim not Dorothy Camerden nor even Gilbertine Murray, but the heartless aunt, who had driven them both like slaves, and who now lay facing the reward of her earthly deeds, *alone*.

As a realization of the awful truth came upon me, I stumbled against the bed-post, looking on with almost blind eyes as Sinclair bent over the rapidly whitening face, whose naturally ruddy color no one had ever before seen disturbed. And I was still standing there when Mr. Armstrong and all the others came pouring in. Nor have I any distinct remembrance of what was said or how I came to be in the ante-chamber again. All thought, all consciousness even, seem to have forsaken me, and I did not really waken to my surroundings till some one near me whispered:—

"Apoplexy!"

Then I began to look about me and peer into the faces crowding up on every side for the one which alone could give me back my full self-possession. But though there were many girlish countenances to be seen in the awe-struck groups huddled in every corner, I beheld no Dorothy, and was therefore but little astonished when in another moment I heard the cry go up:—

"Where is Dorothy? Where was she when her aunt died?"

Alas! there was no one there to answer, and the looks of the people about, which had hitherto expressed little save awe and fright, turned to wonder, and more than one person left the room as if to look for her. I did not join them. I felt as if rooted to the place. Nor did Sinclair stir a foot, though his eye, which had been wandering restlessly over the faces about him, now settled in an inquiring way on the doorway. Who was he looking for? Gilbertine or Dorothy? Gilbertine, no doubt, for he visibly brightened as her figure presently appeared clad in a *negligée*, which emphasized her height and gave to her whole appearance a womanly sobriety unusual to it.

She had evidently been told what had occurred, for she asked no questions, only leaned in still horror against the door-post, with her eyes fixed on the room within. Sinclair, advancing, held out his arm. She did not seem to see it. Then he spoke to her. This seemed to rouse her, for she gave him a grateful look, though she did not take his arm.

"There will be no wedding to-morrow," I heard her murmur.

Only a few minutes had passed since they had started to find Dorothy, but it

seemed an age to me. My body remained in the room, but my mind was searching the house through for the girl I loved. Where was she hidden? Would she be found huddled but alive in some far-off chamber? Or was another and more dreadful tragedy awaiting us? I wondered that I could not join the search. I wondered that even Gilbertine's presence could keep Sinclair from doing so? Didn't he know what in all probability this missing girl had with her? Didn't he know what I had suffered, was suffering—Ah, what now? She is coming! I can hear them speaking to her. Gilbertine moves from the door, and a young man and woman enter with Dorothy between them. But what a Dorothy! Years could have made no greater change in her. She looked and she moved like one who is done with life yet fears the few remaining moments left her. Instinctively we fell back before her; instinctively we followed her with our eyes as, reeling a little at the door, she cast a look of inconceivable shrinking first at her own bed, then at the group of older people watching her with serious looks from the room beyond. As she did so I noted that she was still clad in her evening dress of gray, and that there was no more color on cheek or lip than in the neutral tints of her gown.

"Shall I go?" asked Dorothy.

Was the feeling that death, horrible as it was, was no misfortune to her, and that no display of grief on her part could or ought to be expected, the reason for the silence we maintained as she passed with forced step and dread anticipation into the room where that image of dead virulence awaited her? Impossible to tell. I could not read my own thoughts. How, then, the thoughts of others!

But thoughts, if we had any, all fled when after one slow turn of her head towards the bed, this trembling young girl gave a strangled shriek and fell, face down, upon the floor. Evidently she had not been prepared for the look which made her aunt's still face so horrible. How could she have been? Had it not imprinted itself upon my mind as the one revolting vision of my life? How, then, if this young and tender-hearted girl had been insensible to it! As her form struck the floor Mr. Armstrong rushed forward; I had not the right. But it was not by his arms she was lifted. Sinclair was before him, and it was with a singularly determined look I could not understand and which made us all fall back, he raised her and carried her in to her own bed, where he laid her gently down. Then, as

if not content with this simple attention, he hovered over her for a moment arranging the pillows and smoothing her dishevelled hair. When at last he left her, the women rushed forward.

"Not too many of you," was his final adjuration, as giving me a look, he slipped out into the hall.

I followed him immediately. He had gained the moon-lighted corridor near his own door, where he stood awaiting me with something in his hand. As I approached, he drew me to the window and showed me what it was. It was the amethyst box, open and empty, and beside it, shining with a yellow instead of a purple light, the little phial void of the one drop which used to sparkle within it.

"I found the phial in the bed with the old woman," said he. "The box I saw glittering among Dorothy's locks before she fell. That was why I lifted her."

V.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

As he spoke, youth with its brilliant hopes, illusions and beliefs passed from me, never to return in the same measure again. I stared at the glimmering amethyst, I stared at the empty phial and, as a full realization of all his words implied seized my benumbed faculties, I felt the icy chill of some grisly horror moving among the roots of my hair, lifting it on my forehead and filling my whole being with shrinking and dismay.

Sinclair, with a quick movement, replaced the tiny flask in its old receptacle, and then thrusting the whole out of sight, seized my hand and wrung it.

"I am your friend," he whispered. "Remember, under all circumstances and in every exigency, your friend."

"What are you going to do with *those?*" I demanded when I could control my words to speak.

"I do not know."

"What are you going to do with—with Dorothy?"

He drooped his head; I could see his fingers working in the moonlight.

"The physicians will soon be here. I heard the telephone going a few minutes ago. When they have pronounced the old woman dead we will give the —the lady you mention an opportunity to explain herself."

Explain herself, she! Simple expectation. Unconsciously I shook my head.

"It is the least we can do," he gently persisted. "Come, we must not be seen with our heads together—not yet. I am sorry that we two were found more or less dressed at the time of the alarm. It may cause comment."

"She was dressed, too," I murmured, as much to myself as to him.

"Unfortunately, yes," was the muttered reply, with which he drew off and hastened into the hall, where the now thoroughly aroused household stood in a great group about the excited hostess.

Mrs. Armstrong was not the woman for an emergency. With streaming hair and tightly clutched *kimona*, she was gesticulating wildly and bemoaning the break in the festivities which this event must necessarily cause. As Sinclair approached, she turned her tirade on him, and as all stood still to listen and add such words of sympathy or disappointment as suggested themselves in the excitement of the moment, I had an opportunity to note that neither of the two girls most interested were within sight. This troubled me. Drawing up on the outside of the circle, I asked Beaton, who was nearest to me, if he knew how Miss Camerden was.

"Better, I hear. Poor girl, it was a great shock to her."

I ventured nothing more. The conventionality of his tone was not to be mistaken. That conversation on the veranda was to be ignored. I did not know whether to feel relief at this or an added distress. I was in a whirl of emotion which robbed me of all discrimination. As I realized my own condition, I concluded that my wisest move would be to withdraw myself for a time from every eye. Accordingly, and at the risk of offending more than one pretty girl who still had something to say concerning this terrible mischance, I slid away to my room, happy to escape the murmurs and snatches of talk rising on every side. One bitter

speech, uttered by I do not know whom, rung in my ears and made all thinking unendurable. It was this:—

"Poor woman! she was angry once too often. I heard her scolding Dorothy again after she went to her room. That is why Dorothy is so overcome. She says it was the violence of her aunt's rage which killed her,—a rage of which she unfortunately was the cause."

So there were words again between these two after the door closed upon them for the night! Was this what we heard just before that scream went up? It would seem so. Thereupon, quite against my will, I found myself thinking of Dorothy's changed position before the world. Only yesterday a dependent slave; to-day, the owner of millions. Gilbertine would have her share, a large one, but there was enough to make them both wealthy. Intolerable thought! Would that no money had been involved! I hated to think of those diamonds and—

O, anything was better than this! Dashing from my room I joined one of the groups into which the single large circle had now broken up. The house had been lighted from end to end, and some effort had been made at a more respectable appearance by such persons as I now saw; some even were fully dressed. All were talking about the one great topic. Listening and not listening, I waited for the front-door bell to ring. It sounded while one woman was saying to another:—

"The Sinclairs will now be able to take their honeymoon on their own yacht."

I made my way to where I could watch Sinclair while the physicians were in the room. I thought his face looked very noble. The narrowness of his own escape, the sympathy for me which the event, so much worse than either of us anticipated, had awakened in his generous breast, had called out all that was best in his naturally reserved and not-always-to-be-understood nature. A tower of strength he was to me that hour. I knew that mercy and mercy only would influence his conduct. He would be guilty of no rash or inconsiderate act. He would give this young girl a chance.

Therefore when the physicians had pronounced the case one of apoplexy (a conclusion most natural under the circumstances), and the excitement which had held together the various groups of uneasy guests had begun to subside, it was with perfect confidence I saw him approach and address Gilbertine. She was standing fully dressed at the stair-head where she had stopped to hold some conversation with the retiring physicians, and the look she gave in return and the way she moved off in obedience to his command or suggestion, assured me that he was laying plans for an interview with Dorothy, I was therefore quite ready to obey him when he finally stepped up to me and said:—

"Go below, and if you find the library empty, as I have no doubt you will, light one gas-jet and see that the door to the conservatory is unlocked. I want a place in which to make Gilbertine comfortable while I have some words with her cousin."

"But," I protested, "how will you be able to influence Miss Camerden to come down?" Somehow, the familiar name of Dorothy would not pass my lips. "Do you think she will recognize your right to summon her to an interview?"

"Yes."

I had never seen his lip take that firm line before, yet I had alawys known him to be a man of great resolution.

"But how can you reach her? She is shut up in her own room, under the care, I am told, of Mrs. Armstrong's maid."

"I know, but she will escape that dreadful place as soon as her feet will carry her. I shall wait in the hall till she is seen to enter it, then I will say 'come!' and she will come, attended by Gilbertine."

"And I? Do you mean me to be present at an interview so painful, nay, so serious and so threatening? It would cut short every word you hope to hear. I—cannot—"

"I have not asked you to. It is imperative that I should see Miss Camerden alone." (He could not call her Dorothy, either.) "I shall ask Gilbert-

ine to accompany us, so that appearances may be preserved. I want you to be able to say to anyone who approaches the door, I saw Sinclair go in there with Miss Murray."

"Then I am to stay in the hall?"

"If you will be so kind."

The clock here struck three.

"It is very late," I exclaimed. "Why not wait till morning?"

"And have the whole house about our ears? No. Besides, some things will not sleep an hour, a moment. I must hear what this young girl has to say in response to my questions. Remember, I am the owner of the flask which held the drop that killed the old woman!"

"You believe she died from swallowing that drop?"

"Absolutely."

I said no more, but hastened downstairs to do his bidding.

I found the lower hall partially lighted, but none of the rooms.

Entering the library, I lit the gas as Sinclair had requested. Then I tried the conservatory door. It was unlocked. Casting a sharp glance around, I made sure that the lounges were all unoccupied and that I could safely leave Sinclair to hold his contemplated interview without fear of interruption. Then, dreading a premature arrival on his part, I slid quickly out and moved down the hall to where the light of the one burning jet failed to penetrate. "I will watch from here," thought I, and entered upon the quick pacing of the floor which my impatience and the overwrought condition of my nerves demanded.

But before I had turned on my steps more than half a dozen times, the single but brilliant ray coming from some half open door in the rear, caught my eye and I had the curiosity to step back and see if any one was sharing in my watch. In doing so I came upon the little spiral staircase which, earlier in the evening, Sinclair had heard creak under some unknown footstep. Had this footstep been Dorothy's, and if so, what had brought her into this remote portion of the house? fear? anguish? remorse? a flying from herself or from *it!* I wished I knew just where she had been found by the two young persons who had brought her back into her aunt's room. No one had volunteered the information, and I had not seen the moment when I felt like demanding it.

Proceeding further, I stood amazed at my own forgetfulness. The light which had attracted my attention came from the room where the presents were displayed. This I should have recognized at once, having had a hand in their arrangement. But all my faculties were dulled that night, save such as responded to dread and horror. Before going back I paused to look at the detective who had been left on guard there. He was sitting very quietly at his post, and if he saw me he did not look up. Strange that I had forgotten this man when keeping my own vigil above. I doubted if Sinclair had remembered him either. Yet he must have been unconsciously sharing our watch from start to finish. Must even have heard the cry as only a waking man could hear it. Should I address him and ask? No. Perhaps I had too strong a fear of his answer.

Shortly after my return into the main hall I heard steps on the grand staircase. Looking up, I saw the two girls descending, followed by Sinclair. He had been successful, then, in inducing Dorothy to come down. What would be the result? Could I stand the suspense of the impending interview?

As they stepped within the rays of the solitary gas-jet already mentioned, I cast one quick look into Gilbertine's face, then a long one into Dorothy's. I could read neither. If it was horror and horror only which rendered both so pale and fixed of feature, then was their emotion similar in character and intensity. But if in either breast the one dominant sentiment was fear—horrible, blood-curdling fear—then was that fear confined to Dorothy, for while Gilbertine advanced bravely, Dorothy's steps lagged, and at the point where she should have turned into the library, she whirled sharply about and made as if she would fly back upstairs.

But one stare from Gilbertine, one

"Mr. Sinclair, be advised; do not be married to-morrow!"

See page 160.

word from Sinclair, recalled her to herself and she passed in and the door closed upon the three. I was left to watch out for intruders, and eat out my heart in intolerable suspense.

VI.

DOROTHY SPEAKS.

I shall not subject you to the ordeal from which I suffered. You shall follow them into the room. According to Sinclair's description, the interview proceeded thus:—

As soon as the door had closed upon them, and before either of the girls had a chance to speak, he remarked to Gilbertine:—

"I have brought you here because I wish to express to you in the presence of your cousin, my sympathy for the bereavement which in an instant has robbed you both of a lifelong guardian. I also wish to say in the light of this sad event, that I am ready, if propriety so exacts, to postpone the ceremony which I hoped would unite our lives to-day. Your wish shall be my wish, Gilbertine; though I would suggest that possibly you never more needed the sympathy and protection which a husband could afford you than you do to-day. If you agree with me in this, we will let the bishop say the words which will unite us in sorrow as certainly as it will in joy."

He told me afterwards that he was so taken up with the flush which this called out on Gilbertine's cheek that he forgot to look at Dorothy, though the hint he thus gave of impending trouble was meant as much for her as for his affianced bride. In another moment he regretted this, especially when he saw that Dorothy had changed her attitude and was now looking away from them both.

"What do you say, Gilbertine?" he asked, as she sat flushing and paling before him.

"Nothing. I have not thought—it is a question for others to decide—others who know what is right better than I. I appreciate your consideration," she suddenly burst out—"and would be glad to tell you at this moment what to expect; but—give me a little time and let me see you later—in the morning, after we are all somewhat rested and when I can see you quite alone."

Dorothy rose.

"Shall I go?" she asked.

He put out his hand and touched her on the shoulder. Quietly she sank back into her seat.

"I want to say a half-dozen words to you, Miss Camerden. Gilbertine will pardon us; it is about matters which must be settled to-night. There are decisions to arrive at and arrangements to be made. Mrs. Armstrong has instructed me to question you in regard to these, as the one best acquainted with Mrs. Lansing's affairs and general tastes. We will not trouble Gilbertine. She has her own decisions to reach. Dear, will you let me make you comfortable in the conservatory while I talk for five minutes with Dorothy?"

He said she looked at him with such blank and totally uncomprehending eyes that he just lifted her and carried her in among the palms.

"I must speak to Dorothy," he pleaded, placing her in the chair where he had often seen her sit of her own accord. "Be a good girl; I will not keep you here long."

"But why cannot I go to my room? I do not understand—I am frightened—what have you to say to Dorothy you cannot say to me?"

She seemed so excited that for a minute, just a minute, he faltered in his purpose. Then he took her gravely by the hand.

"I have told you," said he. Then he kissed her softly on the forehead. "Be quiet, dear, and rest. See here are roses."

He plucked and flung them by dozens in her lap. Then he crossed back to the library and shut the conservatory door behind him. I am not surprised that Gilbertine wondered at her peremptory bridegroom.

When Sinclair re-entered the library, he found Dorothy standing with her hand on the knob of the door leading into the hall. Her head was bent and

thoughtful; and she seemed debating whether to stand her ground or fly. Sinclair gave her no further opportunity for hesitation. Advancing rapidly, he laid his hand quietly on hers, and with a gravity which must have impressed her, quietly remarked:

"I must ask you to stay and hear what I have to say. I wished to spare Gilbertine; would that I could spare you. But circumstances forbid. You know and I know that your aunt did not die of apoplexy."

She gave a violent start and her lips parted. If the hand under his clasp had been cold, it was now icy. He let his own slip from the contact.

"You know!" she echoed, trembling and pallid, her released hand flying instinctively to her hair.

"Yes; you need not feel about for the little box. I took it from its hiding-place when I laid you fainting on the bed. Here it is."

He drew it from his pocket and showed it to her. She hardly glanced at it; her eyes were fixed in terror on his face and her lips seemed to be trying in vain to formulate some inquiry.

He tried to be merciful.

"I missed it many hours ago, from the shelf yonder where you all saw me place it. Had I known you to have taken it, I would have repeated to you how deadly were the contents, and how dangerous it was to handle the phial or to let others handle it, much less to put it to the lips."

She started and instinctively her form rose to its full height.

"Have you looked in that little box since you took it from my hair?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then you know it to be empty."

For answer he pressed the spring, and the little lid flew open.

"It is not empty now, you see." Then more slowly and with infinite meaning, "but the little flask is."

She brought her hands together and faced him with a noble dignity which at once put the interview on a different footing.

"Where was this phial found?" she demanded.

He found it difficult to answer. They seemed to have exchanged positions. When he did speak it was in a low tone and with less confidence than he had shown before.

"In the bed with the old lady. I saw it there myself. Mr. Worthington was with me. Nobody else knows anything about it. I wished to give you an opportunity to explain. I begin to think you can—but how, God only knows. The box was hidden in your hair from early evening. I saw your hand continually fluttering towards it all the time we were dancing in the parlor."

She did not lose an iota of her dignity or pride.

"You are right," she said. "I put it there as soon as I took it from the cabinet. I could think of no safer hiding-place. Yes, I took it," she acknowledged as she saw the flush rise to his cheek. "I took it; but with no worse motive than the dishonest one of having for my own an object which bewitched me; I was hardly myself when I snatched it from the shelf and thrust it into my hair."

He stared at her in amazement, her confession and her attitude so completely contradicted each other.

"But I had nothing to do with the phial," she went on. And with this declaration her whole manner, even her voice changed, as if with the utterance of these few words she had satisfied some inner demand of self-respect and could now enter into the sufferings of those about her. "This I think it right to make plain to you. I supposed it to be in the box when I took it, but when I got to my room and had an opportunity to examine the deadly trinket, I found it empty, just as you found it when you took it from my hair. Someone had taken the phial out before I touched it."

Sinclair, like a man who feels himself suddenly seized by the throat, yet who struggles for the life slowly but inexorably leaving him, cast one heart-rending look towards the conservatory, then heavily demanded:—

"Why were you out of your room? Why did they have to look for you?

And who was the person who uttered that scream?"

She confronted him sadly, but with an earnestness he could not but respect.

"I was not in the room because I was troubled by my discovery. I think I had some idea of returning the box to the shelf from which I had taken it. At all events, I found myself on the little staircase in the rear when that cry rang through the house. I do not know who uttered it; I only know that it did not spring from my lips."

In a rush of renewed hope he seized her by the hand.

"It was your aunt!" he whispered. "It was she who took the phial out of the box; who put it to her own lips; who shrieked when she felt her vitals gripped. Had you stayed you would have known this. Can't you say so? Don't you think so? Why do you look at me with those incredulous eyes?"

"Because you must not believe a lie. Because you are too good a man to be sacrificed. It was a younger throat than my aunt's which gave utterance to that shriek. Mr. Sinclair, be advised; *do not be married to-morrow!*"

Meanwhile I was pacing the hall without in a delirium of suspense. I tried hard to keep within the bounds of silence. I had turned for the fiftieth time to face that library door, when suddenly I heard a hoarse cry break from within and saw the door fly open and Dorothy come hurrying out. She shrunk when she saw me, but seemed grateful that I did not attempt to stop her, and soon was up the stairs and out of sight. I rushed at once into the library.

I found Sinclair sitting before a table with his head buried in his hands. In an instant I knew that our positions were again reversed and, without stopping to give heed to my own sensations, I approached him as near as I dare and laid my hand on his shoulder.

He shuddered but did not look up, and it was minutes before he spoke. Then it all came in a rush.

"Fool! fool that I was! And I saw that she was consumed by fright the moment it became plain that I was intent upon having some conversation with Dorothy. Her fingers where they gripped my arm must have left marks behind them. But I saw only womanly nervousness where a less blind one would have detected guilt. Walter, I wish that the mere scent of this empty flask would kill a man. Then I would not have to reënter that conservatory door —or look again in her face, or—"

He had taken out the cursed jewel and was fingering it in a nervous way which went to my heart of hearts. Gently removing it from his hand, I asked with all the calmness possible:

"What is all this mystery? Why do you now associate Gilbertine with what a half-hour ago we blamed Dorothy for and Dorothy only?"

"Dorothy had the empty box, but the phial! the phial!—that had been taken by a previous hand. Do you remember the white silk train which Mr. Armstrong saw slipping from this room? I cannot talk, Walter; my duty leads me *there*."

He pointed towards the conservatory. I drew back and asked if I should take up my watch again outside the door.

He shook his head.

"It makes no difference; nothing makes any difference. But if you want to please me, stay here."

I at once sunk into a chair. He made a great effort and advanced to the conservatory door. I studiously looked another way; my heart was breaking with sympathy for him.

But in another instant I was on my feet. I could hear him rushing about among the palms. Presently I heard his voice shout out the wild cry:—

"She is gone! I forgot there was another door communicating with the hall."

I crossed the floor and entered where he stood looking down at an empty seat and a trail of scattered roses. Never shall I forget his face. The dimness of the spot could not hide his deep, unspeakable emotions.

I did not advocate Sinclair's pressing the matter further that night. I saw that he was exhausted and that any further movement would tax him beyond his strength. We therefore separated immediately after leaving the li-

"Girl?" I repeated.

brary, and I found my way to my own room alone. It may seem callous in me, but I fell asleep very soon after, and did not wake till roused by a knock at my door. On opening it I confronted Sinclair, looking haggard and unkempt. As he entered the first clear notes of the meal-call could be heard rising up from the lower hall.

"I have not slept," he said. "I have been walking the hall all night, listening by spells at her door, and at other times giving what counsel I could to the Armstrongs. God forgive me, but I have said nothing to anyone of what has made this affair an awful tragedy to me! Do you think I did wrong? I waited to give Dorothy a chance. Why should I not show the same consideration to Gilbertine?"

"You should." But our eyes did not meet, and neither voice expressed the least hope.

"I shall not go to breakfast," he now declared. "I have written this line to Gilbertine. Will you see that she gets it?"

For reply I held out my hand. He placed the note in it, and I was touched to see that it was unsealed.

"Be sure, when you give it to her, that she will have some opportunity of reading it alone. I shall request the use of one of the little reception-rooms this morning. Let her come there if she is so impelled. She will find a friend as well as a judge."

I endeavored to express sympathy, urge patience and suggest hope. But he had no ear for words, though he tried to listen, poor fellow, so I soon stopped and he presently left the room. I immediately made myself as presentable as a night of unprecedented emotions would allow, and went below to do him such service as opportunity offered and the exigences of the case permitted.

I found the lower hall alive with eager guests and a few outsiders. News of the sad event was slowly making its way through the avenue, and some of the Armstrongs' nearest neighbors had left their breakfast tables to express their interest and to hear the particulars. Among these stood the lady of the house; but Mr. Armstrong was no where within sight. For him the breakfast waited. Not wishing to be caught in any little swirl of conventional comment, I remained near the staircase waiting for someone to descend who could give me news concerning Miss Murray. For I had small expectation of her braving the eyes of these strangers, and doubted if even Dorothy would be seen at the breakfast table. But little Miss Lane, if small, was gifted with a great appetite. She would be sure to appear prior to the last summons, and as we were good friends, she would listen to my questions and give me the answer I needed for the carrying out of Sinclair's wishes. But before her light foot-fall was heard descending I was lured from my plans by an unexpected series of events. Three gentlemen came down one after the other, followed by Mr. Armstrong, looking even more grave and ponderous than usual. Two of them were the physicians who had been called in the night and whom I had myself seen depart somewhere near three o'clock. The third I did not know, but he looked like a doctor also. Why were they here again so early? Had anything new transpired?

It was a question which seemed to strike others as well as myself. As Mr. Armstrong ushered them down the hall and out of the front door, many were the curious glances which followed them, and it was with difficulty that the courteous host on his return escaped the questions and detaining hands of some of his more inquisitive guests. A pleasant word, an amiable smile he had for all, but I was quite certain when I saw him disappear into the little room he retained for his own use that he had told them nothing which could in any way relieve their curiosity.

This filled me with a vague alarm. Something must have occurred; something which Sinclair ought to know. I felt a great anxiety and was closely watching the door behind which Mr. Armstrong had vanished when it suddenly opened and I perceived that he had been writing a telegram. As he gave it into the hand of one of the ser-

vants he made a gesture to the man standing with extended hand by the meal-call, and the summons rang out for breakfast. Instantly the hum of voices ceased, and young and old turned towards the dining-room, but the host did not enter with them. Before the younger and more active of his guests could reach his side he had slid into the room which I have before described as set apart for the display of Gilbertine's wedding presents. Instantly I lost all inclination for breakfast and lingered about in the hall till everyone had passed me, even little Miss Lane, who had come down unperceived while I was watching Mr. Armstrong's door. Not very well pleased with myself for having missed the one opportunity which might have been of service to me, I was asking myself whether I should follow and make the best attempt I could at sociability, if not at eating, when I saw Mr. Armstrong approaching with the air of looking for someone. Coming upon me at the foot of the stairs, he paused and asked me if I had seen Mr. Sinclair come down.

I assured him that I had not, and that I did not think Mr. Sinclair meant to come to breakfast, adding that he had been very much affected by the affairs of the night, and had told me that he was going to shut himself up in his room and rest.

"I am sorry, but there is a question I must ask him immediately. It is about a little Italian trinket which I am told he displayed to the ladies yesterday afternoon."

VII.

CONSTRAINT.

I was glad it was to me and not to Sinclair this question was addressed. I could at least preserve some semblance of composure in face of this proof that our dreadful secret was not confined to ourselves as we had supposed, but shared or at least suspected by our host.

With a calmness which was anything but real I carelessly replied: "Yes, Sinclair mentioned the matter to me. Indeed, if you have any questions to ask concerning it I think I can answer them as readily as he."

Mr. Armstrong glanced up the stairs, hesitated, then drew me into his private room.

"I find myself in a very uncomfortable position," said he. "A strange and quite unaccountable change has shown itself in the appearance of Mrs. Lansing's body during the last few hours; one which baffles the physicians and raises in their minds the worst of conjectures. What I want to know from Mr. Sinclair is whether he still has in his possession the box which is said to hold a phial of deadly poison, or whether it has passed into any other hand since he showed it to certain ladies in the library."

We were standing directly in the light of an eastern window. Deception was impossible, even if I had felt like employing it. In Sinclair's interests, if not in my own, I resolved to be as true to our host as our positions demanded; yet, at the same time, to save Gilbertine as much as possible from premature if not final suspicion.

I therefore replied, "That is a question I can answer as well as Sinclair." (Happy was I to save him this cross-examination.) "While he was showing this toy, Mrs. Armstrong came into the room and proposed a stroll, which drew all of the ladies from the room and called for his attendance as well. With no thought of the danger involved, he placed the trinket on a high shelf in the cabinet, and went out with the rest. When he came back for it, it was gone."

The usually ruddy aspect of my host's face deepened, and he sat down in the great arm-chair which did duty before his writing-table.

"This is dreadful," was his comment, "entailing I do not know what unhappy consequence upon this household and the unhappy girl—"

"Girl?" I repeated.

He turned upon me with great gravity. "Mr. Worthington, I am sorry to have to admit it, but something strange, something not easily to be understood, happened last night; something which I have just heard, and which, if I had known it before the doctors left, might have affected their

opinion and given some point to their doubts. You know there is a detective in the house. The presents are valuable and I thought best to have a man here to look after them."

I nodded; I had no breath for speech.

"That man tells me," continued Mr. Armstrong, "that sometime in the night, just a few minutes previous to the time the whole household was aroused, he heard a step in the hall above, then the sound of a light foot descending the little staircase in the servants' hall. Being anxious to find out just what this person wanted at an hour so late, he lowered the gas, pushed to his door and listened. The steps went by his door. Satisfied that it was a woman's tread he heard, he pulled open the door again and looked out. A young girl was standing not very far from him in a thin streak of moonlight. She was gazing intently at something in her hand, and that something had a purple gleam to it. He is ready to swear to this. Next moment, frightened by some noise she heard, she fled back and vanished again in the region of the little staircase. It was soon, very soon after this that the shriek came. Now, Mr. Worthington, what am I to do with this knowledge? I have advised this man to hold his peace till I can make inquiries, but what am I to do? I cannot think that Miss Camerden—"

The ejaculation which escaped me was involuntary. To hear her name for the second time in this association, was more than I could bear.

"Did he say it was Miss Camerden?" I hurriedly inquired as he looked at me in some surprise. "How should he know Miss Camerden?"

"He described her," was the unanswerable reply. "Besides, we know her to have been circulating in the halls at that time. I declare it is the worst thing that has come into my life," this amiable man bemoaned. "Let me send for Sinclair; he is more interested than anyone else in Gilbertine's relatives; or stay, what if I should send for Miss Camerden herself? She should be able to tell how she came by this box."

I subdued my own instincts which were all for clearing Dorothy on the spot and answered as I thought Sinclair would like to have me.

"It is a serious and very perplexing piece of business," said I; "but if you will wait a short time I do not think you will have to trouble Miss Camerden. I am sure that explanations will be given. Give the lady a chance," I stammered. "Imagine what her feelings would be if questioned on so delicate a topic. It would make a breach which nothing could heal. Later, if she does not speak, it will be only right for you to ask her why."

"She did not come down this morniug."

"Naturally not."

"If I could take counsel of my wife! But she is of too nervous a temperament. I am anxious to keep her from knowing this fresh complication as long as possible. Do you think I can look for Miss Camerden to explain herself before the doctors return, or before Mrs. Lansing's physician, for whom I have telegraphed, can arrive from New York?"

"I am sure that three hours will not pass before you hear the truth. Leave me to work out the situation. I promise that if I cannot bring it about to your satisfaction, Sinclair shall be asked to lend his assistance. Only keep the gossips from Miss Camerden's good name. Words can be said in a moment that will not be forgotten in years. I tremble at such a prospect for her."

"No one knows of her being seen with the box," he remarked. "Everyone probably knows by this time that there is some doubt felt as to the cause of Mrs. Lansing's death. You cannot keep a suspicion of this nature secret in a house so full of people as this."

I knew it, but relieved by his manner if not by his words, I took my leave of him for the present and made my way at once to the dining-room. Should I find Miss Lane there? Yes. In another minute I had entered and started for the seat at her side. The fortunes of the day had decreed that the place beside her should be unoccupied.

(To be continued.)

By M. A. BALLARD

THERE was no one in the parish so proud as old Blind Andy. Once when he was ill the valiant Kirsty had offered to sweep his room, but the rebuff she received is a tale told in Moulin. The children, even to the biggest boys, were frightened of him; there was something uncanny in the way he heard every sound, and knew everything that went on both in his own garden and in the road beyond. Once Dave Pearse stole some of his black currants, and the chastisement he received was an example to evil-doers. To impress the lesson, Andy told the children in an awe-inspiring voice that his bees enjoyed stinging little boys, and that the queen herself would sting the one who stole black currants. Nobody in the village had been stung by a queen bee, her majesty, as a matter of fact not possessing a sting, but the children did not know this, and the mystery of the threat only increased their horror.

One child indeed was not frightened of Andy. Elspeth Dishington was an old-fashioned little thing, with bright blue eyes and a crooked back. She had a shy, shrinking manner whenever she was spoken to; but with old Blind Andy she was never shy. It may have been that she knew he could not see her crooked figure, or perhaps she knew that her soft voice pleased him, or because Andy told her that bees never stung blue-eyed girls, but she was always ready to prattle to him as she did to no one else.

Sometimes, when he was ill she would come to him on a Monday, and give him the whole of the Sunday's sermon. She could rattle it off as if she had read it from a book, and with the extraordinary memory of childhood, she seldom made a mistake.

Once, on such a Monday, there was a debate going on at Miss Maingay's. The subject was the Sunday's sermon, and the parliament consisted of the three Misses Maingay, Annie from the manse, and the laundry-maid from the castle, while Elspeth stood listening, her blue eyes wide, and a spot of excitement on either cheek. The text had been. "Thou requirest truth in the inward parts."

"But it's no tellin' a lie if ye're no' deceivin' onybody," said Jessie, the laundry-maid. "In Lunnon folk often says 'they're no at home' when they're in the hoose."

Miss Lisbeth shook her head.

"Ye canna mak' it tellin' the truth for a' that the folks at the castle may be doin'."

"But it's no' only them. A' the leddies does it, and if a body does it and understands, it's naebody 'at's deceived."

This was a little too complicated for the audience, and Miss Janet and Miss Lisbeth shook their heads. Suddenly

Hours later, at about tea-time, the minister happened to be walking homewards. He was wearing very squeaky boots—a thing detested by his wife, and he often intended to get them cured, and just as often forgot—but I think that night he would rather have had the squeak increased had he known the comfort they were to poor, dejected Andy. He knew the step far down the road, and it sounded to him as the rustle of angels' wings. When it came near he was at the door.

"Good evening tae ye, Mr. Urquhart, ye'll come ben, will ye no'?"

The minister was somewhat worn and weary, but he read trouble on Andy's face and that was a call he never refused.

"Certainly, Anderson, it's a chilly evening, and you should keep beside the fire."

Andy pointed towards the ceiling as he entered.

"Whatna like roof is yonder, Mr. Urquhart?" There was no fear of the minister shuffling.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Anderson, it is rather black, and has a good many smuts. Could you not get Elspeth or some one to give it a sweep?"

"Aye, Mr. Urquhart, I ken it's terrible black. And the cobwebs on the roof are just the judgment o' Heaven on the blackness o' the hairt a'neath them."

"We're all sinful," said the minister, "until God's mercy has cleansed us."

"I ken that," said Andy, "but it's few 'at's so sinfu' as me. I've been sinnin' wi' pride these fifty year, and I never saw the blackness o' my ain hairt till the nicht, no more nor I can see the blackness o' yon ceilin'.

"D'ye mind thirty year syne, hoo I could win the long jump and toss the caber? I was sae prood o' my strength ye'd hae thocht I'd airned it mysel'. D'ye mind the accident at the quarry, and when ye came tae tell me I'd niver see God's sunlight? It was an awfu' trial, but I didna lairn the lesson.

"Do ye mind hoo the neighbors cam tae help me when I was onweel? Jeanie Dysart would hae baked my meals and Tibbie Davidson would hae sweepit ilka day, but I wouldna let them come ben. I was mony days ill, but I wouldna lairn the lesson.

"Do ye mind hoo yer ain leddie sent me a pudden frae the manse, and I was that prood I wouldna take it without sending her saxpence?

"Oh, Maister Urquhart, I've been gaen tae the kirk thae five-and-twinty year since my sicht was taken, wi' a heart prouder than a Pharisee. I've no listened though I've been called wi' a' yon teachin'. I've aye turned a deaf ear, and I've been prood o' turnin' it. There was nae maircy for the Pharisee, it was the sinner 'at was justified. An' I've been the Pharisee, thinkin' mysel' better nor other folk. An' I'm thinkin' there canna be maircy for the like o' me."

There never was a more piteous face than the rugged, sightless one turned to the minister. He paused a moment. Then he looked out of the window, to where the dying sunlight shot blood-red banners across the sky. And he seemed to see beyond them to the gates of glory, where there is joy among the angels over one sinner that repenteth.

"'Though your sins be scarlet,'" he quoted, "'they shall be white as snow, and though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool.'"

Then he prayed.

I should have liked to have heard that prayer. Andy once spoke to me about it; I do not think he will forget it on this side of Time—nor perhaps on the other. I can fancy how earnest was the minister's confession of sin; how he would plead with the Good Shepherd for his wandering sheep, how he repeated all the comforting verses that came to his mind, and finally, how he claimed triumphantly the promise he had just quoted.

Next Sunday there was a reflection of it in the sermon. The minister preached on the XLI., the greatest penitential Psalm, and I never heard it more beautifully expounded. As we passed out I caught sight of Andy's face, and it seemed to me that on the rugged, worn and time-seamed features there was a settled peace I had never seen there before.

CHRISTMAS
MELODIES
J.B.G.WAFF

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS DANCE

By FRANK L. STANTON

De fiddler in de corner, des a-pattin' of his feet,
De fiddle-bow a-gwine, en a-makin' music sweet;
En Christmas times, good people, is de times what hard ter beat,
En we'll have a merry Christmas in de mawnin'!

We left de weary furrows whar de cotton blossomed white
En de summer-winds wuz singin', en de sun wuz blazin' bright,
En we reached de Lan' of Promise: Swing yer partners left en right!—
En we'll have a merry Christmas in de mawnin'!

De white folks in de big house hear de happy fiddles soun',
En dey come ter see de dancin', en dey standin' all eroun';
Let de music come a-ringin'!—ain't we kiverin' de groun'!
En oh! de merry Christmas in de mawnin'!

Don't keer erbout de patter of de sleet 'pon top de shed—
We gwine roun' lak shadders whar de fire blazin' red;
En glory halleluia shakes de shingles overhead—
Glory halleluia, 'twell de mawnin'!

Hans' roun' de creakin' cabin 'twell de very roof you lif'!
En you skeer de ha'nts ter kiver whar de weather freeze 'em stiff!
But—keep one halleluia 'twell we holler "Christmas Gif'!"
In de merry, merry Christmas in de mawnin'!

-B-C-K-

DEACON'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

Deacon Johnson gib a dinner
At he cabin Christmas day,
Ax de preacher, all de deacons,—
Nary deacon stay away!

An' hit sholy did look scrumptious
When dey got de table sot,
Chickin', possum meat, an' turkey,
All so brown an' smokin' hot!

Den de preacher ax de blessin',
An' des barly hab got dun—
When de sheriff bus' de do' in,
An' Brer Johnson tuck an' run!

Den de sheriff lick he moustache
An' he says ter ole Sis Lou—
" Well, ah see ah'v missed de Deacon,
But—ah think de dinner'll do!"

-B-C-K-

[illegible] ...ssage.

[illegible] ...knowledged to the [illegible] ...ment, "my [illegible] ...ridget Driscoll was never [illegible] ...t has gone up into the [illegible] ...e's a girl in a thou-

[illegible] ...s go, Jack," the boys said.

[illegible] ...ve to pretend to take it [illegible]

Pretend!" says Jack. "No, I'll [illegible] ...," said he, electrifying the [illegible] ...with the announcement, "I'm [illegible] ...and get Mrs. Dempsey's

Sudden and extraordinary as the announcement was, there was not a man of them who doubted but he meant it; for it was ever his way to do extraordinary things, sudden, and it was ever his way, also, to keep his word or break his neck in the attempt if he proceeded to break it down a star—that was Jack. So it was small wonder he astonished his audience. "And," he said, "I'm going to break the news to the mother now, boys. I want you not to think that this some of my mad ideas, but a sudden, to be wrought out on reason. There was never an [illegible] ...ridget as much as Bridget [illegible] ...I've worked to this myself [illegible] ...every day across the face from [illegible] ...Very strong wife she'll make, [illegible] ...And now you boys had better make [illegible] ...Dempsey now, [illegible] ...Jack Dempsey now, [illegible] ...I swear! She changed [illegible] ...and [illegible] ...you'll see of him in bar [illegible] ...boys."

"Do you mean to say," says one of the boys, "that you haven't talked it over with Bridget herself on the subject yet?"

"Not yet, not yet," says Jack, says he, "that's all right, and will be time enough."

It was just like Jack's assurance, and the boys whistled.

The next morning, as he had to ride over to Donegal on business, he killed two birds with one stone by dropping in to see Father Phil and getting the [illegible] ...ve license, and arranging for the event to take place in the second morning after. Then, in the evening, when he got home and had his dinner, and a look over the farm, to see that all was going well, leaving all orders with old Maurice Higgins, who was his land steward, he rode off to the "Boar Hound." He handed over his horse to the *machine* when he arrived, and walked right straight through the house, out of one room and into the other, looking for Bridget.

It was in the kitchen he found her, where she was standing over Mary Hannigan to see that Mary properly plucked a pair of geese she had killed.

"And Bridget," says he, taking her hand and giving it a warm shake, "I have been looking for you all over the house."

"Which was very foolish," said Bridget, "for I'm never more than one place at a time. And now you see me. I hope you are satisfied."

"Bridget," says he, soothingly, "let us forgive and forget all old scores. I am come to take you to the Mullinahone concert the night."

[illegible] ...But sure enough, that very night [illegible] ...there was to be a great [illegible] ...and a [illegible] ...play in which Bridget [illegible] ...to take [illegible] ...part in Eamon Mor's ban[illegible]...ullin-[illegible]

[illegible] ...It's a kind thought," says [illegible] ...she. "And you'll have [illegible] ...inks, [illegible] ...but not myself—for Dan [illegible] ...has [illegible] ...the bespoke."

"And," says he, "not to [illegible] ...this much. I have come to [illegible] ...your congratulations."

"On what, I would like [illegible] ...w, [illegible] ...am I to congratulate you, [illegible] ...?"

"On going to get married [illegible] ...and I have come to bid [illegible] ...ing."

"...indeed," says Bridget [illegible] ...Hannigan said [illegible] ...looked just the slig[illegible]...bit [illegible] ...ck.

"...n heartily. And [illegible] ...ask, [illegible] ...happy woman [illegible]

"She [illegible] ...n know wh[illegible]...he," and [illegible] ...you three g[illegible]...

But poo[illegible] ...shook

his poor father was not yet cold in the grave when these women were, like so many spiders, busy spinning webs and trying to draw him into them. But Jack, brave boy, it was well he saw through them, and he turned up his nose at every fine daughter was thrown at him.

I will admit that the average run of the girls in this country, the day, isn't half bad; but in them days there was as plentiful a crop of pretty girls in Banagh as you would find between the four seas—and further.

And of these pretty ones, I am keeping well within the truth, boys, when I say that Bridget Durneen, who was both barmaid and manager of the "Boar Hound" for Lanty O'Callaghan, was not the least winsome, by a very long chalk. And, far and above that, she was not one of these girls that shows their whole stock in the window. Bridget's good qualities, to them that knew her, were as good as her good looks, if not better. She had been orphaned from she was fifteen, but she faced the world and fought it, and always, by God's grace, came out on top. With all this, she was as high-hearted as a skylark, was Bridget—had a merry word for all men, and a welcoming look and a laugh for all comers. The boys of the countryside were all dead gone upon Bridget, and there wasn't one of them wouldn't lay down his life for her. She treated them all purty equally well; had a witty word and a ready answer for each, so that none of them could well be jealous of the other, and she kept all of them at her feet in her own playful way.

With this Bridget, as you may guess, Jack Dempsey loved his joke and a half hour's crack. At the "Boar Hound" he always put up when he come into town, which was pretty often. And he gathered in his comrades and spent there many a merry evening. Jack, he paid his attentions to Bridget as he would to any other pretty girl if he met her on Popocatapetl, and, of course, had no more serious intentions, or any more mind of marrying, than he had of driving to the next horse market in the moon. The first thought of settling down had not come to trouble his head yet. And, for her part, Bridget, though she had come to find out the fine qualities he had under his humbuggery, had no more bothered her head about him than about the poorest boy in the parish or given him one smile more.

But, behold ye, there was a Patrick's night come round, and Jack and the boys had got up a dacent bit of a dance. Everyone fetched a girl to it, and Jack he fetched Bridget Durneen. And a rattling fine night it was, with no end of innocent fun and enjoyment. And there was not a light-hearteder nor a gayer, no, maybe—if I said it—a prettier girl there than Bridget. And Jack, he was in fine, merry form himself, and pleased and proud he was to see Bridget look so well.

And tor'st morning, when the dance should be near about breaking up, Jack had taken Bridget into a little screened-off refreshment place, where he was getting her a bottle of lemonade. Bridget joked and laughed heartily with him over the fun of the night, and Jack, as was not an uncommon thing with him, begun to flirting her. And everything he said she bid him back with a witty answer. And, as they were about to get up and leave, Jack he had his arm round her—as quick as I could say it—and kissed her. And before he knew where he was he was stung across the eyes with a slap of her open hand that showed him more stars than ever grew in the sky. She had drawn herself from him, and drawn herself up, looking scorn enough at him to scorch his soul, and the colors chasing each other through her face, like shadows and sunshine over a cornfield on a windy day. Poor Jack, in wonder, dropped into a seat dumbfoundered. And, with another scathing look, she swept past him, and was gone out, alone, before he gathered his wits; and she had got on her cape and her hat, and got her cousin, Dan Moroney of the Hillhead, to leave her home.

When Jack had gathered himself together he hurried after her to the "Boar Hound," and, like the manly fellow he was, showed his sorrow and offered his apologies, which she listened

to like a lady, and thanked him and wished him good-night, politely.

You never, in all your life, saw as dumbfoundered a lad as Jack was for a week and a day after that passage.

"By gum," he acknowledged to the boys when they twitted him, "my opinion of Bridget Durneen was never small, but now it has gone up into the ninety-nines. She is a girl in a thousand, she is."

"That's right, Jack," the boys said, "it's proper for ye to pretend to take it that way."

"Pretend!" says Jack. "No, I'll prove it; for," said he, electrifying the audience with the announcement, "*I'm going to make that girl Mrs. Dempsey!*"

Sudden and extraordinary as the announcement was, there was not a man of them who doubted but he meant it; for it was ever his way to do extraordinary things, sudden, and it was ever his way, also, to keep his word, or bre'k his neck in the attempt, if he proposed to hand ye down a star—that was Jack. So it was small wonder he astonished his audience. "And," he said, "I'm going to bre'k the news to her the morrow evening, boys. I want yous not to think that this is one of my mad fits, done in a sudden, to be wrought out in sorrow. There was never any girl I thought as much of as Bridget, though I never wakened to this myself till I got that slap across the face from her. A stunning fine wife she'll make, boys. And you fellows had better make the most you can of Jack Dempsey now, for he'll soon be a changed man, and it's little you'll see of him in bar parlors."

"Do you mean to say," says one of the boys, "that you haven't talked to Bridget herself on the subject yet?"

"Not yet, not yet," says Jack, says he; "that's all right, and will be time enough."

It was just like Jack's assurance, and the boys whistled.

The next morning, as he had to ride over to Donegal on business, he killed two birds with one stone by dropping in also with Father Phil and getting the marriage license, and arranging for the event to take place on the second morning after. Then, in the evening, when he got home and had his dinner, and a look over the farm, to see that all was going well, leaving all orders with old Maurice Higgins, who was his land stewart, he rode off to the "Boar Hound." He handed over his horse to the *buachaill* when he arrived, and walked right straight through the house, out of one room and into the other, looking for Bridget.

It was in the kitchen he found her, where she was standing over Mary Hannigan to see that Mary properly plucked a pair of geese she had killed.

"And Bridget," says he, taking her hand and giving it a warm shake, "I have been looking for you all over the house."

"Which was very foolish," said Bridget, a wee bit tart, "for I'm never more than one place at a time. And now you see me, I hope you are satisfied?"

"Bridget," says he, soothingly, "let us forgive and forget all old scores. I am come to take you to the Mullinafad concert the night."

For, sure enough, that very night there was to be a great concert and a play, in which Bridget was to take part, in Eamon Mor's barn, of Mullinafad.

"It's a kind thought, indeed," says she. "And you'll have my thanks, but not myself—for Dan Moroney has me bespoke."

"And," says he, not minding this much, "I have come to ask for your congratulations."

"On what, I would like to know, am I to congratulate you, Mr. Dempsey?"

"On going to get married," says he, "and I have come to bid you to the wedding."

"Oh, indeed," says Bridget.

Mary Hannigan said after that Bridget looked just the slightest wee bit taken a-back.

"I thank you heartily. And, may I ask, who is the happy woman?"

"She's one you know well," says he, "and I'll give you three guesses."

But poor Bridget shook her head,

Drawn by Reginald Birch.

Scorn enough to scorch his soul.

a quivering voice spoke from the corner.

"Annie," said Elspeth, her voice shaking with anxiety, "the meenister's leddie will no be sayin' she's no' at home when she's in the hoose?"

"Na, na," said Annie proudly, "no her. If she has a headache she'll say she's no weel, but if she's a' right she'll just see the folk whativer."

Elspeth gasped with relief, in a way that would have heartened the minister's wife to hear.

"Of course," said Miss Lisbeth, ready to back the truthfulness of Moulin against the world, "ye'll no catch the meenister's leddie makin' evasions."

But Elspeth had not finished.

"And surely," she went on, "it's no the truth when ye tell Maister Anderson his room's braw when the ceilin's black wi' smuts?"

Miss Lisbeth did not see fit to answer such a question, but busied herself with ladling the oatmeal. But Elspeth wanted an answer, and determined to worry one out for herself, if nobody gave it to her.

Soon she was speeding to Andy's house, and at once began recounting the sermon. So intent was she on the firstly, secondly, and thirdly, that she did not hear wheels outside nor steps on the gravel till a knock actually sounded at the cottage door. There was nothing Elspeth feared like strangers. What should she do? In a moment she dashed into the tiny scullery and hid under the sink, where she could see but not be seen.

"I have brought you a visitor," said Miss Scott, from Balbeggie Castle, "and we have come to ask if you can sell us any baskets and any honey?"

"Surely, surely," said Andy, dusting imaginary specks from his two chairs.

The laird's daughter sat down.

"Oh, don't trouble to dust, Mr. Anderson," she said, "your cottage is always so spotless I could dine off the floor."

Andy's hard old face beamed. He could not see her look at the cobwebs on the roof, and then turn to her friend and make an ugly little moue. So he bustled off to get the honey. But some one under the scullery sink saw, and it burned into her soul like a hot iron.

"It's a' because he's blind," she murmured to herself. "Is that what they ca' truth, truth in the inward pairts? I maun tell him mysel', I maun tell him mysel'." And she rocked her little body in her mental pain, and nearly knocked her back against the scullery wall.

The purchases were made, and with pretty speeches the ladies departed. Andy mopped his brow and beamed with satisfaction. Elspeth crawled out of the scullery sore in body, but far more sore in heart.

"I'm gey pleased I sweepit sae weel the morn," he said, "is it no braw?"

No answer.

"Elspeth, is it no braw?"

His quick ear caught a sob.

"What are ye greetin for?"

Her little body was shaken with the violence of its grief.

"Oh, Andy," she cried, "I maun tell ye, I canna help it. It's no true . . . they're tellin' ye lies . . . the room's no' braw at a' . . . and they're a' sae frightened o' ye they daurna tell."

Andy sank on a chair.

"Come here, Elspeth," he said, in a strange, unnatural voice, "tell me what's wrang wi' the place, and why it gars ye greet."

Elspeth advanced timidly, amazed at her own courage, but the words, "truth in the inward parts" were chiming in her ears like a bell.

"The floor's fine, and the table, and that's true, but there's awfu' cobwebs on the ceilin'. And spiders. And blacks. Wull ye no' let me fetch a besom and gie it a clear? I'm a littl' un, but I ken I could do it fine."

Andy covered his face with his hands.

"Aye," he said in the same hard voice, "I'm muckle obliged tae ye, Elspeth—ye can fetch the besom in the mornin'—I'll no hae it done the nicht."

Elspeth wondered at the strange stillness of his voice. There was something ominous about it. Twice she looked at him before she left the cottage, but she dared not speak to him again.

Drawn by Reginald Birch. *Scorn enough to scorch his soul.*

Hours later, at about tea-time, the minister happened to be walking homewards. He was wearing very squeaky boots—a thing detested by his wife, and he often intended to get them cured, and just as often forgot—but I think that night he would rather have had the squeak increased had he known the comfort they were to poor, dejected Andy. He knew the step far down the road, and it sounded to him as the rustle of angels' wings. When it came near he was at the door.

"Good evening tae ye, Mr. Urquhart, ye'll come ben, will ye no'?"

The minister was somewhat worn and weary, but he read trouble on Andy's face and that was a call he never refused.

"Certainly, Anderson, it's a chilly evening, and you should keep beside the fire."

Andy pointed towards the ceiling as he entered.

"Whatna like roof is yonder, Mr. Urquhart?" There was no fear of the minister shuffling.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Anderson, it is rather black, and has a good many smuts. Could you not get Elspeth or some one to give it a sweep?"

"Aye, Mr. Urquhart, I ken it's terrible black. And the cobwebs on the roof are just the judgment o' Heaven on the blackness o' the hairt a'neath them."

"We're all sinful," said the minister, "until God's mercy has cleansed us."

"I ken that," said Andy, "but it's few 'at's so sinfu' as me. I've been sinnin' wi' pride these fifty year, and I never saw the blackness o' my ain hairt till the nicht, no more nor I can see the blackness o' yon ceilin'.

"D'ye mind thirty year syne, hoo I could win the long jump and toss the caber? I was sae prood o' my strength ye'd hae thocht I'd airned it mysel'. D'ye mind the accident at the quarry, and when ye came tae tell me I'd niver see God's sunlight? It was an awfu' trial, but I didna lairn the lesson.

"Do ye mind hoo the neighbors cam tae help me when I was onweel? Jeanie Dysart would hae baked my meals and Tibbie Davidson would hae sweepit ilka day, but I wouldna let them come ben. I was mony days ill, but I wouldna lairn the lesson.

"Do ye mind hoo yer ain leddie sent me a pudden frae the manse, and I was that prood I wouldna take it without sending her saxpence?

"Oh, Maister Urquhart, I've been gaen tae the kirk thae five-and-twinty year since my sicht was taken, wi' a heart prouder than a Pharisee. I've no listened though I've been called wi' a' yon teachin'. I've aye turned a deaf ear, and I've been prood o' turnin' it. There was nae maircy for the Pharisee, it was the sinner 'at was justified. An' I've been the Pharisee, thinkin' mysel' better nor other folk. An' I'm thinkin' there canna be maircy for the like o' me."

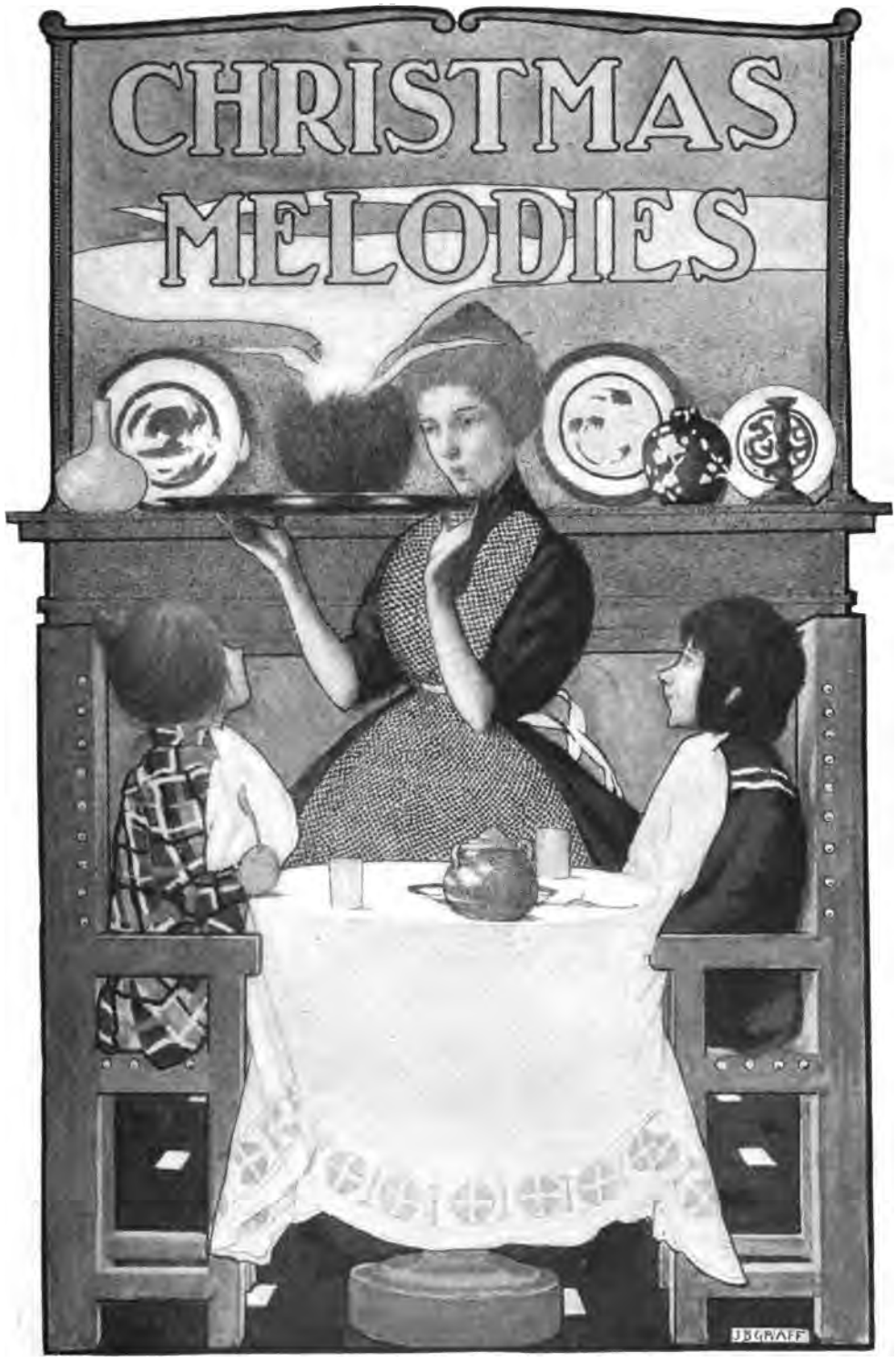
There never was a more piteous face than the rugged, sightless one turned to the minister. He paused a moment. Then he looked out of the window, to where the dying sunlight shot blood-red banners across the sky. And he seemed to see beyond them to the gates of glory, where there is joy among the angels over one sinner that repenteth.

"'Though your sins be scarlet,'" he quoted, "'they shall be white as snow, and though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool.'"

Then he prayed.

I should have liked to have heard that prayer. Andy once spoke to me about it; I do not think he will forget it on this side of Time—nor perhaps on the other. I can fancy how earnest was the minister's confession of sin; how he would plead with the Good Shepherd for his wandering sheep, how he repeated all the comforting verses that came to his mind, and finally, how he claimed triumphantly the promise he had just quoted.

Next Sunday there was a reflection of it in the sermon. The minister preached on the XLI., the greatest penitential Psalm, and I never heard it more beautifully expounded. As we passed out I caught sight of Andy's face, and it seemed to me that on the rugged, worn and time-seamed features there was a settled peace I had never seen there before.


CHRISTMAS
MELODIES
J.B.GRAFF

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS DANCE

By FRANK L. STANTON

De fiddler in de corner, des a-pattin' of his feet,
De fiddle-bow a-gwine, en a-makin' music sweet;
En Christmas times, good people, is de times what hard ter
beat,
En we'll have a merry Christmas in de mawnin'!

We left de weary furrows whar de cotton blossomed white
En de summer-winds wuz singin', en de sun wuz blazin'
bright,
En we reached de Lan' of Promise: Swing yer partners
left en right!—
En we'll have a merry Christmas in de mawnin'!

De white folks in de big house hear de happy fiddles soun',
En dey come ter see de dancin', en dey standin' all eroun';
Let de music come a-ringin'!—ain't we kiverin' de groun'!
En oh! de merry Christmas in de mawnin'!

Don't keer erbout de patter of de sleet 'pon top de shed—
We gwine roun' lak shadders whar de fire blazin' red;
En glory halleluia shakes de shingles overhead—
Glory halleluia, 'twell de mawnin'!

Hans' roun' de creakin' cabin 'twell de very roof you lif'!
En you skeer de ha'nts ter kiver whar de weather freeze
'em stiff!
But—keep one halleluia 'twell we holler "Christmas Gif'!"
In de merry, merry Christmas in de mawnin'!

DEACON'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

Deacon Johnson gib a dinner
At he cabin Christmas day,
Ax de preacher, all de deacons,—
Nary deacon stay away!

An' hit sholy did look scrumptious
When dey got de table sot,
Chickin', possum meat, an' turkey,
All so brown an' smokin' hot!

Den de preacher ax de blessin',
An' des barly hab got dun—
When de sheriff bus' de do' in,
An' Brer Johnson tuck an' run!

Den de sheriff lick he moustache
An' he says ter ole Sis Lou—
" Well, ah see ah'v missed de Deacon,
But—ah think de dinner'll do!"

am looking for a wife, and I wish to know will you marry me? See how early I have come out looking for you."

"Oh, Mr. Dempsey," says she, "I always heard tell of you as a great joker, but it isn't worth your while to be joking the turf-cutter's daughter at this hour of the morning. I am hurrying after my company. That boy and girl I was with," says she, "wanted to have a wee chat of their own, and I dropped behind them."

Says he, "Yet in case I was not joking, would you marry me?"

She hesitated a minute. But next minute she answers him, "Would a duck swim if you threw it into water?'

Without saying anything more, he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out some small little thing rolled up.

"And," says he, "here's a ring. If I put it on ye will ye promise to meet me at Father Hugh M'Neilly's the morrow morning at half-past eight o'clock?"

"Oh, now, Mr. Dempsey!" says she.

"Will ye promise me," says he, "or will ye not?"

Her eyes were starting. But, "with a heart and a half," says she, "I'll promise ye that."

"Hold up your finger," says Jack, says he, "till I put the ring on it."

Then he drew out his pocket-book, and he drew some notes from it, and says he, "Here's a couple of five-pound notes. I want you to get some dacent duds for yourself with them the day. Will you mind the place and the time?" says he.

Says she, "What do you take me for? I wish you were as sure of Heaven as of me being there in time."

"Then good-bye," says he. And he was off.

"I suppose," says Jack to himself, "she expected I would kiss her? But"—poor Jack gave his shoulders a shrug and his horse a spur.

"The turf-cutter's daughter! Ho! ho!" says he. "Molly Maglone, the turf-cutter's daughter! It has a fine sound, troth, and no doubt, will amuse the boys. But for all that, the first man of them sneezes at her, I will bre'k his neck in more places than one doctor might mend in a life-time. Well, well, Jack Dempsey," says he, "ye have fared far, and lingered long, but you're mated at last—to Molly Maglone! the turf-cutter's daughter! from the Long Bog! ay, from the Long Bog!" says he, that way. "A high-sounding place for a country residence."

He reached Tyrone, and his uncle Richard's place, timely. And it was glad the uncle Richard was to see him; for he always used to dote upon Jack, and, though he fell out with him, he never lost his fondness. And now he made his will and left Jack every penny; every head and horn, stick and stave that he owned. And I assure you, boys, that if yourselves, and myself, had the same fortune this night, we might never dread the workhouse. It was calmly that Jack took it, though; for, true enough, poor fellow, his heart was never in the money. And he only said—and to himself he said it, of course—"that's a fine windfall for the turf-cutter's daughter."

His uncle Richard was purty far through, but the doctor allowed he might live a week yet. And Jack was glad to know this; for it made it the more easy for him to excuse himself and start off again that night, telling the uncle that he had a most urgent business before him in the morning, but that he would be back within two days. And off he set again a couple of hours after nightfall, and was at home and had Maurice Higgins out of his bed and making a breakfast for him before the stars were off the sky. And he packed Maurice off, first to Briany Mullan's, the tailor's, for the new frock he had getting made there, and then off to Father Phil's, to Donegal, with the license, requesting Father Phil to scrape out the name of Bridget Durneen and put into it Molly Maglone instead. And he got himself into his best toggery, and dressed himself better and finer, and with more particular care, than ever he had done in his life afore. And he fitted up Maurice, too, as soon as he come back, in his second best suit; though, as he was a tall and stout man

Drawn by Reginald Birch. *"I'm Molly Maglone of the Long Bog."*

himself, and Maurice was a short and thin man, poor Maurice, when he was fitted in it, didn't look one bit of a dandy, I can tell you. And he fetched him with him to act as his best man.

And off the both of them started for Father Hugh's, and got there when it was close upon the hinges of the half-past eight. And Father Hugh met them at the door and made them welcome, and took them in, into his parlor, where, sure enough, there before them was the gathering of boys and girls, every mother's son of them, that Maurice had invited. The only one that had not arrived yet, when he cast his eye 'round and bid them good-morning, was, he saw, the turf-cutter's daughter. She got delayed, somehow, for he no more doubted her coming, of course, than that there was a head on his body.

"Father Hugh," says he, "and boys and girls, I observe the wife hasn't come to the scratch yet. But it is yet five minutes within the time, and we ll give her five minutes' grace."

There was terrible fidgeting and curiosity amongst the boys and girls.

"Maurice Higgins," says Jack, says he, after five minutes, "would you go out and look up and down the road, and see if you would see a lassie coming —a stout, strapping, agricultural girl, with a head of hair the color of them window blinds of Father Hugh's."

And Maurice went off, and was not right away till he was in again, and said there was a gathering of agricultural-looking girls of all classes, with heads of hair all the colors of the rainbow, gathered at the gate without to see the wedding, and which of them was her, Maurice couldn't rightly tell.

"Them's not girls come to see the wedding," says Jack, says he, "but one of them's the one we're waiting on and the others are her friends and bridesmaids. They are waiting to be asked in. Go out," says he, "and, with Father Hugh's leave, drive them into the room here."

"Surely, surely," says Father Hugh, says he, for he had a regular market-house of a room that was fit to hold a regiment.

So Maurice went out and he told them that the Master and Father Hugh and the groom's party was waiting on them inside. And he flocked them in afore him, and they filed into the room—agricultural girls of all shapes and sizes, and, as Maurice had rightly said, every pattern of hair.

Now, when they came in, Jack, though he recognized all the neighbors that were among them, didn't know one from the other of the strangers, and couldn't say at a glance which of them was the girl to whom he spoke in the dark last night. But I suppose he hoped in his heart, anyhow, that it would not be one of the very ugliest of them.

"Now, Father Hugh," says Jack, says he, "I think it's time to begin business."

So he walked up himself, and he called up Maurice Higgins, his best man, to stand by him, and he whispered to Father Hugh.

And Father Hugh looked a bit upset for a minute, and says he, "I don't know the name, and I doubt she doesn't belong to this parish. She is one of Father Mat Carney's flock, I'll wager." And then, lifting his head, he called out, "Molly Maglone of the Long Bog, the turf-cutter's daughter, will please to step forward here."

There was first a dead silence upon this, and then a little bit of a titter of a laugh got up, and grew, and went round the whole room.

And Jack Dempsey lifted his eyes, and he looked at them like a man who'd think little of losing his temper on them with small provocation.

Father Hugh himself didn't look sweet at such a response to his call. So he speaks up again, more sharply, and he says, says he, "Is Molly Maglone, the turf-cutter's daughter of the Long Bog, amongst ye?"

And half a dozen of them—of the groom's own party, too—spoke up and says, "She is."

And the titter got up and grew, and went round the room again. And the thunder and lightning began to look out of Jack Dempsey's eyes.

"Then," says Father Hugh, "why,

Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"This is Molly Maglone, the turf-cutter's daughter."

in the name of patience, doesn't she drop her bashfulness and step for'ard?"

"Here she is," says Billy Blaney and Mick M'Ardle, laying their hands upon and shoving out of the crowd a fine, sturdy, strapping girl, surely, with a fine crop of yellow hair, only no agricultural look whatsomever about her, but a handsome and a refined look entirely, and a half blushing, half laughing one, moreover.

"This," says the two lads, "is Molly Maglone, the turf-cutter's daughter. We will vouch for her, for that is the part she took in the play last night at the Mullinafad concert. That's the part she came there dressed in, and the part she went home dressed in, and her better known name," says they, "is, as you know, Bridget Durneen, of the Boar's Head."

If there was ever a really astounded man stood in shoe leather, in my day, that man was Jack Dempsey, then and there. He was an astounded man one minute, and the heartiest, pleased-looking man that ever my two eyes saw the next minute.

"Bridget Durneen," says he, coming forward, "if I was being taken up to heaven in a hand-basket I would step out of it, for the delight of this."

Says Bridget, says she, "Thank you."

And she was neither laughing nor blushing, but looking very lady-like now. She took a ring off her finger, and says she, handing it to him, "This doesn't belong to me. You gave it to me in mistake in the dark last night."

"But, Bridget," says he, taking hold of her hand, "won't you—won't you—I beg of you—won't you allow me, now, in the full light of day, and in the eyes of Father Hugh to give it to you again, without a mistake?"

Bridget made a strive to get away her hand; but Jack's courage was not to be daunted that way, for he had too much grit, so he held on to it and he said, "Bridget Durneen, your hand remains here till you let this ring go on it. I never yet met the lady I would set above you. It was the spite and vexation, at losing such a jewel as you, that put me to do what I thought I was doing; for I had no more interest in life after you told me you would not take me. Let me, Bridget," says he, "put this upon your finger?"

And, with just the faintest wee bit of a struggle against it, Bridget let the ring go on!

On that very day month again, all of us gathered in the same room at the marriage of Jack and Bridget, and a handsomer couple, or a happier, never walked out of that room before. And—for Jack was a reformed and a new man from the day of his engagement till the day of his death—a happier couple never lived after—as they might tell ye in the stories, but was pure fact here—than Mr. Jack Dempsey and his missus, the Turf Cutter's Daughter.

THE RED RIDING-HOODS

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS,

Author of "Children of the Mist," Etc.

OVER snow-clad Dartmoor rode a maiden on a black horse. The day was Christmas Eve and the girl carried a basket of good fare to certain humble folks who, but for her thought, must have made their Christmas meal off barley bread, dripping and herb tea. In a spot far removed from human haunts an ancient couple, now past work, resided together, and it was the pleasure of Joan Penrose, their old master's daughter, to throw some sunshine upon the winter of their days.

Dartmoor stretched around about her sheeted in twilight gray, yet lit by the snow-blink to a strange pallor. Joan's red riding-hood made a brilliant splash of color against the snow, fitted tightly about her pretty face and snugly covered her trim figure. She was a dark beauty with black eyes, full lips and a neat, round chin that spoke of character. Her present mission denoted both a warm heart and some physical bravery; but the Moor she knew and trusted in all its moods.

Where she rode Joan could perceive far off a gray and ghostly circle stretched upon the snow beneath distant hills, and she knew that it was the War Prison of Prince Town and that within it pined many thousands of Americans and of French, "fast bound in misery and iron."

With her mother, Joan sometimes attended the prison market, for country folk were permitted to trade their produce with the captives, and as she pressed forward over the snowy hills on Christmas Eve her mind dwelt upon the ragged sufferers, her eyes clouded a little to think of the terrible cold that now tortured them, and of the diseases that struck them down daily to fill nameless graves.

From this mournful reverie the girl was wakened by a spectacle immediately in her path. Propped against a stone appeared a strange, motionless, ragged object, and first Joan thought that she had found a scarecrow come hither by extraordinary accident, and then she saw that the thing was a human being.

Her horse started, approached cautiously, bent its neck and sniffed, whereupon the figure opened dull eyes and shook the snow off his head.

"Go," he said feebly. "Let me pass in peace. If you have a heart, maiden, leave me."

"Oh, Jimmery! You're the American prisoner who escaped two days ago, afore the snow came!" cried Joan.

He nodded.

"Two days? I had thought it fifty. Go you to Prince Town, if you must, 'twill be three pounds for you to give me up. But leave the going until tomorrow; then I shall have escaped from the reach of men."

"You would be dead," she declared.

"I hope so," he answered.

The man was rather below middle stature. His face glistened pale as the snow, but four days' growth of black beard rendered him uncouth and ferocious to see. His eyes blazed brightly, but all strength had departed from him, and in his tattered and torn habiliments and physical collapse he looked rueful beyond power of words to paint.

"Go," he continued; "let me sleep my life away and wake elsewhere."

For answer Joan dismounted and approached him.

"'Tis a gert adventure, but I must do what's right."

"You'll give me up?"

He almost smiled as he said it.

"No fay! Ban't my business. But

'tis my part to do what a maiden may for folks in trouble."

She opened her basket aud took a cake from it. He had snatched it before she could look round and devoured a part ravenously. Then, at some cost, he stopped eating, so that he might empty his mouth and speak.

"For God's sake forgive me. I'm a starving beast, not a man."

"'Tis natural. Keep on eating. Here's a pasty wi' good meat in it, an' I've got a bottle of sloe gin. That'll put life in 'e."

Joan perceived that this man, once clad, fed and in his right mind, would be good to look upon. He had a handsome face and well-built frame. She particularly noted his hands. They were thin and worn, but beautifully modeled.

"Drink," she said. "Now you'll live an' not die, an' I'm glad."

He saw the pretty brown face close to his, where she knelt and held the bottle to him. He looked at her dreamily.

"What red-coated, lovely fairy thing are you to come thus out of this cruel, snowy desert to a dying man?"

"No fairy me—only Job Penrose's darter, from Blackabrook Farm down along. An' there you've got to come this minute 'pon my black horse."

"Don't ask it. Let me go. I cannot return into life now. I'll die blessing you."

She shook her head.

"Drink an' you'll have strength to mount. My gert horse will bear the twain of us, an' I'll be the man for once an' sit first, an' you must ride pillion behind the saddle."

"Consider. You may be saving a useless life."

"What's that to me? I was sent to save it, an' do so I will. At least, if you're a gentleman, you'll grant what a woman axes you."

He shivered and shut his eyes. Then he felt something warm and soft envelop him, and a delicious snug hood settled about his frozen ears. Joan's scarlet cloak was round him and she stood bare-headed.

"Come?" she said. "You owe that much to me. I'm a maid as be high-handed with the men folk. Now the quicker you try to do as I bid, the quicker you'll be out of this cold alongside a gert, hot fire."

The cordial had brought blood to his cheek and a tingle of warmth to his extremities.

"At least take back your riding-hood. I cannot suffer that. I'm a man again now."

For answer she mounted and bade him get up behind her.

"I'll live!" he cried, "I'll live to pay you for this day's work!"

He ate and drank again, then attempted twice to mount the black horse, but despite Joan's assistance failed to do so. His weakness was pitiful to see, therefore the girl dismounted, led him to a shelving stone and presently helped him into the saddle.

"You shall ride afore me after all," she said, "and I'll play the woman's part an' sit behind 'e as I ought."

So they went slowly along, and it was not to support herself that Joan boldly threw her arms round the American's waist, but to prevent him from falling to the ground. He swayed dangerously backwards and forwards, and spoke no word, but rode as she directed him. Therefore presently the singular apparition of a big horse with a man in Joan's cloak upon it, and Joan herself seated behind him, appeared at Blackabrook Farm under the dying light of day.

"Poor old gaffer and gammer Cloberry will have to bide for their Christmas dinner till morning now," thought the girl.

II.

Job Penrose held his private opinions in reserve for a future occasion and did what man might to succor his fellowman. The American had suffered no radical ill from his exposure, and within four-and-twenty hours after food and sleep was restored to apparent health. A foot badly frost-bitten and the exceeding weakness of his state alone marked him for a sufferer.

"You'll bide here till you can travel about again," declared Mr. Penrose,

"Go, let me sleep my life away."

"then, so soon as the snow be melted a bit, you must come along wi' me to Prince Town. 'Tis putting a rope round my neck if I let you free, so I hope as you'll return good for good an' put us to no more trouble."

"I hold myself on parole," the stranger answered. "I shall not pay you ill. I owe my life to your daughter, who brought me back to it by a short cut. And I am glad to be alive again."

The prisoner gave his name as Ira Allen, and told them how that he belonged to Vermont and had been captured when the United States privateer *Copperhead* was taken by the British frigate *Sea Lion*.

Joan and her mother soon perceived that the young man was of gentle birth, while as the days passed by and further heavy snows made the return to Prince Town impossible, Job Penrose, well satisfied that his guest might be trusted in all things, went his way and left Allen much to the company of the women. Each night, however, the sailor spent an hour with Penrose over tobacco and hot spirits. It seemed that Vermont and Dartmoor had much in common, for Allen spoke of great mountains cloud-capped, of rocky glens, of crying rivers.

"Vermont means 'green mountains,' and so our State is named," explained the American to Joan. "How I should like to show you our hills in their snug coats of hemlock and spruce! But our waters are greater than yours."

They often talked, and sometimes Ira Allen discoursed upon his own affairs, being led to mention them by the accident of his subject. Thus Joan learned that he was a man of estate, that the *Copperhead* was his own venture, and that he had been the commander of her; that he loved his country with all his heart and soul; that his father had defended the independence of his native State, and had boldly advocated her alliance with Great Britain when the United States persisted in rejecting Vermont's claim for union.

"He threatened to outlaw himself and join the Green Mountain boys, but all ended well, and though Congress turned its back upon us for a season, yet through storm and stress we won our way into the Federal Union. And we won it upon right principles of civil liberty."

An active interest in the American awoke at Blackabrook Farm; absolute regret touched Mr. Penrose's mind that he must give up the prisoner, and Mrs. Penrose kept her husband waking into the small hours with petitions that he would do no such thing. But while all admired the courteous youth, none saw any escape from the necessity of delivering him to the authorities.

More need not be said than that Ira Allen and Joan Penrose fell deep in love, and long before the snows melted and the runaway rode back to Prince Town on Joan's great horse beside Farmer Penrose, the man and maid had plighted troth. Henceforth they looked fearlessly to the future for every earthly happiness, but of their secret understanding Allen said nothing at this time. He promised the farmer that Mrs. Penrose's and his goodness should not be forgotten, and he begged only one gift before he returned to the War Prison.

"He'm a sentimental chap, though a real gen'leman, an' a gert warrior, an' a mighty man of valor, I'm sure," said Mrs. Penrose. "Whatever do 'e think the man wants for a keepsake? Why, Joan's red riding-hood—the same what she wrapped round him when she found him most starved wi' cold 'pon Christmas Eve. An' she have gived it to him!"

III.

Ira Allen was one of those fortunate prisoners who could rely upon tolerably regular remittances from home. Unlike the larger number of poor captives who waited for the daily pittance from their country, long promised but still delayed, the young scion of a famous Vermont family was wealthy, and his money, which he shared with a little community of friends in Prison No. 4 of the great Dartmoor limbo, mostly went to lessen suffering and alleviate the special griefs of the sick.

Mr. Allen's punishment proved to be slight, and a week of cachot—a sort of

prison within a prison, where the unruly were confined on bread and water —was all that he got for his intrepid and well-planned enterprise; for the Commandant was a sportsman and knew that his prisoner had prospered and entirely escaped but for the weather.

Then, when the wonder was nearly forgotten, there came a day in January upon which Joan and her mother attended the prison market, and while Mrs. Penrose sold butter and eggs under a sentry's eye, Joan had some speech with her lover. Presently diving in her basket, she presented him with a red apple.

"I kept that one for 'e, Mr. Allen, because I mind how fond you was of them."

"Has it any core!" he asked, and lowered his voice as he did so.

"Ay, you'll find one," she answered.

The great court where this market was held swarmed with business now, and the motley, ragged throng of Americans struggled at the counters and quickly spent their few farthings or exchanged for food their little toys and trinkets made of wood and bone. Their aspect had made men laugh or weep. They were clad in yellow rags; upon their heads were woolen caps, and for shoes they wore a sort of rubbish soled with wood and spun of yarn. Many had torn up their bed blankets and wrapped them in strips about their toes to escape frostbite on the ice-cold granite floors of the prison. At one corner of the yard an empty cachot stood—a building low and squat with barred windows and heavy door. Into this, when it was not occupied by a refractory sailor or soldier, the country people went with their boards and baskets, for they were usually stored there between market days. After the folk had sold all their goods, they removed their stalls to the cachot and then departed.

Ira Allen presently turned to Mrs. Penrose, who had to-day enjoyed unusual custom. The American's friends, knowing particulars of his escape and rescue, regarded both the farmer's wife and her daughter with active interest.

"Several of us wants for ter take a little walk off this mountain, Miss," said a gray sailor to Joan. "It gets kinder dull in the prison after you've had a year of it. Will you do the same for us you done for Mr. Allen if we slip the sojers and come ter see you?"

"Ess fay!" said Joan; whereupon the gray man declared that she ought to belong to his country.

Meantime Allen paid Mrs. Penrose for a suit of clothes that her husband had lent him, and he added the money for Joan's riding-hood.

"I'm glad to see she has another," he said. "The color suits her nobly. Never was such a lovely girl sent to cheer sad eyes."

"She's a bowerly maiden, though no better'n me at her age," declared Mrs. Penrose. "An' now about them geese for next week, Mr. Allen? Joan tells me you want half a dozen. Be that true? They'll come rather dear, I'm afeard."

"'Tis my birthday next week. I shall be twenty-one, mother, and I'm giving a little feast, you see. Yes, six, please."

"Joan will pluck 'em herself."

"And stuff them herself?"

For answer Mrs. Penrose deliberately closed one of her bright black eyes. Then, picking up her board and trestles, she carried them off to the cachot and a few moments later had left the market with her daughter.

IV.

In due time the geese arrived and certain of Ira Allen's private friends and old shipmates made merry. They ate the birds to the bones and drank good health to their host and speedy freedom to themselves in three bottles of sloe gin, also purchased from Mrs. Penrose.

Then came a market day in February when the girl and her mother served as usual, and the customary crowd circled round Joan.

"Your red riding-coat and purty face under it do draw us like a candle draws a moth," said the old gray salt, who was a favorite. "But for my part I could wish the cape another color;

'tis too much like the sojer's lobster-red for my taste."

"Where's Mr. Allen?" inquired Joan. "I don't see him to-day."

A man or two winked.

"I seen him a minute since by the cachot as we came inter market," answered an American; but the elderly sailor contradicted him.

"Not you, Peter Boyd. He's ill."

"Ill!" cried the girl, "and I'd brought him such a beautiful bit o' streaky bacon."

"In hospital. Only a bit of a chill, I reckon. No call ter wherrit about him. He'll be all right again presently, if he thinks you've thought about him."

"'Twould be a good job for every rag-tail amongst us if that man could escape again and get to home," declared Peter Boyd. "He's rich and clever. I calculate as things would soon be on the bounce if he could go ter Congress and tell 'em the truth about the way we're treated in this Bowery."

"Give him time. He's built ter be a boss. He'll slip out yet," declared a third sailor.

Then the business of the market proceeded; but Joan had lost her usual spirit. She was gloomy and distracted and found no ready answers for the genial men who flocked round her little stall. Business was less brisk than usual, and it drew to dusk before Mrs. Penrose had finished.

"Now, ma'am," said one, Seth Rowe, a sentry, "the bell went five minutes ago an' you're the last. I shall get into trouble if you keep me with this key any longer."

Market was ended now and the great courtyard grew rapidly empty. The captives were marshalled and marched back into their quarters at Prison No. 4, and all the country folk had gone or were going. Mrs. Penrose packed her few unsold products into a basket and bade Joan take the boards and trestles to their place in the cachot.

"What's come to 'em all?" she grumbled. "I shall have to go an' set up shop among they French frogs. These American chaps be 'out o' money an' out o' clothes,' as the rhyme sez."

"They can't get their country to take no count of 'em seemingly," the sentry answered. "That chap who stands for 'em at Plymouth don't care a cuss whether they live or die. He comed to see 'em an' hear their story a while agone; but so soon as he heard that the small-pox was reigning in one o' the French prisons he bolted as if he'd smelt the devil."

Mrs. Penrose walked to the gate.

"Tell my darter to come along. Us ride home pillion together. I'll wait for her at the corner."

But Joan had already appeared, and her mother, in very ill humor after a bad day, rated her.

"Come on, you caddling, loafing maiden, do! I'm shamed' of 'e. 'Tis your fault as I've got this heavy basket to take home, an' I'll thank you to carry it. Here's nightfall a'ready."

Without speaking the girl took the basket, nodded to sentry Rowe and went out of the prison before her mother. Then the great gate crashed behind them and the soldier, locking it and making fast the cachot also, went on his way. Darkness quickly fell and glimmering rows of light flashed from the barred windows of the prisons. Behind them was a humming as of a mighty hive.

But Prince Town had not yet seen its last of the Penrose family, and after dark, about eight o'clock, the farmer himself arrived in a condition of frantic excitement. He was violently agitated, burst into the ward-room at the main gate and clamored to see the Commandant at once.

"Something be much amiss," he said, "an' I must know if anybody here have got anything to do with it. Is that chap Allen, as I brought back hither after Christmas, escaped 'e again?"

They assured him that such a thing was quite impossible.

"They are now answering to their names," explained a turnkey. "If he's not there I shall know it in five minutes."

"One of the Yankees told me he was in hospital," replied another official; but an orderly from that establishment contradicted him.

A flash of red broke out of the darkness.

"No, he isn't—anyway, he wasn't when I came off duty an hour ago."

"Well, the case is this," explained Penrose. "Coming home along with my wife three hours agone, my darter 'pears suddenly to have gone out of her mind. The missis tramped back on foot, so white as a dog's tooth, an' told me how, just when they reached the bridge over the river down under my place, Joan ups an' axes her mother to onlight off the hoss, so as she may tighten his belly-band. But the instant moment missis got off, away went Joan at a gallop. Just a twinkle of her red hood in the dimpsy light an' she was gone like a pixy. Now, where be she, an' where be Ira Allen, for I'll take my oath he knows about it."

As though it answered him, a bell rang suddenly and clanged a harsh alarm across the night. Lanterns began to flash from dark doorways, a rattle of arms was heard and orders echoed loudly.

"They're calling out the guard!" cried a soldier.

Everybody hastened from the ward-room, and a moment later Mr. Penrose was hurrying across the empty yard of Prison No. 4 with half a dozen other men.

In the profound darkness he presently found himself alone; then he ran against somebody approaching from the other direction. It was the soldier, Seth Rowe, and he recognized Mr. Penrose and called him aside.

"You're well met. 'Tis thought that Ira Allen, that gentleman Yankee, have got off again, an' they rumor 'twas your daughter Joan that helped him. Come here under cover of the cachot wall an' I'll tell what I know."

But Seth appeared to know very little. He was only aware that Allen had not answered to his name and could not yet be found within the gaol. He began to explain that Joan and her mother were the last to leave the market, when suddenly a violent knocking close at hand made him start back.

"There's somebody in the cachot!" he cried.

"I wish 'twas the man we've troubled about," answered the farmer.

"'Tis just within belief I locked him up accidental," answered Seth Rowe, "though the cachot ban't a place they go into for choice. An' this one's seldom used. The market folk mostly keep their things in it."

"If you was to open it instead of talking 'twould be wiser," answered the farmer, and Seth hastened for the key.

A few minutes later he had flung back the great iron-bound door of the chamber.

"Now, if you be there, the quicker you come out an' save more trouble, the better, Mr. Allen!" cried Seth.

Then a flash of red broke out of the darkness and Mr. Penrose's daughter appeared.

V.

Joan alone was cool and collected.

"Thank you, Seth Rowe," she said. "'Twas unfortunate I got locked in at end of market. Now us'll be off home along, father, so quick as we can. I'm tired an' frozen wi' cold."

"But—but—" began the sentry; then Joan stopped him.

"I know all you be going to say; but there ban't no time for 'buts.'"

"'Tis a hanging job," began Seth.

"Yes, for me. You don't want to hang me, I suppose?"

"Come!" he answered. "Come along under the darkness so quick as ever you can, both of 'e. Don't tell me another word, for God's sake. I know too much a'ready. Follow me an' keep in the dark."

Mr. Penrose, now alive to the awful danger in which his daughter stood, exerted his ingenuity, followed Rowe with all stealth, and soon succeeded in getting himself and Joan out of the prison unobserved. The place was in an uproar, and by keeping under the nightly shadows and avoiding the hurrying officials, Joan and her father, under Rowe's guidance, were quickly clear of immediate danger.

Then Mr. Penrose raged while she told him the truth and explained that her life was wrapped up for ever with young Ira Allen's. She had brought him the necessary articles of apparel,

hidden in the geese; then, by previous arrangement, he entered the cachot while the market progressed and concealed himself there.

"He walked out as natural as need be in the red riding-hood, an' minced in his going just like a maiden. 'Twas dark an' his face was hidden, so that mother's own self didn't know him," explained Joan.

"She must have known him and helped him," said Mr. Penrose resolutely.

"I hope that they'll take her word for it that she didn't," answered Joan calmly; "else she'll be hanged so well as me."

"An' where's the man now?"

"He's got my horse, an' he's going down to—no matter where. Then, if all falls out well, he'll get across to France."

"To do that he must have been in communication with the prisoners on parole at Ashburton."

"He was," said Joan. "You may remember that I went to Ashburton last week. I met a gentleman who knew Mr. Allen. Them on parole are allowed to walk a mile upon the high road, you know."

"You'll be hanged as sure as fate when 'tis all known."

"Very like; but I'm too tired to think about it to-night, my dear. Do'e let me get home along an' eat an' sleep," she answered.

Within an hour Joan had returned home and partaken of a hearty meal. Her mother poured hard words upon her and, despite Mr. Penrose's incredulity, stoutly stuck to it that she was ignorant of the deception.

"The man spoke with her voice an' walked with her steps. Of course I couldn't see his face, for 'twas near dark," she said.

"You'll get nobody to believe that, however," declared the farmer. "'Pears to me afore many days be passed I shall be childless an' a widowman; for law's law, an' 'tis a job for Jack Ketch."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Penrose. "Come to bed, Joan. 'Tis a icicle down a body's back to hear that dreadful speech. I'll lie with 'e to-night, else you'll have the terrors."

Together the women departed, but hardly were the first lights out at Blackabrook Farm when torches gleamed across the Moor and there came the tramp of men and the clink of metal.

A great thunder fell upon the farm door from a sword-hilt, and Mr. Penrose, wakened out of uneasy slumber, was commanded in the King's name to open his house and surrender his wife and his daughter. In a frenzy he called to his wife and sought her, where she slept beside Joan, but no voice answered him, and, entering their chamber, he found it empty. Both women had vanished.

VI.

Six months after the final escape of Ira Allen from Prince Town and the disappearance of Mrs. Penrose and Joan there came a long letter to Blackabrook Farm and a proclamation for the Americans in the War Prison.

"Fellow citizens," wrote the agent at Plymouth, "I am authorized by the Government of the United States to allow you one penny half-penny per day for the purpose of procuring you tobacco and soap, and I earnestly trust that it will tend towards a great relief in your present circumstances."

"God be praised," said a soldier to a sailor, "the consarned old country haven't forgot us after all! Now we'll have a swipe o' money directly."

"'Tis Ira Allen haven't forgot us," answered the sailor. "I kinder thought he'd got ter France and so ter home. This is his work, or I don't know nothing. I'll drink ter the man wi' every farthing of my first week's money, and durn the soap!"

Elsewhere, Farmer Penrose, after long days of the wifeless and childless life he had foretold, was confronted with great, yet not unexpected news.

"You see, my old dear," wrote his wife, "that Mr. Allen knowed just what would come after, and he'd got it all very well managed, where we was to meet him; and that chap, Seth Rowe, knowed everything really. And

he was going to let Joan out of the cachot and smuggle her off just when he runned against you. And very well paid the chap was for his trouble. Well, us slipped away so soon as you were asleep, and Mr. Allen comed down along from where he was hid with Joan's black horse and another he'd got from Ashburton, when we waved a lantern to un. And away us all went. Next day we laid so snug as need be in they gert woods by Dart river; and next night we was off in a little old boat for France. The American gentlemen to Ashburton arranged it, but they couldn't go themselves, poor souls, because they'd gived theer solum words not to run away. Then, in a week, a gert ship went for America; and we went along with her, over the deep. And Mrs. Allen—that's your darter Joan, for they was married in France—has a mansion beside a gert lake by the name of Champlain out here. And her man is so good as gold and terrible rich. She'll be a lady in her speech afore you come out here; and I hope, my old dear, you'll come, for 'tis a butivul land, with a better soil and climate to it than Dartymoor, and Mr. Allen have got a powerful deal of money, and one farm in partickler of five thousand acres be most made for you and me. And he wants us to have it so badly that he won't sleep easy of nights until you come. And I'd come home along for ye, though the deep sea be a terror to my stomach, but I can't because of the Lords of Parliament as would hang me for sartain. So I be going to leave my bones here, and no harm done to nobody. And in the hall of Joan's house hangs they two red riding-hoods, side by side, to be a sign, Mr. Allen sez, for future generations of his family, which be going to start afore next Christmas by the mercy of the Lord. And if 'tis a boy like its father, so much to the good, for he's the properest man that ever I seed but you."

"I'll go," said the farmer to himself. "'Tis a gert upheaval of nature, no doubt; but the body of a man can't bide in one place if his heart be in another. I shall pray God to defend me from all American ideas. But, five thousand acres! That's farming!"

Confronted with great news.

JULIA MARLOWE

By DELANCEY M. HALBERT

With portrait of Julia Marlowe drawn from life by JOHN CECIL CLAY, and printed as frontispiece to this magazine

A DISTINGUISHED foreign artiste, ever jealous of rivals, obsessed by the idea that some rising star is endeavoring to gain her world-wide fame, studied the players of America's stage a few years since and singled out Miss Julia Marlowe for the compliment of especial notice. The snap of the whip came at the end of the long pæan of praise given Miss Marlowe; the concluding sentence was that Miss Marlowe, fine player that she might be, "showed, in common with other actors of America, the need of a training that could be secured only in a conservatoire."

Yet no conservatoire could provide a preparation so thorough, so practical as Miss Marlowe secured. It was so careful and painstaking that Miss Marlowe herself says: "I had no childhood. It seems to me that my mind was always occupied with the thoughts and hopes of an adult. As a child I went to no other child's party. As a girl I had no girl friends. When I was in the chorus of a juvenile 'Pinafore' company I fretted for the time when my small personality should be given a chance to manifest itself in an environment more serious and meaningful than a painted ship and painted ocean which swayed to the tinkling airs of Sullivan.

"It seems to me that a real child would have joyed in this atmosphere of music and the burlesque. But I yearned for the day when ship and ocean would fade away and the stage be set with rocks and trees, and perhaps a cottage-something—in a word, more closely approaching the realities of every-day life."

From a beginning, as a member of one of those infant prodigy organizations that made "Pinafore" whistleable in the remotest sections of the United States, Miss Marlowe was guided through a course of sturdy discipline and study which she has not allowed to stop even at this period of her artistic growth. On the score of fitting oneself physically for the stage, Miss Marlowe observed lately: "I may say briefly that such severe exercises as fencing and gymnastics were an important part of my curricula. But, most essential of all, was the cultivation of my voice. It was carried on under the direction of Parson Price, who, since he was my only vocal instructor, deserves credit for any purity of tone I may possess. He was a pupil of the elder Garcia."

Miss Marlowe states that Mr. Price, in response to her question as to whom she would resemble if she kept on studying for opera, replied that she would be like Pauline Lucca. "And then," continued Miss Marlowe, "the little girl told him gravely that she would think it over and let him know when she came for the next lesson. I departed with a deep conviction that I must choose forthwith between being a tragedienne and possibly a great opera-singer. So serious-minded was this child that I decided the operatic condition was too unnatural to appeal to me, and I frankly said to the master that it was a stupid notion to have Juliet get up from a tomb to tell her sorrows in an aria."

Not a small part of Miss Marlowe's equipment is the voice which enabled her to read Juliet's lines with such limpid eloquence that none other seemed comparable with her in the rôle since Adelaide Neilson. And when

one contrasts Miss Marlowe's voice with the voices of many others who lay claim to an equal degree of renown in the mimic world, one realizes how well justified were her coaches in placing stress on voice culture.

For her apprenticeship Miss Marlowe claims one unique distinction: That she went with zest to the task set out for her. "I did not need the spur," she declared recently, "for the aim of my instructors was to prevent me from working too hard. Nobody deluded me with the assurance that I was a genius. On the contrary, a totally different impression was enforced. My duties were lessons in the history and literature of the drama, stage department, musical notation, voice development, gymnastics, dancing and, finally, in the meanings and essence of many classical rôles." Observe, too, that she had no "lessons in elocution"; the training of the voice was ever purely musical with her, which, by the by, is the only vocal culture she deems of value to an actor.

Even during the first few years of her career Miss Marlowe was little more than a bond child. This was due to the harsh contracts made for her; those seasons that saw her name being heralded in towns where she had been unsung, unhonored, she suffered an ordeal few have the courage to undergo. "Just what artistic discipline," she says, when reviewing the experience, "those managers thought there was in sending a healthy girl to bed hungry, after she had worked three hours of an evening, I never was able to discern."

Unlike many actors who have read clear their title to eminence on the stage, Miss Marlowe does not come from a theatrical family. She was born in Calbeck, Cumberland, the country made familiar by Shelley, Wordsworth and Coleridge. Her ancestry is respectable, but the tree did not blossom with geniuses, and it is hard to discover whence came her talent. Her relatives in England have the most absurd delusions about her work. Laughingly, she tells the answer one of her kinswomen made to a question along this line—"This child's grandfather on her mother's side did play the horn in the village band, and it must be from him she inherits her gift."

Miss Marlowe was brought to this country when a mere infant in arms, and it is the American stage with which she is identified. Few who have heard of her are ignorant of the circumstances of her first triumph in New York—her trial matinée at the Bijou Theater about fifteen years ago, when she delighted the critics as *Parthenia* in "Ingomar." After that one performance she came into her own; she was acclaimed a genius destined to make theatrical history.

But the struggles that preceded her first hearing have not been revealed to all her admirers. From manager to manager she went, seeking the opportunity to appear in a part she considered suited to her. She persisted in her plan to play in the classics, however, and she would not listen to the lures of shrewd directors who thought they would be wise to obtain a pretty woman for their stock companies. A. M. Palmer was among those who recognized her ability, but declined to risk a blank verse production for her; yet, in years after, he was as sorry as his competitors that he had not made the venture. To T. Henry French she cited the case of Mary Anderson, who was then the toast of all London. Whereat that impresario—then possessed of influence and a following—laughed, despite a vigorous trial to conceal his amusement out of politeness. "My dear young woman," he said to Miss Marlowe in reference to Miss Anderson, "that sort of thing happens once in a generation. So long as you fancy yourself a second Mary Anderson you will accomplish nothing." A twelvemonth subsequent to that interview Mr. French was one of a multitude applauding Miss Marlowe enthusiastically at Herrmann's Theater, Philadelphia. Addressing a friend of Miss Marlowe's, he lamented: "Heaven forgive me, but this is the child I refused to talk seriously with less than a year past."

While rehearsing, prior to her first New York appearance, Miss Marlowe

encountered Henry E. Dixey as she left a Broadway house one day. At the moment Dixey was "the rage"; "Adonis" was in the height of its remarkable prosperity, and Mr. Dixey was a personage to more persons than a few matinée girls. The comedian had met Miss Marlowe often going to and from the theater; cheerfully, he asked her how she was progressing. She replied that everything was going very nicely indeed, to which he made rejoinder: "Well, what's the end of it all going to be? What's your ambition?" "I want to be a tragedienne," Miss Marlowe answered. "You," Dixey replied, "you, with that pug nose!"

The managers ignored her, Dixey scouted her and Lester Wallack, who had never been known to encourage an American actress, made fun of Miss Marlowe. Nevertheless Mr. Wallack remained to pray, though he had scoffed at first. When Miss Marlowe's *Parthenia* came in for glowing critical encomiums, Mr. Wallack indignantly suggested: "All this has a suspicious look. The thing has been cooked up, for no one without great influence could have won such praise." When informed she had no money and little influence he was still obdurate until he read a review of her *Juliet;* then he concluded to behold the new star. After the last curtain Mr. Wallack came back upon the stage to pay his respects to the actress. In a letter, he wrote: "You have so little to learn and nothing to forget. You have done well to avoid the stock companies. They are necessities for actors who have to be urged, but I am told that to apply yourself is your pleasure. Develop your personality—that is all I can tell you."

William Gillette, who has a rather keen eye for cleverness among his associates, tried to tempt Miss Marlowe into signing a contract to appear in "A Legal Wreck." She inquired if it were a modern play, and as soon as she was informed it was she said: "Oh, I wouldn't like that at all. I don't think modern clothes become me." Which drew forth from the ordinarily reserved Gillette the response that she looked very well in her street clothes, and Miss Marlowe relates that she silently thanked her gown for one of the first personal compliments she received.

"Why," Mr. Gillette continued, "do you insist that you must keep on in those old-fashioned, stilted rôles? They will make you stilted, too, in time."

"I'm not going to play them that way," she retorted. Which indicates that Miss Marlowe is not without confidence in herself. In the theater that is three-quarters, not half, the battle.

Miss Marlowe is a young woman—and yet, in these days, when a woman who has been out of college or in society three years, is no longer young, not so young that it would be exactly truthful to say she is still in her twenties—but she has assumed thirty-five rôles during her career.

Conservative critics have accorded Miss Marlowe a foremost place among the leaders of our stage. Presumably her heart has not been in such work as she has had to do in "When Knighthood was in Flower," "Colinette" and "The Countess Valeska," which were not worthy of her talents. For the present season, however, her plans include some notable productions, commencing with Mendes' "Queen Fiammetta," and as she is practically her own manager now, Miss Marlowe can follow wherever her vague fancy dictates in the selection of plays.

Miss Marlowe will find a much more conspicuous place in the annals of the stage than many now imagine is to be given her. There is no *Juliet*, no *Viola*, no *Rosalind* to be compared with her at present. She has illumined every rôle she has assumed, and none has she slurred, none has she treated lightly—though many deserved little less than light treatment.

A sincere devotion to her art, an attractive personality, a voice that might lend poetry even to the chanting of names from a directory, and an intelligence that enables her to body forth a rôle with a rare fidelity to nature, have united to give Miss Marlowe an enviable position on the stage. And the best of it is that her future is not behind her; her career is only well started. There is much for her to do.

GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS*

By RALPH CONNOR

THE VISIT

IT was their first day of the new master, and such a day as quite "flabbergastrated," as Don Cameron said, even the oldest of them.

"Murdie," cried Hughie to Don's big brother, who with Bob Fraser, Ranald Macdonald and Thomas Finch was walking slowly toward the gate, "you won't forget to ask your pa for an excuse if you happen to be late to-morrow, will you?"

Murdie paid no attention.

"You won't forget your excuse, Murdie," continued Hughie, poking him in the back.

Murdie suddenly turned, caught him by the neck and the seat of his trousers, and threw him head first into a drift, from which he emerged wrathful and sputtering.

"Well, I hope you do," continued Hughie, "and then you'll catch it. And mind you," he went on, circling round to get in front of him, "if you want to ask big Bob there for his knife, mind you hold up your hand first." Murdie only grinned at him.

The new master had begun the day by enunciating the regulations under which the school was to be administered. They made rather a formidable list, but two of them seemed to the boys to have gone beyond the limits of all that was outrageous and absurd. There was to be no speaking during school hours, and if a boy should desire to ask a question of his neighbor he was to hold up his hand and get permission from the master. But, worse than all, and more absurd than all, was the regulation that all late comers and absentees were to bring written excuses from parents or guardians.

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"Guardian," Thomas Finch had grunted, "what's that?"

"Your grandmother," whispered Don back.

It was not Don's reply that brought Thomas into disgrace this first day of the new master's rule, it was the vision of big Murdie Cameron walking up to the desk with an excuse for lateness, which he had obtained from Long John, his father. This vision breaking suddenly in upon the solemnity of Thomas Finch's mind, had sent him into a snort of laughter, not more to the surprise of the school than of himself. The gravity of the school had not been greatly helped by Thomas' sheepish answer to the master's indignant question, "What did you do that for, sir?"

"I didn't; it did itself."

On the whole, the opening day had not been a success. As a matter of fact, it was almost too much to expect that it should be anything but a failure. There was a kind of settled if unspoken opinion among the children that no master could ever fill Archibald Munro's place in the school. Indeed, it was felt to be a kind of impertinence for any man to attempt such a thing.

"Does he think we're babies?" asked Don, indignantly.

"And did you see him trying to chop at recess?" (*Ree*'cis, Hughie called it.) "He couldn't hit twice in the same place."

"And he asked me if that beech there was a maple," said Bob Fraser, in deep disgust.

"Oh, shut up your gab!" said Ranald, suddenly. "Give the man a chance, anyway."

"Will *you* bring an excuse when you're absent, Ranald?" asked Hughie.

Billy Jack let them out.

"And where would I be getting it?" asked Ranald, grimly, and all the boys realized the absurdity of expecting a written excuse for Ranald's absence from his father. Macdonald Dubh was not a man to be bothered with such trifles.

"You might get it from your Aunt Kirsty, Ranald," said Don, slyly. The boys shouted at the suggestion.

"And she could do it well enough if it would be necessary," said Ranald, facing square round on Don, and throwing up his head after his manner when battle was in the air, while the red blood showed in his dark cheek and his eyes lit up with a fierce gleam. Don read the danger signal.

"I'm not saying she couldn't," he hurried to say, apologetically, "but it would be funny, wouldn't it?"

"Well," said Ranald, relenting and smiling a little, "it would be keeping her busy at times."

"When the deer are running, eh, Ranald?" said Murdie, good-naturedly. "But Ranald's right, boys," he continued, "give the man a chance, say I."

"There's our bells," cried Thomas Finch, as the deep, musical boom of the Finch's sleigh-bells came through the bush. "Come on, Hughie, we'll get them at the cross." And followed by Hughie and the boys from the north, he set off for the north cross-roads, where they would meet the Finch's bob-sleighs coming back empty from the saw-mill.

"There they are, Hughie," called Thomas, as the sleighs came out into the open at the cross-roads. "They'll wait for us. They know you're coming," he yelled, encouragingly, for the big boys had left the smaller ones, a panting train, far in the rear, and were piling themselves onto the Finch's sleighs, with never a "by your leave" to William John—formerly known as Billy Jack—Thomas' eldest brother, who drove the Finch's team.

Thomas' home lay a mile north and another east from the Twentieth cross-roads, but the winter road by which they hauled saw-logs to the mill, cut right through the forest, the deep snow packed hard into a smooth track, covering roots and logs and mud holes, and making a perfect surface for the sleighs, however heavily loaded, except where here and there the pitch-holes or *cohots* came. These *cohots*, by the way, though they became, especially toward the spring, a serious annoyance to teamsters, only added another to the delights that a sleigh-ride held for the boys.

To Hughie, the ride this evening was blissful to an unspeakable degree. He was overflowing with new sensations. He was going to spend the night with Thomas, for one thing, and Thomas as his host was quite a new and different person from the Thomas of the school. The minister's wife, ever since the examination day, had taken a deeper interest in Thomas, and determined that

something should be made out of the solemn, stolid, slow-moving boy. Partly for this reason she had yielded to Hughie's eager pleading, backing up the invitation brought by Thomas himself, and delivered in an agony of red-faced confusion, that Hughie should be allowed to go home with him for the night. Partly, too, because she was glad that Hughie should see something of the Finch's home, and especially of the dark-faced, dark-eyed little woman who so silently and unobtrusively, but so efficiently administered her home, her family and their affairs, and especially her husband, without suspicion on his part that anything of the kind was being done.

In addition to the joy that Hughie had in Thomas in his new rôle as host, this winter road was full of wonder and delight, as were all roads and paths that wound right through the heart of the bush. Balsam trees, tamarac, spruce and cedar made up the thick underbrush of the pine swamp; white birch, white ash and black were thickly sprinkled through it, but high above these lesser trees towered the white pines, lifting their great, tufted crests in lonely grandeur, seeming like kings among meaner men. One thing else added to Hughie's keen enjoyment of the ride. Billy Jack's bays were always in the finest of fettle, and pulled hard on the lines, and being rarely allowed the rapture of a gallop, when the swamp was passed and the road came to the more open butternut ridge, Billy Jack shook the lines over their backs and let them out. It was all Billy Jack could do to get his team down to a trot by the time they reached the clearing, for there the going was perilous, and besides, it was just as well that his father should not witness any signs on Billy Jack's part of the folly that he was inclined to attribute to the rising generation. So steadily enough the bays trotted up the lane, and between long lines of green cordwood on one side and a hay-stack on the other, into the yard, and swinging round the big straw-stack that faced the open shed, and was flanked on the right by the cow-stable and hog-pen, and on the left by the horse-stable, came to a full stop at their own stable door.

"Thomas, you take Hughie into the house to get warm, till I unhitch," said Billy Jack, with the feeling that courtesy to the minister's son demanded this attention. But Hughie, rejecting this proposition with scorn, pushed Thomas aside and set himself to unhitch the S-hook on the outside trace of the nigh bay. And so quick was he in his movements, and so fearless of the horses, that he had his side unhitched and was struggling with the breast-strap before Billy Jack had finished with his horse.

"Man, you're a regular farmer," said Billy Jack, admiringly, "only you're too quick for the rest of us."

Hughie, still struggling with the breast-strap, found his heart swell with pride. To be a farmer was his present dream.

"But that's too heavy for you," continued Billy Jack. "Here, let down the tongue first."

"Pshaw!" said Hughie, disgusted at his exhibition of ignorance, "I knew that tongue ought to come out first, but I forgot."

"Oh, well, it's just as good that way, but not quite so easy," said Billy Jack, with doubtful consistency.

It took Hughie but a few minutes after the tongue was let down to unfasten his end of the neck-yoke and the cross-lines, and he was beginning at his hame-strap, always a difficult buckle, when Billy Jack called out, "Hold on there! You're too quick for me. We'll make them carry their own harness into the stable. Don't believe in making a horse of myself." Billy Jack was something of a humorist.

The Finch homestead was a model of finished neatness. Order was its law. Outside, the stables, barns, stacks, the very wood-piles, evidenced that law. Within, the house and its belongings and affairs were perfect in their harmonious arrangement. The whole establishment, without and within, gave token of the unremitting care of one organizing mind. For, from dark to dark, while others might have their moments of rest and careless ease, "the little mother," as Billy Jack called her,

was ever on guard, and all the machinery of house and farm moved smoothly and to purpose because of that unsleeping care. She was last to bed and first to stir, and Billy Jack declared that she used to put the cats to sleep at night and waken up the roosters in the morning. And through it all her face remained serene and her voice flowed in quiet tones. Billy Jack adored her with all the might of his big heart and body. Thomas, slow of motion as of expression, found in her the center of his somewhat sluggish being. Jessac, the little dark-faced maiden of nine years, whose face was the very replica of her mother's, knew nothing in the world dearer, albeit in her daily little housewifely tasks she felt the gentle pressure of that steadfast mind and unyielding purpose. Her husband regarded her with a curious mingling of reverence and defiance. For Donald Finch was an obstinate man, with a man's love of authority and a Scotchman's sense of his right to rule in his own house. But while he talked much about his authority, and made a great show of absolutism with his family, he was secretly conscious that another will than his had really kept things moving about the farm; for he had long ago learned that his wife was always right, while he might often be wrong, and that, withal her soft words and gentle ways, hers was a will like steel.

As near beaming as it was possible for him to come.

Besides the law of order, another law ruled in the Finch household—the law of work. The days were filled with work, for each had their share to do and bore the sole responsibility for its being well done. If the cows failed in their milk or the fat cattle were not up to the mark the father felt the reproach as his; to Billy Jack fell the care and handling of the horses; Thomas took charge of the pigs and the getting of wood and water for the house; little Jessac had her daily task of "sorting the rooms," and when the days were too stormy or the snow too deep for school she had in addition her stent of knitting or of winding the yarn for the weaver. To the mother fell all the rest. What with the washing and the oiling of the wool, the carding and the spinning, the twisting and the winding, she never seemed to be done. And then when it came back from the weaver in great webs of fulled-cloth and flannel and winsey, there was all the cutting, shaping and sewing before the family could get it on their backs. True, the tailor was called in to help, but though he declared he worked no place else as he worked at the Finch's, it was Billy Jack's openly expressed opinion that "he worked his jaw more than his needle, for at meal-times he gave his needle a rest."

But though Hughie, of course, knew nothing of this toiling and moiling, he was distinctly conscious of an air of tidiness and comfort and quiet, and was keenly alive to the fact that there was a splendid supper waiting him when he got in from the stables with the others, "hungry as a wild-cat," as Billy Jack expressed it. And that *was* a supper! Fried ribs of fresh pork and hashed potatoes, hot and brown, followed by buckwheat pancakes, hot and brown,

with maple syrup. There was tea for the father and mother with their oat cakes, but for the children no such luxury, only the choice of buttermilk or sweet milk. "What would a boy want with tea!" The supper was a very solemn meal. They were all too busy to talk, at least so Hughie felt, and as for himself, he was only afraid lest the others should "push back" before he had satisfied the terrible craving within him.

After supper the books were taken, and in Gaelic, for though Donald Finch was perfectly able in English for business and ordinary affairs of life, when it came to the worship of God he found that only in the ancient mother tongue could he "get liberty." As Hughie listened to the solemn reading, and then to the prayer that followed, though he could understand only a word now and again, he was greatly impressed with the rhythmic, solemn cadence of the voice, and as he glanced through his fingers at the old man's face he was surprised to find how completely it had changed. It was no longer the face of the stern and stubborn autocrat, but of an earnest, humble, reverent man of God; and Hughie, looking at him, wondered if he would not be altogether nicer with his wife and boys after that prayer was done. He had yet to learn how obstinate and even hard a man can be and still have a great "gift in prayer."

Stuck up as anything.

From the old man's face, Hughie's glance wandered to his wife's, and there was held fascinated. For the first time Hughie thought it was beautiful, and, more than that, he was startled to find that it reminded him of his mother's. At once he closed his eyes, for he felt as if he had been prying where he had no right.

After the prayer was over they all drew about the glowing, polished kitchen stove with the open front, and set themselves to enjoy that hour which, more than any other, helped to weave into the memory the thoughts and feelings that in after days are associated with home. Old Donald drew forth his pipe, a pleased expectation upon his face, and after cutting enough tobacco from the black plug he pulled from his trousers' pocket, he rolled it fine, with deliberation, and packed it carefully into his briar-root pipe, from which dangled a tin cap; then, drawing out some live coals from the fire, he with a quick motion picked one up, set it upon the top of the tobacco, and holding it there with his bare finger until Hughie was sure he would burn himself, puffed with hard, smacking puffs, but with a more comfortable expression than Hughie had yet seen him wear. Then, when it was fairly lit, he knocked off the coal, packed down the tobacco, put on the little tin cap and sat back in his covered arm-chair, and came as near beaming upon the world as ever he allowed himself to come.

"Here, Jessac," he said to the little dark-faced maiden slipping about the table under the mother's silent direction. Jessac glanced at her mother and hesitated. Then, apparently reading her mother's face, she said, "In a minute, da," and seizing the broom, which was much taller than herself, she began to brush up the crumbs about the table with amazing deftness. This task completed, and the crumbs being thrown into the pig's barrel, which stood in the woodshed just outside the

Struck into "Money Musk."

door, Jessac set her broom in the corner, hung up the dust-pan on its proper nail behind the stove, and then, running to her father, climbed up on his knee and snuggled down into his arms for an hour's luxurious laziness before the fire.

"Be quiet now, lassie. Hear me now, I am telling you," he admonished the little girl in his arms, while there flowed over his face a look of half-shamed delight that seemed to fill up and smooth out all its severe lines.

Hughie was still gazing and wondering when the old man, catching his earnest, wide-open gaze, broke forth suddenly, in a voice nearly jovial, "Well, lad, so you have taken up the school again. You will be having a fine time of it altogether."

The lad, startled more by the jovialty of his manner than by the suddenness of his speech, hastily replied, "Indeed, we are not, then."

"What! what!" replied the old man, returning to his normal aspect of severity. "Do you not know that you have great privileges now?"

"Huh!" grunted Hughie. "If we had Archie Munro again."

"And what is wrong with the new man?"

"Oh, I don't know. He's not a bit nice. He's—"

"Too many rules," said Thomas, slowly.

"Aha!" said his father, with a note of triumph in his tone; "so that's it, is it? He will be bringing you to the mark, I warrant you. And indeed it's high time, for I doubt Archie Munro was just a little soft with you."

The old man's tone was aggravating enough, but his reference to the old master was too much for Hughie, and even Thomas was moved to words more than was his wont in his father's presence.

"He has too many rules," repeated Thomas, stolidly, "and they will not be kept."

"And he is as proud as he can be," continued Hughie. "Comes along with his cane and his stand-up collar, and lifts his hat off to the big girls, and—and—och! he's just as stuck-up as anything!" Hughie's vocabulary was not equal to his feelings of contempt.

"There will not be much wrong with his cane in the Twentieth School, I dare say," went on the old man, grimly. "As for lifting his hat, it is time some of them were learning manners. When I was a boy we were made to mind our manners, I can tell you."

"So are we," replied Hughie, hotly; "but we don't go shoween off like that!

Twinkling her feet.

And then himself and his rules!" Hughie's disgust was quite unutterable.

"Rules!" exclaimed the old man. "Ay, that is what is the trouble."

"Well," said Hughie, with a spice of mischief, "if Thomas is late for school he will have to bring a note of excuse."

"Very good indeed. And why should he be late at all?"

"And if any one wants a pencil he can't ask for it unless he gets permission from the master."

"Capital!" said the old man, rubbing his hands delightedly. "He's the right sort, whatever."

"And if you keep Thomas home a day or a week you will have to write to the master about it," continued Hughie.

Very much the farmer.

"And what for, pray?" said the old man, hastily. "May I not keep—but—Yes, that's a very fine rule, too. It will keep the boys from the woods, I am thinking."

"But think of big Murdie Cameron holding up his hand to ask leave to speak to Bob Fraser!"

"And why not indeed? If he's not too big to be in school he's not too big for that. Man alive! you should have seen the master in my school days lay the lads over the forms and warm their backs to them."

"As big as Murdie?"

"Ay, and bigger. And what's more, he would send for them to their homes and bring them strapped to a wheelbarrow. Yon was a master for you!"

Hughie snorted. "Huh! I tell you what, we wouldn't stand that. And we won't stand this man either."

"And what will you be doing now, Hughie?" quizzed the old man.

"Well," said Hughie, reddening at the sarcasm, "I will not do much, but the big boys will just carry him out."

"And who will be daring to do that, Hughie?"

"Well, Murdie and Bob Fraser and Curly Ross and Don and Thomas, there," said Hughie, fearing to hurt Thomas' feelings by leaving him out.

"Ay," said the old man, shutting his lips tight on his pipe-stem and puffing with a smacking noise, "let me catch Thomas at that!"

"And I would help, too," said Hughie, valiantly, fearing he had exposed his friend, and wishing to share his danger.

"Well, your father would be seeing to that," said the old man, with great satisfaction, feeling that Hughie's discipline might be safely left in the minister's hands.

There was a pause of a few moments, and then a quiet voice inquired gently, "He will be a very big man, Hughie, I suppose?"

"Oh, just ordinary," said Hughie, innocently, turning to Mrs. Finch.

"Oh, then, they will not be requiring you and Thomas, I am thinking, to carry him out." At which Hughie and Billy Jack and Jessac laughed aloud, but Thomas and his father only looked stolidly into the fire.

"Come, Thomas," said his mother, "take your fiddle a bit. Hughie will like a tune." There was no need of any further discussing the new master.

But Thomas was very shy about his fiddle, and besides he was not in a mood for it; his father's words had rasped him. It took the united persuasions of Billy Jack and Jessac and Hughie to get the fiddle into Thomas' hands, but after a few tuning scrapes all shyness and moodiness vanished, and soon the reels and strathspeys were dropping from Thomas' flying fingers in a way that set Hughie's blood tingling. But when the fiddler struck into "Money

Musk" Billy Jack signed Jessac to him and, whispering to her, set her out on the middle of the floor.

"Aw, I don't like to," said Jessac, twisting her apron into her mouth.

"Come away, Jessac," said her mother, quietly, "do your best." And Jessac, laying aside shyness, went at her Highland reel with the same serious earnestness she gave to her tidying or her knitting. Daintily she tripped her twenty-four steps of that intricate, ancient dance of the Celt people, whirling, balancing, poising, snapping her fingers and twinkling her feet in the true Highland style, till once more her father's face smoothed out its wrinkles and beamed like a harvest moon. Hughie gazed, uncertain whether to allow himself to admire Jessac's performance or to regard it with a boy's scorn, as she was only a girl. And yet he could not escape the fascination of the swift, rhythmic movement of the neat, twinkling feet.

"Well done, Jessac, lass," said her father, proudly. "But what would the minister be saying at such frivolity?" he added, glancing at Hughie.

"Huh! he could do it himself well enough," said Hughie, "and I tell you what, I only wish I could do it."

"I'll show you," said Jessac, shyly, but for the first time in his life Hughie's courage failed, and though he would have given much to be able to make his feet twinkle through the mazes of the Highland reel, he could not bring himself to accept teaching from Jessac. If it had only been Thomas or Billy Jack who had offered, he would soon enough have been on the floor. For a moment he hesitated, then, with a sudden inspiration, he cried, "All right. Do it again. I'll watch." But the mother said, quietly, "I think that will do, Jessac. And I am afraid your father will be going with cold hands if you don't hurry with those mitts." And Jessac put up her lip with the true girl's grimace and went away for her knitting, to Hughie's disappointment and relief.

Soon Billy Jack took down the tin lantern, pierced with holes into curious patterns, through which the candle-light rayed forth, and went out to bed the horses. In spite of protests from all the family, Hughie set forth with him, carrying the lantern and feeling very much the farmer, while Billy Jack took two pails of boiled oats and barley, with a mixture of flax-seed, which was supposed to give to the Finch's team their famous and superior gloss. When they returned from the stable they found in the kitchen Thomas, who was rubbing a composition of tallow and beeswax into his boots to make them waterproof, and the mother, who was going about setting the table for the breakfast.

"Too bad you have to go to bed, mother," said Billy Jack, struggling with his boot-jack. "You might just go on getting the breakfast, and what a fine start that would give you for the day."

"You hurry, William John, to bed with that poor lad. What would his mother say? He must be fairly exhausted."

"I'm not a bit tired," said Hughie, brightly, his face radiant with the delight of his new experiences.

"You will need all your sleep, my boy," said the mother, kindly, "for we rise early here. But," she added, "you will lie till the boys are through

Making his boots watertight.

with their work, and Thomas will waken you for your breakfast."

"Indeed, no! I'm going to get up," announced Hughie.

"But, Hughie," said Billy Jack, seriously, "if you and Thomas are going to carry out that man to-morrow, you will need a mighty lot of sleep."

"Hush, William John," said the mother to her eldest son, "you mustn't tease Hughie. And it's not good to be saying such things, even in fun, to boys like Thomas and Hughie."

"That's true, mother, for they're rather fierce already."

"Indeed, they are not that. And I am sure they will do nothing that will shame their parents."

To this Hughie made no reply. It was no easy matter to harmonize the thought of his parents with the exploit of ejecting the master from the school, so he only said good-night and went off with the silent Thomas to bed. It seemed to Hughie that he had hardly dropped off to sleep, when he was awake again to see Thomas standing beside him with a candle in his hand, announcing that breakfast was ready.

"Have you been out to the stable?" he eagerly inquired, and Thomas nodded. In great disappointment, and a little shamefacedly, he made his appearance at the breakfast-table.

As Hughie was saying his good-byes he was thinking most of the twinkling feet and the tossing curls, and o he added to his farewells, "Good-by, Jessac. I'm going to learn that reel from you some day," and then, turning about, he straightway forgot all about her and her reel, for Billy Jack's horses were pawing to be off.

"Git-ep, lads," said Billy Jack, flourishing his whip.

As they left the more open butternut ridge and descended into the depths of the big pine swamp, the dim light faded into deeper gloom, and Hughie felt as if he were in church and an awe gathered upon him.

"It's awful still," he said to Billy Jack in a low tone, and Billy Jack, catching the look in the boy's face, checked the light word upon his lips and gazed around into the deep forest glooms with new eyes.

"Say, it's mighty fine, isn't it?" he said, adopting Hughie's low tone.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Hughie. "My! I could just hug those big trees. They look at me like—like your mother, don't they, or mine?" But this was beyond Billy Jack.

"Like my mother?"

"Yes, you know, quiet and—and—kind, and nice."

"Yes," said Thomas, breaking in for the first time, "that's just it. They do look, sure enough, like my mother and yours. They both have that look."

Soon they were at the cross-roads.

"Good-by, Billy Jack," said Hughie, feeling as if he had been on a long, long visit. "I've had an awfully good time, and I'd like to go back with you."

"Wish you could," said Billy Jack, heartily. "And don't carry out the master to-day. It looks like a storm; he might get cold."

"He had better mind out, then," cried Hughie after Billy Jack, and set off with Thomas for the school. But neither Hughie nor Thomas had any idea of the thrilling experiences awaiting them in the Twentieth School.

A DAUGHTER OF RAASAY

A TALE OF THE '45

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE

CHAPTER XV.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

THE came to me one day a surprise, a marked hour among my weeks struck calm. Charles, Cloe, and Aileen had been wont to visit me regularly; once Selwyn had dropped in on me; but I had not before been honored by a visit from Sir Robert Volney. He sauntered into my cell swinging a clouded cane, dressed to kill and point device in every ruffle, all dabbed with scented powder, pomatum, and jessamine water. To him, coming direct from the strong light of the sun, my cell was dark as the inside of Jonah's whale. He stood hesitating in the doorway, groping with his cane for some guide to his footsteps.

For an instant I drew back, thinking he had come to mock me; then I put the idea from me. However much of evil there was in him, Volney was not a small man. I stepped forward to greet him.

"Welcome to my poor best, Sir Robert! If I do not offer you a chair it is because I have none. My regret is that my circumstances hamper my hospitality."

"Not at all. You offer me your best, and in that lies the essence of hospitality. Better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred, egad," returned my guest with easy irony.

He seated himself on the table with a leg dangling in air and looked curiously around on the massive masonry, the damp floor, the walls oozing slime. I followed his eye and in some measure his thoughts.

"Stone walls do not a prison make," I quoted gaily.

"Ecod, they make a pretty fair imitation of one!" he chuckled.

I was prodigious glad to see him.

He gazed long at me. "You're looking devilish ill, Montagu," he said.

I smiled. "Are you afraid I'll cheat the hangman, after all?"

His eyes wandered over the cell again. "By heaven, this death's cage is enough to send any man off the hooks," he shivered.

"One gets used to it," I answered shrugging.

He looked at me with a kind of admiration. "They may break you, Montagu, but I vow they will never bend you. Here are you broken with illness, the shadow of the gallows falling across your track, and never a whimper out of you."

"Speak out!" I told him. "Your interest in me as evidenced by this visit has earned the right to satisfy your curiosity."

"I dare swear you have had your chance to save yourself!" he asked.

"Oh, the usual offer! A life for a life, the opportunity to save myself by betraying others."

"Do you never dally with the thought of it?" he questioned.

I looked up quickly at him. A hundred times I had nursed the temptation and put it from me.

"Are you never afraid, Montagu, when the night falls black and slumber is not to be wooed?"

"Many a time," I told him, smiling.

"You say it as easily as if I had asked whether you ever took the air in the park. 'Slife, I have never known you flinch. There was always a certain

d—d rough plainness about you, but you play the game."

"'Tis a poor hound falls whining at the whip when there is no avoiding it."

"You will never accept their offer of a pardon on those terms. I know you, man. Y'are one of those fools hold by honor rather than life, and damme! I like you for it. Now I in your place—"

"Would do as I do."

"Would I? I'm not so sure. If I did it would be no virtue, but an obstinacy not to be browbeat." Then he added, "You would give anything else on earth for your life, I suppose?"

"Anything else," I told him frankly.

"Anything else?" he repeated, his eyes narrowing. "No reservations, Montagu?"

Our eyes crossed like rapiers.

"Am I to understand that you are making me an offer, Sir Robert?"

"I am making you an offer of your life."

"Respectfully declined."

"Think again, man! Once you are dead you will be a long time dead. Refuse to give her up, and you die; she is not for you in any case. Give way, and I will move heaven and earth for a pardon. Believe me, never was such perfect weather before. The birds sing divinely, and Charles tells me Montagu Grange is sorely needing a master."

"Charles will look the part to admiration."

"And doubtless will condole himself in true brotherly fashion for the loss of his brother by reciting his merits on a granite shaft and straightway forgetting them in the enjoyment of the estate."

"I think it likely."

He looked at me gloomily. "There is a way to save you despite your obstinacy."

I shuffled across to him in a tumult of emotion. "You would never do it, would never be so vile as to trade on her fears for me to win her."

"I would do anything to win her and I would do a great deal to save your life. The two things jump together. In a way I like you, man."

But I would have none of his liking.

"Oh, spare me that! You are the most sentimental villain unhung, and I can get along without your liking."

"That's as may be," said he, laughing, "but I cannot well get along without you. On my honor, you have become one of my greatest sources of interest."

"Do you mean that you would stake my life against her hand?" I demanded whitely.

He gave me look for look. "I mean just that. By Heaven, I shall win her, fair or foul!"

I could only keep saying over and over again, "You would never do it. Even you would never do that."

"Wouldn't I? You'll see," he answered, laughing hardily.

I was shaken, I confess it. Not that I thought for a moment of giving up my love, but my heart ached to think of the cruel position into which she would be cast. To save her lover's life she must forsake her love, or if she elected the other alternative, must send him to his death. That Volney would let this burden of choice fall on her I would scarce let myself believe; and yet—there was never a man more madly, hopelessly in love than he.

After that first visit he used to come often and entertain me with the news and gossip of the town. I have never met a more interesting man. He was an onlooker of life rather than an actor, an ironical cynic, chuckling with sardonic humor. The secret of his charm lay perhaps in a certain whimsical outlook and in an original turn of mind.

Day by day the time drew nearer on which my reprieve expired. I saw nothing of Aileen now, for she had followed the King and his court to Bath, intent on losing no opportunity that might present itself in my favor. For one reason I was glad to have her gone; so long as she was out of town Sir Robert could not urge on her the sacrifice which he intended.

The time of my execution had been set for Friday, and on the preceding Monday, Volney, just arrived from the beheading of Balmerino and Kilmarnock, drove out to New Prison to see me. He was full of admiration for

Balmerino's bold exit from the stage of life and related to me with great gusto every incident of the last scene on Tower Hill.

"'Tis a thing to admire, the sturdy loyalty of you Jacobites," he said after a pause. "You carry it off like gentlemen. Every poor Highlander who has yet suffered has flung out his 'God save King James' on the scaffold. Now I'll wager you too go to death with the grand air—no canting prayers for King George, eh?"

"I must e'en do as the rest," I smiled.

"I could better spare a better man," he said.

"Sorry to inconvenience you," I told him grimly.

"I' faith, I think you're destined to do that dead or alive."

"I think I am. You will find me more in your way dead than alive."

"I'll outlive your memory, never fear." Then quietly, after a moment's hesitation: "There's one thing it may be a comfort for you to know. I've given up any thought of putting her on the rack. I'll win fairly or not at all."

I drew a deep, free breath. "Thank you for telling me."

"I mean to marry her though. I swear to you, Montagu, that my heart is wrapped up in her. I thought all women alike until I saw this one. Now I know better. She could have made a different man of me; sometimes I think she could even yet. I vow to you I would not now injure a hair of her head, but willy nilly in the end I shall marry the girl."

"To ruin her life?"

"To save mine rather."

"Do you think yourself able to change the whole course of your life for her?"

He mused. "Ah, Montagu! There your finger falls pat on the pulse of my doubt. My heart cries aye, my reason gives a negative."

"Don't worry overmuch about it," I answered, railing at him. "She'll never look at you, man. My grave will be an insurmountable barrier. She will idealize my memory, think me a martyr and herself a widowed maid."

The shot scored. 'Twas plain he must have often thought of that himself.

"It may interest you to know that we are engaged to be married," I added.

"Indeed! Let me congratulate you. When does the happy event occur, may I ask? Or is the day set?"

He had no need to put into words more clearly the irony of the fate that encompassed us.

"Dead or alive, as you say, I bar your way," I said tartly.

"Pooh, man! I give you six weeks of violent grief, six months of tender melancholy."

"You do not know the Scotch. She will die a maid," I answered.

"Not she! A live lover is more present than a dead one. Has she sworn pretty vows to you, Montagu? 'At lovers' prejudices,' they say, 'Jove laughs.' Is there nothing to be said for me? Will her heart not always whisper that I deserve gratitude and love, that I perilled my life for her, saved the lives of her brother and lover, neither of them friends of mine, again reprieved her lover's life, stood friend to her through all her troubles? You know a woman's way—to make much of nothing."

"Forgive, if I prod a lagging memory. Miss Westerleigh?"

Long he laughed and merrily.

"Eloped for Gretna Green with Tony Creagh last night, and I, poor, forsaken swain, faith! I do not pursue."

You may be sure that dashed me. I felt as a trapped fox with the dogs closing in on me. The future loomed up clear before me, Aileen hand in hand with Volney scattering flowers on my grave in sentimental mood. The futility of my obstinacy made me bitter.

"Come, Montagu! listen to reason," urged the tempter. "You get in my way, but I don't want to let you be sponged out. The devil of it is that if I get you a pardon—and I'm not sure that I can get it—you'll marry the girl. I might have you shipped to the Barbadoes as a slave with some of the others, but to be frank I had rather see you hanged than give you so scurvy an

end. Forswear what is already lost and make an end of it."

I turned away blackly. "You have my answer. Sir Robert, you have played your last card. Now let me die in peace."

He shrugged impatiently and left me. "A fool's answer, yet a brave man's, too," he muttered.

Aileen, heart-broken with the failure of her mission, reached town on Thursday and came at once to the prison. Her face was as the face of troubled waters. I had no need to ask the question on my lips. With a sobbing cry she threw herself on my breast. My heart was woe for her. Utter weariness was in her manner. All through the long days and nights she had agonized, and now at last despaired. There seemed no tears left to shed.

Long I held her tight, teeth set, as one who would keep his own perforce from that grim fate which would snatch his love from him. She shivered to me half-swooning, pale and of wondrous beauty, nestling in my arms as a weary homing bird. A poignant grief o'erflowed in me.

"Oh, Aileen! At least we have love left," I cried, breaking the long silence.

"Always! Always!" her white lips answered.

"Then let us regret nothing. They can do with me what they will. What are life and death when in the other balance dwells love?" I cried, wrapt in unearthly worship of her.

Her eyes found mine. "Oh, Kenneth, I cannot—I cannot—let you go."

Sweet and lovely she was beyond the dream of poet. I trembled in an ecstacy of pain. From the next cell there came to us softly the voice of a poor condemned Appin Stuart. He was crooning that most tender and heart-breaking of all strains. Like the pibroch's mournful sough he wailed it out, the song that cuts deep to a Scotchman's heart in time of exile:—

"Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more."

I looked at Aileen, my face working. A long breath came whistling through her lips. Her dear face was all broken with emotion. I turned my eyes aside, not daring to trust myself. Through misty lashes again I looked. Her breast lifted and fell in shaking sobs, the fount of tears touched at last. Together we wept, without shame I admit it, while the Stuart's harrowing strain ebbed to a close. To us it seemed almost as the keening of the coronach.

So in the quiet that comes after storm, her dear, supple figure still in my arms, Sir Robert Volney came in unexpectedly and found us. He stopped at the door, startled at her presence, and methought a shadow fell on his face. Near to death as I was, the quality of his courage was so fine and the strength of the passion in him so great, that he would have changed places with me even then.

Aileen went up to him at once and gave him her hand. She was very simple, her appeal like a child's for directness.

"Sir Robert, you have already done much for me. I will be so bold as to ask you to do more. Here iss my lover's life in danger. I ask you to save it."

"That he may marry you?"

"If God wills."

A minute passed, two minutes. He fought out his fight and won.

"Aileen," he said at last, "before Heaven I fear it is too late, but what man can do that will I do."

He came in and shook hands with me. "I'll say good-bye, Montagu. 'Tis possible I'll see you but once more in this world. Yet I will do my best. Don't hope too much, but don't quite despair."

There was unconscious prophecy in his words. I was to see him but the once more, and then the proud, gallant gentleman, now so full of energy, was lying on his deathbed, struck out of life by a foul blow.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THE SHADOW FALLS."

It would appear that Sir Robert went direct from the prison to the club room

at White's. He was observed to be gloomy, preoccupied, his manner not a little perturbed. The usual light smile was completely clouded under a gravity foreign to his nature.

By some strange hap it chanced that Sir James Craven, excited with drink, the bile of his saturnine temper stirred to malignity by heavy losses at cards, alighted from his four-in-hand at White's shortly after Volney.

To Volney then, sitting gloomily in his distant solitude, came Craven with murder in his heart and a bitter jest on his lips. At the other side of the table he found a seat and glared across at his rival out of a passion-contorted face. Sir Robert looked past him coldly, negligently, as if he had not been there, and rising from his seat moved to the other side of the room. In the manner of his doing it there was something indescribably insulting; so it seemed to Topham Beauclerc, who retailed to me the story later.

Craven's evil glance followed Volney, rage in his bloodshot eyes. Presently he got to his feet and followed Sir Robert, still dallying no doubt with the fascinating temptation of fixing a quarrel upon his rival and killing him. To do justice Volney endeavored to avoid an open rupture with the man. He appeared buried in the paper he was reading.

"What news?" asked Craven abruptly.

For answer the other laid down the paper, so that Sir James could pick it up if he chose.

"I see your old rival, Montagu, is to dance on air to-morrow. Gad, you'll have it all your own way with the wench then," continued Craven boisterously, the liquor fast mounting to his head.

Volney's eyes grew steely. He would have left, but the burly, purple-faced baronet cut off his retreat.

"Damme, will you drink with me, or will you play with me, Volney?"

"Thanks, but I never drink nor play at this time of the day, Sir James. If it will not inconvenience you to let me pass—"

With a foolish laugh, beside himself with rage and drink, Craven flung him back into his chair. "'Sdeath, don't be in such a hurry! I want to talk to you about—devil take it, what is it I want to talk about?—Oh, yes! That pink and white baggage of yours. Stap me, the one look ravished me! Pity you let a slip of a lad like Montagu cut you out."

"That subject is one which we will not discuss, Sir James," said Volney, quietly. "It is not to be mentioned in my presence."

Craven might have read a warning in the studied gentleness of Volney's cold manner, but he was by this time far beyond reck. By common consent the eyes of every man in the room were turned on these two, and Craven's vanity sunned itself at holding once more the center of the stage.

"And after the trull has gadded about the country with young Montagu in all manner of disguises?" he continued.

"You lie, you hound!"

Sir James sputtered in a speechless paroxysm of passion, found words at last and poured them out in a turbid torrent of invective. He let fall the word baggage again, and presently, growing more plain, a word that is not to be spoken of an honest woman. Volney, eyeing him disdainfully, the man's coarse bulk, his purple cheeks and fishy eyes, played with his wine goblet, white fingers twisting at the stem; then, when the measure of the fellow's offense was full, put a period to his foul eloquence.

Full in the mouth the goblet struck him. Blood spurted from his lips, and a shower of broken glass shivered to the ground. Craven leaped across the table at his enemy in a blind fury; restrained by the united efforts of half a dozen club members, the struggling madman still foamed to get at his rival's throat—that rival whose disdainful eyes seemed to count him but a mad dog impotent to bite.

"You would not drink with me; you would not play with me, but, by God, you will have to fight with me!" he cried at last.

"When you please."

"Always I have hated you, wanted always to kill you, now I shall do it," he screamed.

Volney turned on his heel and beckoned to Beauclerc.

"Will you act for me, Topham?" he asked; and when the other assented, added: "Arrange the affair to come off as soon as possible. I want to have done with the thing at once."

They fought within the hour in the Field of the Forty Footsteps. The one was like fire, the other ice. They were both fine swordsmen, but there was no man in England could stand against Volney at his best, and those who were present have put it on record that Sir Robert's skill was this day at high-water mark. He fought quite without passion, watching with cool alertness for his chance to kill. We are to conceive that Craven tasted the bitterness of death, that in the cold, passionless face opposite to him he read his doom, and that in the horrible agony of terror that sweated him he forgot the traditions of his class and the training of a lifetime. He stumbled, and when Sir Robert held his hand, waiting point groundward with splendid carelessness for his opponent to rise, Craven flung himself forward on his knees and thrust low at him. The blade went home through the lower vitals.

Volney stood looking at him for a moment with a face of infinite contempt, then sank back into the arms of Beauclerc.

While the surgeon was examining the wound Craven stole forward guiltily to the outskirts of the little group which surrounded the wounded man.

The eyes of Volney and his murderer met, those of the dying man full of scorn. Craven's glance fell before that steady look. He muttered a hope that the wound was but slight; then in torture, burst out: "'Twas a slip. By Heaven, it was, Volney! I would to God it were undone."

"'To every coward safety, and afterward his evil hour,'" quoted Volney with cold disdain.

The murderer turned away with a sobbing oath, mounted his horse and rode for the coast to begin his lifetime of exile, penury and execration.

"Do I get my passports?" asked Sir Robert of the surgeon.

The doctor began to talk a jargon of medical terms, but Volney cut him short.

"Enough! I understand," he said quietly. "Get me to my rooms and send at once for the Prince of Wales. Beauclerc, may I trouble you to call on Cumberland and get from him an order to bring young Montagu to my place from the prison? And will you send my man Watkins for a lawyer? Oh, and one more commission—a messenger to beg of Miss Macleod her attendance. In case she demurs, make it plain to her that I am a dying man. Faith, Topham, you'll be glad I do not die often. I fear I am an unconscionable nuisance at it."

Dusk was falling when Beauclerc and the prison guards led me to Volney's bedroom. At the first glance I saw plainly that he was not long for this world. He lay propped on an attendant's arm, the beautiful eyes serene, an inscrutable smile on the colorless lips. Beside him sat Aileen, her hand in his, and on the other side of the bed the Duke of Cumberland and Malcolm. When he saw me his eyes brightened.

"On time, Kenneth. Thanks for coming."

Beauclerc had told me the story, and I went forward with misty eyes. He looked at me smiling.

"On my soul, I believe you are sorry, Montagu. Yes, I have my quietus. The fellow struck foul. My own fault! I always knew him for a scoundrel. I had him beaten; but 'tis better so perhaps. After all, I shall cross the river before you, Kenneth." Then abruptly to an attendant who entered the room: "Has the Prince come yet?"

"But this moment, sir."

The Prince of Wales entered the room and Volney gave him his old winsome smile.

"Hard hit, your Highness!"

"I trust it is not so bad as they say, Robert."

"Bad or good, as one looks at it, but this night I go wandering into the great unknown. Enough of this. I sent for

you, Fritz, to ask you my last favor."

The face of the stolid Dutchman was all broken with emotion.

"'Tis yours, Robert, if the thing is mine to grant."

"I want Montagu spared. You must get his pardon before I die, else I shall not pass easy in mind. This one wrong I must right before the end. 'Twas I drove him to rebellion. You will get him pardoned and see to it that his estates are not confiscated?"

"I promise to do my best. It shall be attended to."

"To-day?"

"This very hour if it can be arranged."

"And you, Cumberland, will do your share!"

The Duke nodded, frowning to hide his emotion.

Volney fell back on the pillows. "Good! Where is the priest?"

A vicar of the Church of England came forward to offer the usual ministrations to the dying. Volney listened for a minute or two with closed eyes, then interrupted gently:—

"Thank you. That will suffice. I'll never insult my Maker by fawning for pardon in the fag hour of a misspent life."

"The mercy of God is without limits—"

"I hope so. That I shall know better than you within the space of four-and-twenty hours. I'm afraid you mistake your mission here. You came to marry Antony, not to bury Cæsar." Then, turning to me he said, with a flare of his old reckless wit: "Any time this six weeks you've been qualifying for the noose. If you're quite ready we'll have the obsequies to-night."

He put Aileen's hand in mine. The vicar married us, the Prince of Wales giving away the bride. Aileen's pale face was shot with a faint flush, a splash of pink in either alabaster cheek. When the priest had made us man and wife she, who had just married me, leaned forward impulsively and kissed our former enemy on the forehead. The humorous gleam came back to his dulling eyes.

"Only one, Montagu. I daresay you can spare that. The rest are for a better man. Don't cry, Aileen. 'Fore Heaven, 'tis a good quittance for you!"

He looked at the soft warmth and glow of her, now quickened to throbbing life, drew a long breath, then smiled and sighed again, her lover even to the last.

A long silence fell, which Sir Robert broke by saying with a smile: "In case Selwyn calls show him up. If I am still alive I'll want to see him, and if I'm dead he'll want to see me. 'Twill interest him vastly."

Once more only he spoke. "The shadow falls," he said to Aileen, and presently dozed fitfully; so slipped gradually into the deeper sleep from which there is no awakening this side of the tomb. Thus he passed quietly to the great beyond, an unfearing cynic to the last hour of his life.

My pardon came next day, duly signed and sealed, with the customary rider to it that I must renounce the Stuarts and swear allegiance to King George. Our cause was dead, and might as well be buried. Not to make long of the matter, I took the oath without scruple.

Six weeks after my pardon Malcolm Macleod and Miss Flora Macdonald stopped at the Grange for a short visit with us. They were on their way north, having been released without a trial.

"We, three, with Captain Donald Roy and 'Tony Creagh, came to London to be hangit," smiled Major Macleod as they were about to resume their journey. "Twa—three times the rope tightened around the gullets of some of us, yet in the end we all win free. You and Tony have already embraced the other noose; Donald is in a gayen ill way, writing Latin verses to his lady's eyes; and as for me"—he smiled boldly at his companion—"I ride to the land of heather side by side with Miss Flora Macdonald."

Here I drop the quill, for my tale is told. For me, life is full of many quiet interests and much happiness, but even now there grips me at times a longing for those mad, wild days, when death hung on a hair's breadth and the glamor of romance beckoned the feathered foot of youth.

(*The end.*)

"89-2-5"

By Edwin Oviatt

Illustrations by
Howard Giles

WHEN a human catapult, in leather helmets and dirt-smeared canvas suits, springs suddenly and with terrific momentum at you through a hole in the line, you grit your teeth and dive in to stop it. If you bring down your man you can jump back to your place behind the line, with the bleachers rattling, and feel that you have done what was expected of you. But if you missed your tackle, and merely stopped the avalanche by rolling under it, you limp back to your position with just as many bruises and with the coaches yelling "Rotten!" at you. After two steaming, aching twenty-five-minute halves of that sort of thing you go back in your "special car" to the Gym and get a call-down from the trainer. That's football. It's pluck mostly. Without that no amount of mere brute muscle is worth anything at all.

Tom Innis, who had played halfback on the second team all the season, had gone in for football for several reasons, one of which was that if the fellows were going to stick him in the class-book as "the prettiest man in the class," which they said they were going to do, he would have something to fall back upon to save his self-respect. That was the sort of thing he wanted the fellows to forget. Innis wasn't going to his Junior Prom that year, for the reason that last year, when he had gone, the fellows had "horsed" him afterwards because all the "Queens" wanted to dance with him.

But he was doing some pretty tall thinking about himself that October evening as he sat on his window seat looking out at the twinkling campus, where the men were singing at the Fence. That was because that very afternoon he had come to a conclusion which he had been trying hard to avoid coming to all those last few bruising weeks of practice. And that was this: He wasn't good enough to make the 'Varsity. He couldn't play football anyway. He had been a born idiot to go in for the game.

That afternoon had clinched it. They had put him on the second team as usual and he had played two halves, during which the 'Varsity had scored three times, which it was his business not to let them do. And then he had discovered one thing that stuck in his brain and that brought him around with a sickening twist every time he thought of it. The college didn't know it, but every time he had said "Down!" in a compressed-air sort of a voice, way under some mountain of steaming beef, and the grand stands rattled when he struggled, blinking and shaking himself, out into the open air again, he was afraid everybody knew how sure he was he couldn't make his distance all the time he was doing it. That was the trouble. He was scared clean down to the bottom of his boots every time he grabbed the ball from the scrub quarter-back and scooted for the hole his line men had made for him, and dived under and wriggled one foot more, while the whole 'Varsity lit on his bad shoulder and

squeezed the life out of him, way down under that pile, with the ball digging a hole in his stomach.

What was the use of trying any more? He was going to see the captain, he told himself. He was through.

All the trainer and the coaches wanted was to kill the second team to make the 'Varsity stronger. He hated the 'Varsity. He didn't care a little bit whether Yale won or not. He was sick of the whole business. You see, though he didn't know it, he was feeling just then what every man feels at one time or another who is trying for a 'Varsity team and who has "Substitute" and other things written in big letters all over his own opinion of himself.

The next morning, when he pulled himself out of bed, he was still going to see the captain. He got into his clothes, thinking how he would take him off by the Sophomore Fence, where the under classmen would let them alone, and quit the game.

But it was noon before he saw the captain, and when he did meet him outside of Old South Middle the 'Varsity captain said, "Come out early to-day, Tommy. We want to liven things up a bit now, you know," he found himself, curiously enough, saying, "All right, Bob," instead of "See here, Mr. Townsend, that's all right, you know, but I'm sick of being kicked to death for the 'Varsity," which was something like what he had meant to say, only in politer language.

And that was why, though he didn't want to, he found himself at 3 o'clock in the "special car," where the men were beastly good-natured, and where Thacher was tousling Billy Elkins' hair—"Regular girl's trick," Innis called it. He went out and sat on the rear car-step, where he could scowl at the landscape and talk to nobody.

Out at the Field the grand-stands were filling up with men in overcoats and with pipes in their mouths, and groups of fellows in sweaters were kicking goals and catching punts and laughing and rolling on the ball as if they liked it.

In front of him the 'Varsity was working up the side-lines on trick plays. For the first time that season he didn't want to watch them. He wondered if Elkins, the 'Varsity quarter-back, ever squirmed inside when the scrub ends flattened him out on his back when he was starting, with a grin on his court-plastered face, from a kick-off.

But he didn't have time to think much because right away the head coach sent the two teams into a line-up.

He was walking out slowly from the bench and making up his mind to play one half and then shake the practice, when the trainer called out from the middle of the field: "Hey, Innis, you go stay on the bench! Osgood, you play left-half on second team."

Innis, with his sweater half peeled off, looked up in the biggest surprise he had ever had in college. What was that! Had he got it right? *They didn't want to play him!* What! Why—the blood boiled up into his face and he stared out at the trainer as if he hadn't heard him. Instead of being glad that they had given him a rest, he was mad clean through. He went back to the side-lines trembling all over. He had wanted to quit—that was *his* business! But now—why—*they had fired him to the bench!* He couldn't play if he wanted to.

He didn't stop to think how differently he had felt about all this five minutes ago. Instead, he forgot all about his bad shoulder and his bruised knee and how he had been going to quit the game, and yelled "Yea-a-a!" with the men on the grand-stands when the 'Varsity made a touch-down after fifteen minutes hammering the scrub line, —which a substitute on the side-lines ought not to do. For once in those long aching weeks Innis had forgotten how it hurt to be jammed down into the dirt—which was the best thing that had ever happened to him. Until then he had never understood how fine a thing it really is to have your head pounded, and your shoulder kicked, and your knee bruised, even if you are only on the second team, if you are doing it for the 'Varsity. He glared so angrily at the trainer when he came to get a sponge to wipe the sand out of the tackle's eyes that that

individual, who sees everything, and who had been looking for just that, glanced at him twice to make sure, and then grinned all over.

He was feeling that way and digging his heels down in the dirt to keep from swearing, when something happened. It was a very little thing as football goes, but it was a pretty big thing for Tom Innis. There came a long succession of scrub-tackle back-plays and back-field plunges, at the end of which the perspiring, heaving lines came to a sagging standstill, and Osgood, the new scrub half-back, limped out of the crowd with his leg dragging. That was what the football reporters said. But what really happened was this: The trainer, looking over to the side-lines, called out quietly, "Now, Innis! Let's see what *you* can do!"

Innis, hearing it from the bench, tore off his sweater on the run and jumped into his old place behind the scrubs with his face shining. He forgot everything—his bad shoulder and how he had wanted to be a quitter—everything but that one word from the trainer. He wasn't a quitter any longer. The trainer, watching him, smiled again. He knew a little bit about football.

"Line up, 'Varsity—hurry it up there, you scrubs!" a coach was saying. He was the one that had been showing Dale the 'Varsity tackle how to play. Innis heard him with his blood up. He wanted to play now as he had never wanted to before—his every nerve was itching to get into the muss—he wanted to *kill* somebody. "Now, you scrubs, do 'em up!" In front of him the scrub center was shoving back the 'Varsity left guard with "Say, you there, keep on side or I'll put you on!" and Thacher answering, "Play ball or the whole of you will go out next!" That was the stuff! Innis grinned when he heard it. Yesterday talk like that had made him tired. "Use that new scrub there on Dale like the other one, only *harder!*" he heard the head coach say to the trainer, and the trainer reply, "All right, Bill, he's good for it."

The two lines were shoulder to shoulder, the 'Varsity bracing on their heels, the scrub line crouched low, ready to heave in and upwards with the snap-back. Innis, his nerves tense, breathing hard, bent over for the signal. There was a nervous, breathless pause. The 'Varsity end fencing with the scrub tackle pushed him over. "Quit scrapping there, you fellows"—the 'Varsity captain was standing up, angrily—"You've got to play ball now or never!" The end jumped to his position again, swinging to and fro.

"Ready there?" said the scrub captain, laconically.

"89-2-5!"—his number—the same old, bully, familiar call. It sent the blood racing through his veins, his heart pounding joyfully.

There was a pause, a lightning-like snap of the ball, and then a sudden crunching, rasping creak of leather suits straining against each other, and he was flying low for the hole in the line, with his head down, his shoulders squared, boring in under a swaying, jamming, twisting mass of bodies, just as he used to, with the ball tucked under one arm while the scrub backs were pushing him in one yard farther.

"Good work there, scrubs!" The trainer was yanking the panting quarter-back to his feet. Behind the 'Varsity a lot of coaches were shoving Dale back into his position, and one of them was saying, "We'll keep at that place a week unless Dale learns how to stop it." "You could drive a horse and wagon through that hole that time, Dale." "Send that scrub in there again Mike!"

Smash! That was the way to do it. Innis felt himself hurled into the gaping hole at tackle, where he shoved and strained in under Dale's big body—

"Down!" Two yards yet to go. That was playing it!

The grand-stands were cheering—he could hear the rattle of men's feet as he trotted back to his position. It was like music. Again the two lines crouched—the 'Varsity backs stood with their hands on the men in front of them, watching. "89-2-5!" He was banging through again, and when he got to his feet he was one yard nearer that chalk mark. He heard a man, carelessly flicking the ash from his cigarette, say: "Look at that scrub attack, will you! Too bad that good-looking Innis wants to spoil his beauty." He pushed back his hair

Innis, substitute.

"89—2—5."

and smiled at that. This was something like. Yesterday—

"We want to buck that 'Varsity the whole length of the Field," the trainer was saying. "Keep at that tackle till you put him out!" A coach was running round behind the scrubs and pounding Innis on the back. Straight into the wedged wall Innis fought his way again. His shoulder hurt him, but he forgot that when he heard the head coach say, angrily, "First down, four yards to go!"

"89-2-5!"

Tired at last, his face dripping with perspiration, Innis took the ball on the run once more. Somebody ground his heel down on his bad shoulder and somebody else lit on his head, but he yelled "Down!" with the ball where the trainer had told him to put it, on the chalk-mark. He was helped to his feet with his face bloody and his shoulder stabbing, but he yelled "We've got 'em!" to the scrub quarter-back, even though he nearly swayed as he crouched for the ball. Yesterday he had dropped the ball on that play, and his arm had kept on paining. To-day, somehow, he did not feel it at all.

"First down! Five yards to go!"

The 'Varsity had to back off to take up their position. Way down the Field, Elkins, the 'Varsity quarter-back, was running up and calling out excitedly, "Hold 'em, you fellows—hold 'em!" Behind the 'Varsity the coaches were looking around to see how much ground they had lost, and saying that if Dale did not learn to meet that attack pretty blamed quick he'd be fired. In football you have to keep banging at weak spots till something drops.

When Innis staggered to his feet after the next plunge black rings were dancing in front of his eyes and his arm hung numb and wooden. But he had heard the trainer say to the scrub captain that his team had got to smash that 'Varsity and that Innis had got to do the smashing. And that made him forget how his arm hurt. They wanted him, did they?—then why had they fired him in front of the whole college.

"89-2-5!"

Once again, his eyes shut, keeping his feet somehow, with his good arm warding off a lunging 'Varsity end, stumbling forward headlong, jamming his numb shoulder into the stomach of a man in front of him who shot in at him over the head of the scrub tackle like a catapult, while a rush of bodies roared in behind him and jammed him forwards and under the pile—he made his distance.

"Second down! Two yards to go!" The bleachers were a dancing maze of men, the side-lines were swaying with a long line of substitutes in sweaters. A roaring "Brek-ek-ek-ek!" was going up from the stands. It was his name they were yelling! Near him the head coach was saying, "That was pretty good that time, Dale—but the next time you want to *kill* him!" Innis, his shoulder shooting, his body aching in every muscle, heard it and jumped back to his place, his jaws set, and with but one thought in his reeling head. Let 'em kill him! He would make that distance just the same.

"Down!" Only the trainer heard it, and he yanked the 'Varsity man and half the scrub eleven off the pile with his eyes glued on one torn jersey at the bottom. "Yes—you made it," he said kindly. He had to bend over to hear the question. A ripping cheer started from the grand-stand that ended in a rattle of feet and a cheer again. The steaming, grimy 'Varsity backed off panting. The 'Varsity tackle stood on his own 20-yard line glaring down at the scrub half-back, who had bucked him fifteen yards, and who rolled over on his shoulder with his eyes closed and his hands clenched, but with a smile on his lips.

"Hurt?" said the head coach, pushing in through the sweating mass.

"Oh, no!" said the trainer, looking up from the man on the ground. "Only a shoulder sprain. He'll play again all right next week. Usual case at this end of the season with second-team men. Too much nerves and too little confidence. I knew it yesterday, but I thought I'd give him a chance to find out for himself that he had more stuff in him than he thought he had. You see it worked."

Then he added, with his customary twinkle, "Now, if you'll call out another man, we'll get another fifteen yards out of your 'Varsity."

THE RICH BOY'S CHRISTMAS

And now behold this sulking boy,
His costly presents bring no joy;
Harsh tears of anger fill his eye
Tho' he has all that wealth can buy.
What profits it that he employs
His many gifts to make a noise?
His playroom is so placed that he
Can cause his folks no agony.

MORAL:

Mere worldly wealth does not possess
The power of giving happiness.

THE POOR BOY'S CHRISTMAS.

Observe, my child, this pretty scene,
And note the air of pleasure keen
With which the widow's orphan boy
Toots his tin horn, his only toy.
What need of costly gifts has he?
The widow has nowhere to flee,
And ample noise his horn emits
To drive the widow into fits.

MORAL:

The philosophic mind can see
The uses of adversity.

E. P. B.

MARGINALIA

FOUR wise people sat upon the veranda and revealed their wisdom in cynical spatterings, one to another. Two of them were married—though happily not to each other; one of them was a Bachelor and one of them an Ice Cold Maid.

Down the dusty road rumbled a farmer's wagon. They had seen it approaching for some time, for it was peddling fresh vegetables to the homes scattered along the white suburban street. Now it drew up at the gate before them, and a sad-faced, gentle-eyed man, with failure and lack of energy written all over him, got down from the high seat in front and went listlessly around to the back of the house to see if any green peas or new carrots were wanted. On the high seat he left two fools.

One of them was a girl. She might have been fifteen. Her dresses were still short, and her trim ankles swung lightly to and fro, locked together, for she was not tall enough to reach the flooring of the wagon. A happy smile lay on her face, even when she looked curiously at the four wise people on the veranda. But she did not waste much of her eye-shine upon them. They were Old, and a part of the world who make laws about bedtime and when "Fred must go home now"; and there was too much of that world in her circle of acquaintanceship already. So she turned her look back upon Fred—the other fool—and a wide, flapping straw hat she wore almost hid her face from the wise people, and Fred looked and looked into the shine, and his face glowed, shame-facedly. For Fred knew that the wise people were looking at them, and he had a feeling that he should pretend to an immunity from love in public. The girl knew that they were looking—and she wanted them to see.

"Two young fools!" said the Married Woman, with a sniff.

"Yes," said the Married Man, dryly; "but they'll recover."

"Oh! they'll get over it," agreed the Married Woman. "They'll each marry some one else, and thank their stars ever after that they escaped each other."

The Married Man did not say anything to this, so the Bachelor drawled:—

"That's what they call 'calf love,' isn't it?"

"That's it," said the Married Woman, "and it looks like a pretty bad case."

"Even the worst cases are not fatal," put in the Married Man. "A few plunges into the stream of business, and a fellow forgets all that moonshine. He thinks he won't, but—"

Here the smiling face of the young girl was turned suddenly toward them, brimming over with pride and happiness, and the Married Man did not finish the sentence.

"I think," said the Married Woman, taking a fresh grip of the subject, "that twenty-five is young enough to choose one's mate in life."

"If—" broke in the Bachelor, with emphasis, as he looked at the Ice Cold Maid; but the Ice Cold Maid was watching Fred as he fidgeted in a nice blend of blushing embarrassment and misty delirium on the high seat, and she said nothing.

"Yes," laughed the Married Woman, "I know what your 'if' means. But I think that we were not intended to go through life alone, and—"

"But I am not going through life alone," protested the Bachelor. "For instance, at the present moment I have the society of your husband's wife—"

The Married Woman laughed coquettishly up at him.

"Whereas," he went on, "your husband is having the society of his dogs and gun at this same moment."

"Married couples," said the Married Woman, with a little touch of resentment in her manner, "need not be always tied together."

The Ice Cold Maid shivered a little and looked at her. "I agree with you," she said. "They should never prevent each other from living out their individual lives."

There was a little scream on the high seat; for a quick movement of the waiting horse had threatened to upset the girl with the swinging feet. So she reached out quickly toward Fred, and he as swiftly took her hands in one of his, while the other arm went round

her waist, and in a moment she was seated again. But his face had gone under the [illegible] young, bobbing straw hat in the seat [illegible], and now they were both looking [illegible]ily over at the four wise people on the shaded veranda.

"He kissed her," said the Ice Cold Maid under her breath.

"She liked it," said the Bachelor.

"She's a fool!" pronounced the Married Woman.

The hot sun splashed yellowly about the blushing young pair on the high seat. The locked ankles swung rhythmically as the young girl looked shyly at the flushed face of her companion, but his eyes got no farther than her brown hands, which lay, a fluttering heap, in her lap.

"Umm!" commented the Married Man. "I doubt if he knows what C. P. R. is selling for."

"He'll know what coal costs if he keeps on that way," added the Married Woman, acidly.

"But he won't keep on," the Bachelor assured her. "By sleighing time he'll have another girl."

"She probably has friends who will advise her wisely," remarked the Ice Cold Maid, but her voice sounded almost as if it were regret, and not relief, that the thought brought her.

"If she were a daughter of mine," said the Married Woman, emphatically, "I'd pack that young boy off about his business." And her lips came together decisively.

"So would most mothers," said the Ice Cold Maid.

"I wonder what her mother is thinking of," went on the Married Woman.

"How much the wagon-load of vegetables is going to bring," was the Married Man's opinion.

The young fellow's eyes had now got beyond the fluttering, brown hands, and the pair were talking to each other in a desultory fashion, as if it mattered little what they said, so long as they could look at each other.

"I wonder what they are saying to each other," conjectured the Bachelor.

"I wonder," acquiesced the Married Woman.

"I wish they'd move [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Just then the vegetable man came slowly around from behind the house with a nearly empty basket on his arm. Apparently he had made a good sale, but it had not raised his spirits. The Married Man went down the steps and joined him as he moved along the path toward the gate.

"It makes him irritable to have to sit still for an afternoon," said the Married Woman, condemnation and [illegible] in her tones.

"I wonder if he hasn't gone down to get a closer look at the lovers," said the Bachelor.

The Ice Cold Maid arose and went inside.

The wagon had moved off down the street, the Married Man walking along with the [illegible] vegetable man. [illegible] the Ice Cold Maid came out of the house with a hat on, and bowing to the [illegible] left on the veranda, went in the same direction.

"That is a sensible girl," said the Married Woman.

[illegible]

"What do they like?"

"Girls."

"You don't seem to."

"Yes, I do. But I like them tied up, like dangerous dogs. I'm afraid of being bitten."

"Tied up?"

"To a husband."

"Oh!"

"I wonder where the 'sensible girl' has gone," said the Bachelor after a while.

"That's dangerous."

"Why?"

"Curiosity is akin to—conquest, which is a man's notion of love."

"But not a boy's," said the Bachelor. "His passion is to serve."

"How do you know?"

"I know."

"I believe—"

"It is better to be sceptical."

"That you were in love once."

"Why put it in the past tense—" smiling enigmatically.

"Get your hat," said the Married Woman, shaking her finger at him, "and we will go after 'the sensible girl.'"

Well down the street, opposite a suburban ice-cream parlor, they found the wagon tied to a hitching-post—and empty. Looking in the parlor, they saw the Married Man eating ice-cream at a table with the two fools. The Ice Cold Maid stood in the store chatting with the young lady clerk. Their first impulse was to rap or go in, but the Bachelor said:—

"Let us go on. I never like to be interrupted myself when I am turning over the past in my mind."

"Whatever do you mean?" exclaimed the Married Woman; but she was willing to go on, for then her "partner in life" would have to hunt out his own clean clothes when he came back to the house from hunting.

It chanced that the Married Man and the Ice Cold Maid walked home together after the wagon and its "cargo of fools" had moved on down the street.

"I knew a girl once," said the Married Man, "who had eyes just like that little witch."

"Did you?" said the Ice Cold Maid, and there was pity in her voice, for she knew that eyes never looked like that unless the misty shine of the love-light lay in them.

The Married Man looked quickly at the Ice Cold Maid, for he had not noticed before that she could pity.

"Did she die?" asked the Ice Cold Maid, turning toward him, and as their eyes met they each knew that the other knew that they were talking of his first sweetheart.

"No," he said, savagely. "I was a fool. I went away. I did not know that love was so rare a gift. I thought I was better than she—" And the growing thickness of his voice stopped his speech.

"And she lived?"

"Yes. She is alive now. Married for—for a home, they tell me. And I never can look under a tree at twilight without seeing her eyes, full of tears, as they were when I went away—"

The Ice Cold Maid said nothing; for she could not. A great pity filled her throat and her eyes were a-swim.

Presently the Married Man looked at her, and she turned her face dumbly toward his, and it was aged with grief.

"Don't!" he said. "I'm only getting my deserts. I was flushed with my success in the city, and—and—did not go back. Show us men a dollar, and we are blind fools."

"And show us women," burst in the Ice Cold Maid, "a little maxim in a little book, and we blindly bow down."

"You, too?" cried the Married Man, for he saw now that her grief was for herself.

"Yes. At fifteen I would have died to give a boy I knew a moment's happiness, but I was sent away because he was not 'promising' enough, and 'we were children,' and all that—and I have never seen a man I could marry since."

Then they went on up the street in silence and turned in at the gate.

"Love seems to be a reality," he said, smiling faintly as if to cover up the memory of the strong feeling he had shown.

But the Ice had come back, and she only looked at him.

"That farmer," he went on, as if unwilling to come quite out of the past, "has lost his wife. That's what makes him so—"

"Yes, I suspected that," hurriedly broke in the Ice Cold Maid. She seemed as anxious to keep away from the subject as he was to skirt it. Then they stood irresolute for a moment.

The door banged open, and the husband of the Married Woman came through with a wrecked suspender in his hand.

"Have you seen my wife?" he demanded.

"She was right on this veranda when I went down the street a few minutes ago," said the Married Man.

"Well, I can't find her anywhere," he declared, glaring around. "I married that woman, by the Immortal, because her mother was so good a housekeeper—I took time to pick her out, too—and now I can't even find needle and thread in her room to do my own sewing." And, turning back into the house, he banged the door behind him.

And, two blocks away, two fools, seated on the high seat of a farm wagon, homeward bound, looked up at the noise, and then looked back into each other's eyes.

A FEMININE TRUST

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

BELLEVIEW is one of those delightful little inland places where the citizens proudly refer to the population as "more than one thousand!" Where the "Opera House" is located in the upper story of the "brick block," and at which the arrival of a theatrical company is a social event.

Charlie Willis, editor and proprietor of the *Bellview Banner*, a weekly sheet whose press more than once had been halted in mid-career by the sheriff and a log chain, sat with his heels on the pine table he dignified as a desk and surveyed the letter in his hand with glad approval. It was from the advance agent of the "Butterfly Light Opera Company," and ordered the insertion of a notice that the said company would play in Belleview for one night only on a date two weeks following.

In the next room the hand press was already beginning to clank as the week's edition was being "run off," to use a phrase that ill-befitted the performance of the antiquated machine. It would not do to miss an insertion of the ad. Ads. other than those of patent medicines, usually paid for from the stock in trade, were lamentably rare. Therefore Willis rose hastily to order the cutting out of a chapter of "to-be-continued" stereotype and the insertion of the theatrical notice.

Instead of so doing, however, he suddenly sat down again and a grin of delight which began in his blue eyes and spread slowly over his somewhat boyish face, gave token of the conception of some sure-to-be-successful idea. Unmoved he heard the press continue to clank out the edition.

Pulling open the drawer of the table he extracted a box of pale-blue note-paper and began to write. He wrote many notes, so many that he began to wonder where the stamps were to come from. And the most peculiar part of the affair was that with the exception of the addresses they were exact facsimiles:—

"MY DEAR MISS ——: May I have the exceeding pleasure of your company to the opera on the night of the eighteenth? With the hope that you have no previous engagement, I am, Most sincerely,

"CHARLES WILLIS."

After two hours' work he went carefully through the notes; he had not missed a girl in the town.

There was not a more popular young man in Belleview than Willis, and it was safe to count on nine of every ten of the invitations being accepted.

The next day a basketful of pale-blue envelopes was dumped into the postoffice, and the next day the editor's lock-box failed to hold the notes directed in dainty feminine hands. Of the one hundred and six girls of the town, ninety-four had accepted the invitation.

The next week's edition of the *Banner* bore a two-page advertisement of the coming attraction, and immediately the belles of the town were besieged with invitations. Invariably the answer was the same—"very much regretted, but had accepted an invitation from Mr. Willis." That night Willis' office resembled a highly excited primary.

"See here, Charlie," Jack Weston began, being by common consent spokesman of this Committee of the Whole, "I've asked every girl in town to go with me to the show this week, and every one of them has said that she was to go with you. Now, what in the name of all that is wonderful are you up to? You can't go with a hundred girls, can you?"

The Committee of the Whole unanimously agreed that the idea was preposterous.

Willis puffed his corn-cob and beamed sweetly upon his friends. He lifted the cover from a shoe box filled with little pink notes.

"Glad you fellows dropped in," he said with an innocent smile. "Been doing some literary work; like to know what you all think of it." He handed one of the notes to Jack Weston. Jack read it aloud:—

"MY DEAR MISS ——: I regret more than I can express that my duties will prevent my keeping my engagement for the evening of the eighteenth. I beg, however, to substitute our mutual friend, Mr. ——.

"In the hope that this will be agreeable to you, I am, Most sincerely,"

Jack picked up another of the notes—it was an exact duplicate, unaddressed, with a blank space and unsigned. A light of understanding broke over his face, and he gave vent to a howl of amusement and admiration.

"Rather neat little thing, don't you think?" asked Willis. "Seems to me they ought to be worth about $2 each?"

Jack's hand came out of his pocket and deposited two silver dollars on the table. He whispered a name, a form was filled out, signed, and handed to him, and Willis marked one name off the list.

Then the crowd comprehended the transaction and Willis was almost mobbed in their eagerness. At last he succeeded in driving them into the pressroom, to be admitted one by one. In less than an hour the box was empty.

The opera of the eighteenth was an undoubted success, and many young ladies were heard to express regret that the arduous nature of an editor's duties prevented Mr. Willis from attending.

As for that unprincipled young man, he spent the evening in writing a stirring editorial upon the evils of trusts, puffing appreciatively at his very first cigar for three weeks.

HANK'S GRIZZLY.

BY
Harry Irving Greene.
ILLUSTRATED BY
Charles Livingston Bull.

HANK, the guide, peeped into the coffee pot and then sat down on a log to await the boiling.

"The queerest reptyle ever I met," he said, "was up in Utah. Drifted into Whisky Ike's parlor one evenin', and feelin' pretty good, shot a few holes through the ceilin', not meanin' no harm. Bimeby down comes a little feller with nothin' on but his pants, shirt and spectickles and looks me over. He was a funny lookin' critter, cock-eyed, long body and short legs, like one of them—what do you call them dogs, Clawed, what they bring up under a bureau so their legs can't grow?"

"Dachshunds."

"Yes, I reckon them's it. His legs was so short that when he stood up his feet just touched the floor and that's all. Pretty soon he says, 'I must insist that you cease shooting through my bedroom. It is very annoying, and if you do so any more I will be compelled to take the law into my own hands.'

"'How so?' I asks, curious enough. Well, he goes down in his pocket and fishes around for a spell like he had lost somethin', and finally digs up a little pee wee, putty shootin' weppin about the size of a cigarette and holds it out in front of him like a woman hists up a dead rat by the tail. 'I shall shoot back,' says he, frownin.'

"For a minnit I was knocked speechless, then I come to slowly. 'Of all the sawed-off, hammered-down, nail-bitin', death-breathin', roarin', tearin' bullies ever I seen you are the wust,' I says, and turns away. But the next mornin', as I was settin' speculatin' on the hereafter, up comes this same little banty and hires me to take him into the hills. Come to find out he was a buggist, one of them fellers that is always stickin' their noses into the private business of toads and reptyles to find out what they are doin' when they are home and in the buzzums of their families. Well, we outfitted in a way that would make a palis dinin'-car look like a lunch counter and struck out, and immediate that feller commenced to get busy. Every time he would see a danged bug a crawlin' along the trail he wanted to get off his cayuse and foller him home. Durndest fool.

"About a week afterwards I seen that we had jumped the claim of an old grizzly. First I noticed where he had wallered and then rubbed up against a rampike and slashed it with his claws—settin' his trade-mark on it and stakin' out his claim to that range. I didn't say nothin, but at last the dude seen it himself, and blame me if he didn't know what it meant—never was so surprised in my life. He got interested at once, buzzin' around here and there like a fly on a free lunch. Said he wanted to take a pictur of him with the little box he had packed on his back; wanted to foller him up and take his fotygraf at clus range. I told him nothin' would make me more happier; that I dearly loved to set down beside a grizzly and swap news with him—kind of a fad o' mine—but that I always waited until a circus come along before gratifyin' my hankerin'.

"'Oh, sugar! they won't hurt you,' he answered. 'Don't be afraid. I have read all about bears in books and they ain't dangerous.'

"'That's all right, too, but suppose he happens to be a gum chune bear?' I asked.

"'A what?' says he.

"'A gum chune bear. Never heard of one? I am surprised that you didn't read about them in your jografy. A gum chune bear is a grouchy old bach, or maybe a dissipinted old maid, what gets down on sassiety and longs to wipe it out. He noses around until he gets a big wad of spruce gum and he chaws on that day after day to strengthen his jaws. When he gets so he can chaw a crowbar off first shot out of the box, then he goes a-wooin' trouble. Better go a little careful with this bear, pard. He might be a gum chune!'

"Well, instead of scarin' the little skeeter, that only made him as anxious to spy the brute. 'I should dearly love ter see a gum chune that I might inspect his maxillaries,' says he, whatever them might be. I didn't say no more, but I thought if a little, half-growed son of a microbe like him dast stay in the same county with a grizzly, a full-growed man like yer Uncle Hank ought not to be afraid to walk up to one and pull his whiskers out. Well, we camped there, and sure enough a couple of days after I run into the tracks again, smokin' hot, so I hops back right lively to camp.

"The buggist was backed up against a tree with a pair of blinders on. Said he was examinin' the hairs on the legs of a skeeter to see what tribe he belonged to, but when I told him I had rounded up his game he dropped the inseck sudden. 'Where is he?' asks the little man.

"'About half a mile up the gully yonder. Better straddle along right peart, because I didn't tie him none too fast,' says I.

"'Certain, to be sure. Had I best take my weppin?' he says.

"'As you please,' says I. 'But I wouldn't advise you to peck at him overmuch with it. If you ever hit a pore bear with that piece of ordinance, there wouldn't be enough left of him to pick up on the pint of a pin and examin' through that maggifyin' machine of yourn.' But he fetches it along just the same and pretty soon we come to the tracks, which same were about the size of a wash-tub. The perfesser takes off his glasses and polishes them a bit, then cinches up his leather and takes to the trail. 'Here, you galoot!' I yells. 'It don't make no difference to me which way we go, but if you foller them that way long enough you will come to the place where your bear was borned. You have got the back track, pardner.'

"'Ah, I see,' said the perfesser, rubbin' his chin. 'Mebby you are right. We'll try the oppersite way first.' He turned around and nosed off in tother direction, him a lookin' at the trail and me guardin' the rear and lookin' at everything else. Then all at once I seen the critter we were a-peekin' for. His nose was pinted towards us, his head hangin' low and swingin' and his mouth full of the prettiest teeth ever I looked at. The fool buggist was bendin' over the trail, and I reckon he would have run plumb into tother's mouth and disappeared forevermore if I hadn't ketched him by the part that was handiest and yanked him back. 'There's your blame chipmunk,' says I. 'Ain't he just lovely?'

His mouth full of the prettiest teeth ever I looked at.

"'Magnificent. The *Ursus horribilus* in his native wild. What a pictur to show Dr. Dodo down east!' says the perfesser. He uncinched his camery and commenced to sneak up closer, sayin' soothin' like, 'so bear, good bear,' as he perceeded. Pretty quick old Eph skinned his lip and commenced to cuss and rumble down in his insides and I let out a holler. 'Better take your fotygraf and back-water strong, 'cause there's goin' to be strange doins' almost immediate, mister,' I sings, and I hadn't got the words out of my mouth before he gives a 'woof' and comes for us like a steam enjine. I had been expectin' the same all along and the good Lord had caused me to stop under a limb that I could just jump up and grab handy; so up I goes, and no sooner had I got on the grand-stand than the percession passed along.

"First came the perfesser, and it was amazin' to gaze upon the way that stub-legged dude could stampede when he once got interested. Under the limb he went so fast that I could hear him whiz, his legs goin' like the drive-wheels of a locomotive on a slippery track. And as he went he was sayin' to himself, 'Run, you little fool. Now you've done it, ain't you, dang you?' like he was sort

of findin' fault with himself for somethin'.

"I yanked out my 44 Army as the bear came snortin' by and let him have a couple in the shoulder. He went heels over appertite, but was up in a second and fairly bustin' his suspenders to make up for lost time. Not havin' anything particular to do, I dropped down and trailed along after them, thinkin' if I could grab the bear by the tail mebby I could hold him back a couple of minutes, by which time I figured the perfesser would be back in Boston. But though I straddled along uncommon active, seein' as how I have got a spavin and a couple of ringbones, I soon seen I was like a mud turtle a-chasin' a rabbit. Then I remembered when I was a kid at school I heard the teacher say that the hypothermoose of a somethin' was the shortest distance between two pints, and bearin' that in mind I cut across lots, figurin' on headin' them off.

"Well, I made it and arrove furst in a clus finish. The little man was still goin' as fast as former, puffin' and blowin' most tremenjous. When he seen me a look of genooine joy perched on his features, and he changed his course and come a-sailin' by within two feet, disappearin' with a whistlin' sound. But at the same time the grizzly side-stepped, too, and come straight for me, ears laid back, mouth open, breathin' fire.

"Some fellers would have got right down on their benders and prayed, but I only girded up my loins and sayin' 'deliver us from evil' right earnest, hopped over a tree trunk and skedaddled down the hill somethin' wonderful. Next minit I hears somethin' go 'pop,' and takes a peep over my shoulder, and what do you suppose I seen? Nothin' but old Eph stretched out deader'n a herrin' and the little runt of a perfesser settin' a-straddle of him and examinin' his jaws. 'Genooine silvertip grizzly,' he says when I come up. 'Puffick specimen.' Then he looks up at me and says, 'Where was you goin'?'

"'Nowhere much,' says I. 'Just travelin' around and admirin' the scenery.'

"'Must have seen a lot considerin' the time you was travelin,' he answers with a funny grin.

"'Yes, quite a chunk. How did you do it?' I asks, full of wonder.

"'Oh, I just got behind a tree and shot him in the eye with my weppin as he come along. See!' He pinted at the bear's eye with his bean shooter, and you can skin me and hang my pelt on the cabin wall if he hadn't done it slick and clean; somethin' no mortil man ever done before or since with such a weppin and a bear goin' at full jump. I couldn't say a word; couldn't even cuss—showin' how bad I felt. I just set down on a log and weeped.

"But that wasn't the worst of it. That night he developed his pictur and the next day showed it to me. It was the most hair-raisin' fotygraf of a grizzly a comin' head on that was ever took by a human bein'. 'That will tickle Dr. Dodo most to death,' says the little bear-killer.

"'Pardner,' says I, holdin' out my hand, 'I hired out to you as a guide, but I can't earn the money. Hereafter I will cook for you and wash your feet, but you are the guide, bear-fighter, bronco-buster and roarin' bully of this outfit. When I go back to town I am goin' to quit guidin' and learn fancy sewin'.'"

Hank stirred up the pot with a pine stick. "Pull up your rockin' cheers, fellers. Coffee's bilin'."

On Thanking Your Hostess

When you have gaped some ball to end,
Which you coula not refuse,
In vain regrets you did not buy
A larger pair of shoes;
When you have watched the couples spin,
Until they spun your head,
And wished yourself a thousand times
Undressed and home in bed;
When at the last release doth come—
Oh, moment most sublime!—
You must assure your hostess that
Youv'e had a *glorious* time.

The Reason.

The fib is told that you may get
Another bid next week,
For we are told, if bored to death,
To turn the other cheek.

MEN, WOMEN AND BOOKS

ANY one who has ever read the delightful memoirs of the Gouverneur Morris who was our Ambassador to France during the thrilling period of 1789, will be startled to see his name on the outside of a modern novel. The novel is "Aladdin O'Brien," and the author is a great-grandson of the Gouverneur Morris of the Memoirs. The story itself is somewhat on the lines of Stephen Crane's work; the vivid and realistic descriptions of battle scenes and of the unpleasant side of war. Mr. Morris has traveled widely and well, and his local color is skilfully laid on; but the battle scenes, like those of Mr. Crane's, are not taken from his own experience. They are but little more exciting indeed than the scenes and horrors which the ambassador went through in Paris during the terror, and the way in which one man describes his actual experiences and the other his imaginary ones, forms rather an amusing contrast.

Gouverneur Morris.

While we are expending so many millions of dollars to send missionaries to foreign countries, those same countries are beginning to retaliate by sending missionaries to us. The progress of Hinduism in the United States has been rather remarkable, especially as it has received the support or half support from numerous Christian churches, and now at last it has been taken as the subject of a novel. "The Little Green God," by Caroline Atwater Mason, takes up this condition of affairs in a pungently satirical but rather witty way. There is no doubt that the author is in earnest. The hero is a returned missionary from India, who becomes so disgusted with the half-hearted Christianity of his own country that he finally gives up in despair and goes back to heathen India. The point of view is rather a new one, and certainly not uninteresting.

The return of Lieutenant Peary from his three years in the Arctic has naturally revived interest in his book, "Northward; Over the Great Ice," the account of his former trip, and in Mrs. Peary's story for children, "The Snow Baby," in which she told of the birth and early days of little Marie Ahnighito Peary. Lieutenant Peary is now writing an article for the January LESLIE'S MONTHLY, on the animals of the Arctic, and intends to illustrate it with a number of photographs taken on his last trip, which are certainly the most successful animal photographs that have ever been taken in the Arctic.

Robert Barr has decided to combine once more the work of an editor with that of a novelist, and has bought a magazine. This is none other than the *Idler*, made famous by Mr. Barr and Jerome K. Jerome years ago when the first work of authors like Anthony Hope and Jerome himself made the pages of the magazine sparkling and welcome. As some one has said, "first Mr. Barr left it, and then Mr. Jerome left it—and

then the public left it to a considerable extent," but there can be little doubt of the return of the public after the return of Mr. Barr. The magazine still has a good circulation; but, with Mr. Barr's cleverness and his "American" methods, it is practically certain that the present circulation will be multiplied rapidly.

Justus Miles Forman, the author of "The Garden of Lies," is painter as well as novelist, and studied for two years under Bouguereau at the Julien *atelier* in Paris.

"I shall never forget," he said once, "my first criticism from the great Bouguereau, or the horrible fright I went through before it. The semi-weekly visits of the "*maitre*" to one of the big Parisian studios such as Julien's is an extremely solemn affair. The room will be as usual a veritable stock exchange of howls and so-called song when the attendant comes in with uplifted hands and a blood-curdling 'Ssh!' Then there will be a sudden and holy calm which may last five or ten minutes—five or ten years to the shivering *nouveau*—and the master will come briskly in—Constant or Jean Paul Laurens, or whoever it may be—bowing with great ceremony and making at once for the nearest easel.

"Now it chanced that my familiar devil had prompted me to set the easel for my first drawing near the door, and when the gray, stout little gentleman with the black cigar-end came in he made directly for me—that black cigar-end! I don't believe he ever had but one, and I know he slept with it. It was always going out and having to be relighted, and it never seemed either longer or shorter. He gesticulated beautifully with it. I knew my drawing was awful, and I think I had a touch of heart failure; but it did not last, for the greatest draughtsman in Europe put a hand on my shoulder—quite as if I had been an old and favorite student—and waved the cigar-end at my study.

"'*A-ah, mon vieux!*' said he, in that husky voice that so many hundreds of students know so well, and love so well too, '*A-ah, mon vieux!*'—"*mon vieux*" to *me!*—'*ca c'est pas mal, pas mal!*'

"Now I knew the thing was very '*mal*' indeed, quite hopelessly so; but the greatest draughtsman in Europe said it wasn't. However, he went on to take it to pieces in his gentle, kindly way, and by the time he had finished, it had little to recommend it. Still, for some reason, I was in a beautiful pink glow of pride, and went home stepping very high. That is Bouguereau."

Two more of the younger set of illustrators, C. F. Underwood and W. J. Hurlbut, are endeavoring to interpret the American girl type in a distinctly original way and one quite different from that of Gibson or Christy. Both men are well known for their illustrative work in the magazines, but they have not before given such definite form to their idea of the girl of to-day as they have done in two calendars for 1903, for which each of them has drawn a series of full length figures of girls to be reproduced in large size. There is no danger that the next generation will have any lack of evidence of the beauty and attractiveness of the American girl of the present time. Her reputation for charm is surely safe with these two men, for very few of those who are known in the slang of the art departments as "pretty girl" men do as good work. The fad for these large and expensive calendars is constantly growing. The cheaper grades of calendars, those costing a dollar or less, are generally made abroad and imported, but the expensive ones are done in this country.

DeWitt Clinton Falls.

Mr. DeWitt Clinton Falls, the creator of "The Mishaps of an Automobilist," made an automobile tour through Belgium last year.

"The chauffeur," according to his account of it, "was a most polite Belgian who spoke fairly good French, although Flemish was his native tongue. We started off in splendid style, but soon were on a cobble-stone road. After we had bounded about over it for two miles, the chauffeur informed us that there were four miles more before we should reach really good roads. The auto must have understood French, and this statement was sufficient. It began at once to emit fearful groans. The chauffeur shrugged his shoulders, and said it was nothing. Then with a shriek the auto stopped.

"The chauffeur looked underneath, smiled, turned something, got in again and worked all the little handles, but not an inch did we move. Then the trouble began. Valves were opened, fearful odors of gasoline arose, all the various parts of the machine were unscrewed, and soon the auto was distributed over ten square feet of cobble-stone road.

"Three-quarters of an hour saw everything together again, and with many bows we were invited to embark. The auto gave another snort, made a slight jump in the air and remained where it was. The chauffeur talked to the machine for a time exactly as if it were alive, and then crawled underneath and lay prostrate for twenty minutes while he beat its internal arrangements with a large hammer. It shrieked and groaned in a terrible manner, and a herd of excited Belgian cows in a field nearby stampeded over the fence and disappeared in the distance with their tails in the air.

"The chauffeur now completely lost his temper. He danced about, shaking his fists at the auto and calling it the most awful names.

A. W. Marchmont.

"At last we started back to Ostend. Finding that it was turned towards home, the auto decided to move, although at a most dignified pace. Back in the town, the intelligence of the beast was again exhibited, although this time he did us a friendly turn. Without any apparent reason he started off by himself and rushed along the street, colliding with wagons and scattering the large crowd that had gathered. The chauffeur tore after the machine, and as he checked its mad career was arrested by a gendarme, while we slipped away to our hotel fully convinced that autos have an intelligence almost human."

An interesting experiment is the republication of a favorite volume of nearly one hundred years ago, written for and about the children of the time and showing that child nature and child life were about the same then as now.

"The Fairchild Family" is the best of the works of Mrs. Sherwood, who was one of the most popular English writers for children in the early part of the nineteenth century. It has to do with the times when George I. was on the throne and when the battle of Waterloo was still a recent event.

The new edition of this old story has been edited, with an illuminating introduction, by Mary E. Palgrave, and has been profusely illustrated in a charming and appropriate way by Miss Rudland, showing the quaint little girls of the time, with long, straight skirts down to their ankles and straw bonnets burying their faces.

Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont, author of "Sarita the Carlist," tells a story against himself of the "snap-shot fiend." When he was in the Yosemite Valley this summer, two lady traveling companions asked him to pose for the camera, an invitation he politely but firmly refused.

On the following day the party were on the top of Glacier Point, and Mrs. Marchmont referred to her husband's ability to stand on the brink of great heights. "He could not stand on the Glacier Point," said one of the ladies, and Mr. Marchmont stepped close to the edge. "You dare not move and lift your hat," she added.

"See!" exclaimed the author, turning and striking an attitude.

There was an ominous click. "Thanks. It will make an excellent picture—much better than yesterday. You shall have a copy."

It is this snap-shot that is reproduced at the bottom of the previous page.

Arthur Morrison, the author of "The Hole in the Wall," has had an extremely interesting and unusual career. His first employment was as secretary of a charity fund in the worst of the London slums—perhaps the worst slum in the world. It did not take him long to find out that the charity dispensed by his organization usually got into undeserving hands. He decided to learn about the lives of the "submerged tenth" for himself, and obtained employment in a match factory. He lodged in a miserable barrack, and in all respects lived the life of his fellow East Enders. At first they were suspicious of him, but presently he gained admission to one and later to a number of the local clubs. In all these organizations, whose headquarters were in the rear of saloons, the principal amusement was boxing. Mr. Morrison, with his quiet manners and rather studious air, was picked out as an "easy mark," and was pitted against one of the less skilled of the local toughs. This man he disposed of easily, proving himself a shifty boxer and a formidable hitter, and it was not long before the fame of "the gentleman boxer," as he was called, spread through the neighborhood.

Arthur Morrison.

"In these clubs," says Mr. Morrison, "I have boxed with many of the most notorious criminals and thugs in the world of crime. The prizes were cigars. Their memory haunts me still."

It was Mr. W. E. Henley who first induced Mr. Morrison to put his East End experiences into print. This is the only book by a living author to which King Edward VII. has ever referred in a public speech.

Mr. Morrison is now an editorial writer on a London paper. He is credited with having done much the same work in wiping out London's slums as that which Jacob A. Riis has done for the worst quarters of New York.

"Red Folk and Wild Folk" is announced for immediate publication and is a notable child's book, with the American Indian as its subject. There are numerous large illustrations in colors and smaller ones in black-and-white by Edwin W. Deming, the well-known painter of Indian subjects, and the stories are derived from the folk-lore tales of the various Indian tribes of the United States as told to the little children by the old braves and squaws, and collected directly from the red people by Mrs. Deming. They are the stories of the long ago, when the animal people and the red people lived happily together and were rewarded for their good deeds or punished for their evil ones.

Mr. and Mrs. Deming spent much time camping among the Indians and living the lives of members of the tribes. With a pack outfit the artist and author went from tribe to tribe, painting, photographing, participating in feasts and being present at the dances and religious ceremonies. They heard many of the tales that preserve the history of the Red men and saw the records of their deeds in picture-writing.

From "Red Folk and Wild Folk."

Mr. Henry Haynie, author of "Paris, Past and Present," devotes himself to sport as well as to literature, and is fond of golf, fishing, boating, etc. He is also a great traveler, having seen a good part of America, Europe and Africa, and he has crossed the Atlantic ocean no less than twenty-four times.

Curious to say, Mr. Haynie saw his first tidal water from a back window of Libby Prison about forty years ago. A volunteer in an Illinois regiment of infantry, Mr. Haynie was wounded and captured at the battle of Stoney River, and was one of many hundred of Union soldiers who suffered in that notorious warehouse at Richmond. The night of his arrival at Libby, it was clear moonlight, and he saw the river James, wide and beautiful, swiftly rolling past the dreary walls of his loathsome prison. But when he looked out next morning, lo! the mighty stream had dwindled to a narrow creek almost, and he was astonished. However, after thinking it over some time, it occurred to him that there might be such a thing as sea tide in the James River, and inquiry confirmed this belief. The rise and fall of that same tide became an only too familiar sight during the following weeks.

Mr. Haynie is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic in this country, and he is also a chevalier or knight in the Legion d'Honneur of the French Republic.

WILLIAM H. CRANE AS *DAVID HARUM.*

American Stage Series. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.*

Drawn from life and copyrighted, 1902, by John Cecil Clay.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

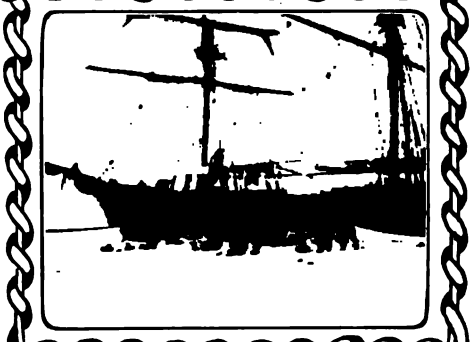
Vol. LV. Jan. 1903 No. 3

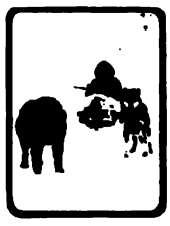
Hunting on the Great Ice

BY

COM. ROBERT E. PEARY

With photographs taken by the author on his Explorations





THOUGH the fauna of the Arctic regions is limited in the number of species, the proportion of animals which have a popular interest or are striking in appearance is very large, much larger than the proportion in many favored regions where the fauna is much more exuberant.

For example, who that feels any interest whatever in animals does not feel a particular interest when he hears the musk-ox, the polar bear, the whale, the walrus or the narwhal mentioned. The Arctic regions seem to be pre-eminently the home of that interesting family, the Pinnepedia, which even now, advanced as is the science of zoology, are giving the ablest naturalists abundant occupation in determining their relations. Another family which counts its most unique members in the Arctic regions is that of the huge Cetacea. This peculiarity of striking species is not confined to present time, but held as well in remote ages, when the mammoth ranged the Arctic plains.

The writer's own personal experience is confined to the animals which are to be found in the vicinity of the American gateway to the Polar Basin (formed by Smith Sound, Kane Basin, Kennedy and Robeson Channels) and along the northernmost shores of the lands on either side. The extent of this region is from 76 deg. north latitude to 83 deg. north latitude, and includes the northern limits of Greenland and Grinnell Land, thus covering the most northerly lands on the globe.

The mammalian fauna of this region divides itself into the land animals and the animals of the sea.

The land animals comprise the musk-ox, the reindeer, the semi-amphibious polar bear, the Arctic wolf, the Eskimo dog, the blue and white foxes, the Arctic hare, ermine and the lemming.

The sea animals are the right or whalebone whale, the narwhal, the white whale, the walrus, the oogsook

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R. E. Peary, U.S.N.

Commander Robert Edwin Peary was born in 1856. After graduating at Bowdoin, he entered the United States Navy as civil engineer, and first distinguished himself by his services attending the survey of the Nicaragua Canal route. His Arctic experience began in 1886, and perhaps his most distinguished single service in behalf of physiography has been his definite determination of the boundaries of Greenland, which was formerly supposed to be a continent. Commander Peary has written the present article while confined in the hospital owing to an operation upon his feet.

or bearded seal, the ahtak or harp seal, the gray seal and the ringed seal or floe rat.

Let us take up these divisions in their order.

MUSK-OX (*Ovibos wardi*).

Without having looked the matter up carefully, the writer imagines that he has perhaps a larger total score of musk-oxen killed (seventy to one hundred), and a greater number in one day (twenty-five), than any man living. Certain it is he has killed musk-oxen farther north than any one else, on the very northern verge of the Arctic Ultima Thule, the most northerly land in the world.

Photograph by Peary.

A baby musk-calf.

During the past four years the expedition under the auspices of the Peary Arctic Club has killed in the neighborhood of 350 musk-oxen, between the limits of extreme northern Greenland (north latitude 83 deg. 39 min.) Cape Hecla, Grinnell Land (north latitude 82 deg. 55 min.), and the head of Buchanan Bay, Ellesmere Land (north latitude 79 deg.).

As regards the distribution in Greenland, the German East Greenland Expedition, 1869–70, determined its presence on the east coast, in the neighborhood of north latitude 77 deg., and Hall, in the *Polaris*, in 1871, determined its presence about Thank God Harbor and Newman Bay on the northwest coast, 81 deg. 45 min., north latitude.

These two facts formed one of the items of evidence leading geographers to think Greenland an island, and that the musk-oxen passed from one of these localities to the other around its northern extremity.

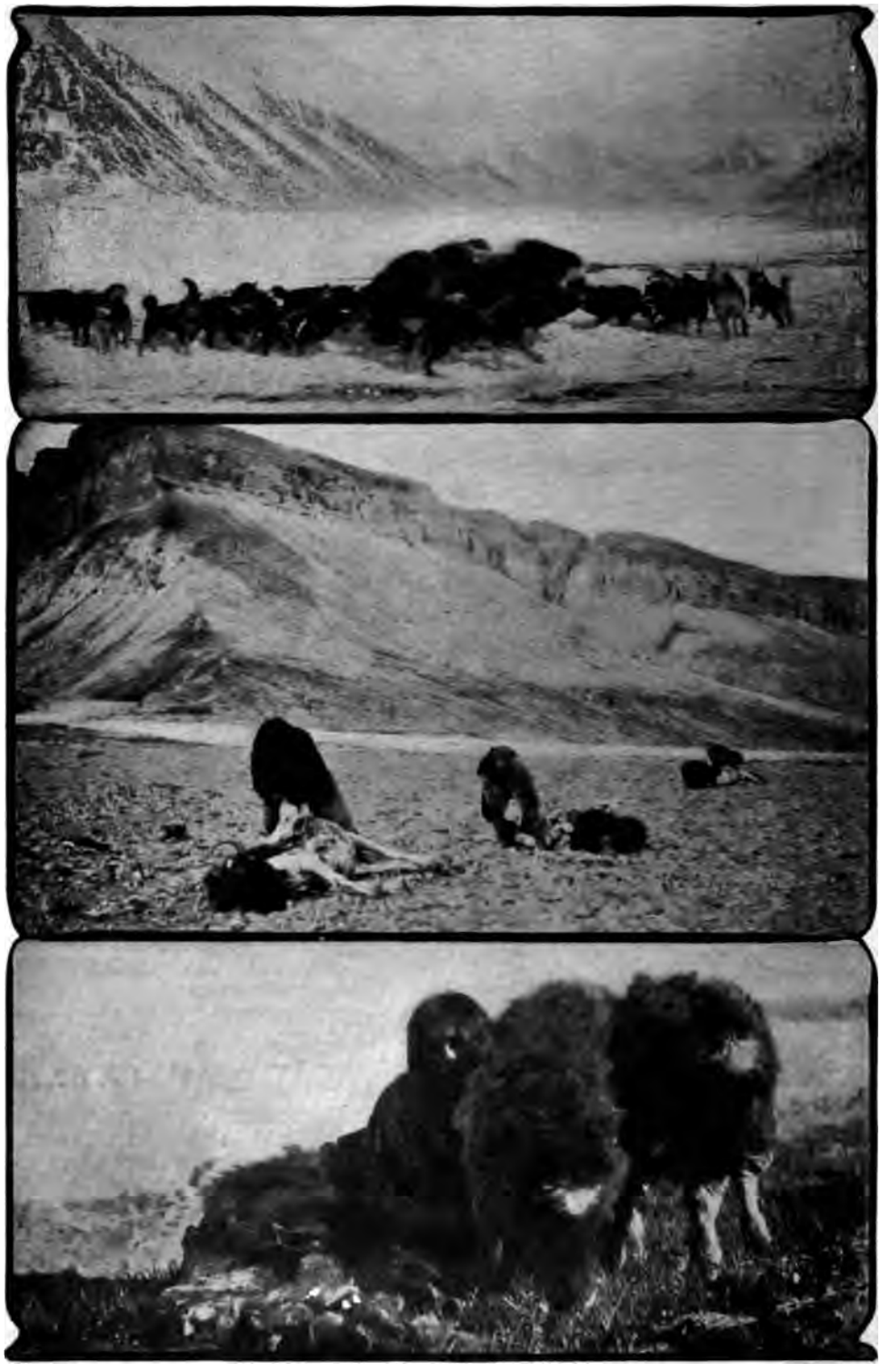
It was reserved for the writer to forge the actual connecting links of this evidence by securing musk-oxen at Cape Bryant on the northwest coast, and at the extreme northern end of the Greenland archipelago, north latitude 83 deg. 39 min.

The statement of the natives that the musk-ox was once to be found in their own habitat between Cape York and the Humboldt Glacier, has also been substantiated by finding remains of the animals scattered through that country.

On the western or Grinnell Land side, the English expedition of 1875–76 found musk-oxen about Discovery Harbor and on the northern coasts of the country, and the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, in 1881–83, found them everywhere about Discovery Harbor and to the westward and southwestward. I have killed them from Bache Peninsula and Buchanan Bay in the south, to Cape Hecla in the north and beyond Lake Hazen in the west.

The musk-ox of the far north is a very strong and tireless animal. It does a great deal of work walking and pawing in the course of a day's grazing, and when startled or intent on new feeding-grounds it travels long distances, if not encumbered by very small calves, at a rapid pace and with no regard to the irregularities of the country traversed. It is distinctly a gregarious animal, traveling and feeding in herds of from five to twenty-seven, though frequently very old bulls may be found grazing in solitary state, having been forced out of the herds by

Musk-oxen, like regulars, form a hollow square when attacked.



Skinning the kill.

A "brother to the ox."

Copyright, F. A. Stokes Co.

A musk-ox in the act of sloughing his coat.

their younger and more active rivals.

Hunting musk-oxen in northern Greenland and Grinnell Land, though entailing a great deal of work is not difficult, and seeing the animals is tantamount to securing them. Either from natural stupidity or as the result of their freedom from molestation in their Arctic fastnesses, they are comparatively tame. A large herd, on the approach of men and dogs, leisurely forms in a bunch, tails together, heads radiating, calves, if any, under their mothers, and the big bull leader standing outside of the bunch, head down and pawing the ground, ready for a charge in any direction. Single animals, or two or three together, run only to the nearest rock, ledge, hill-top or other natural feature, which may afford them some protection in the rear, when they turn and face the enemy, falling an easy prey to the rifle. As will easily be seen this peculiarity means their extermination in any locality within a very few years after man gains a foothold.

If there is not much skill required in killing musk-oxen, it frequently requires a quick eye and trigger to save a dog from being crushed or tossed, mangled, into the air. It also requires some experience to kill each animal with a single bullet. With the light cartridge of the Winchester carbine, the only safe shot is back of the fore shoulder, through the heart or lungs, and in late fall and winter, when the animal's coat is very thick and heavy, even this is not always sure. With the 45-90 cartridge my own favorite shot is just back of the ear; frontal shots are entirely useless unless the bullet can be placed over the lowered head into the back of the neck or under the muzzle into the chest.

Though the danger to a man from the charge of a musk-ox is very possibly a real one, I have never yet seen any member of any of my parties in peril even of a slight accident on this account.

The skin of the musk-ox is too heavy for any use except as bedding, though the short-haired skin of the legs I have occasionally used for heavy winter boots.

The meat of the musk-ox is as good as any beef, and it is only when the animals are allowed to remain unevisicerated for a night or a day, after being

The first journey from its mother.

killed, that the meat acquires any musky flavor.

REINDEER (*Rangifer Greenlandicus*).

The present range of this animal in the extreme northern lands of the western hemisphere was supposed, until within the last year or two, to be confined to the region between Cape York and the Humboldt Glacier, on the eastern or Greenland side of Smith Sound. Lady Franklin Bay Expedition and myself at various points from Erik Harbor south of Cape Sabine to the Fort Conger region.

But no living animals had been seen, nor was their existence in this region known to the natives until in June, 1902, a party of my Eskimo hunters, sent to the head of Buchanan Bay to obtain live musk-ox calves, came upon and killed a herd of five (one buck,

A noble specimen.

Kane secured a few specimens about Renssalaer Harbor; Hayes shot a good many in the neighborhood of Etah, and in my various expeditions from 1891 to 1902, I obtained several hundred at various places, from Cape York to Etah, although the greater portion of these were found in the peninsula between Olrich's Bay and Inglefield Gulf. On the Ellesmere and Grinnell Land side, antlers and bones of reindeer had been found by the Nares Expedition, the three does, one fawn) and brought the skins out to me. These will probably show a new species. Sverdrup is likewise reported to have found numbers of reindeer on the western shore of Ellesmere Land.

The general appearance of the reindeer, with its great irregular horns, huge bifurcated feet, ungainly figure, and long pendant throat-beard is well known. The Greenland reindeer shows a striking difference in summer and

winter coats. In August it has a beautiful velvety coat, a rich brown on the back and sides and white as snow on the throat and belly. With every week this coat grows longer and then becomes lighter in color, till by the end of November it is several inches in length and white or nearly so, except along the backbone and part way down the sides, these parts being a grayish-brown. In winter the animal is as long-haired and shaggy as a Shetland pony; in summer he is as short-haired and glossy as a racehorse. The skin of this animal is of great value to the Arctic explorer. The summer pelts of the fawns and does making the softest, warmest and lightest of shirts; the autumn skins the most serviceable of fur coats and sleeping-bags, while the heavy winter fur makes fine bedding at headquarters. The short-haired skin of the legs is invaluable for winter boots, and last but not least, the meat of the reindeer forms one of the choicest items of the explorer's menu.

Though this animal is to be found scattered everywhere along the narrow coast-land ribbon between Cape York and the Humboldt Glacier, its favorite haunt is the rolling, snow-free uplands between Olrich's Bay and Inglefield Gulf. In this region, dotted with ponds and cut by numerous streams, hundreds of these animals find ample pasturage.

The reindeer presents no difficulties to the native hunter, who never comes home empty-handed from the hunt, and is not a serious proposition to the white hunter of average skill and marksmanship.

POLAR BEAR (*Thalarctos Maritimus*).

The animal par excellence, which the hunter, the amateur Arctic traveler and the young explorer hopes and dreams of killing, is the polar bear.

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Polar bears on board S. S. "Falcon."

Ready to return to the ships.

The reason for this is the magnificent trophy which the great white skin makes. This feeling was no less strong centuries ago than it is now, for we read that one of the early Icelandic sea rovers to Greenland quarrelled with and killed his bosom companion because he had slain a large bear instead of leaving that honor to his chief. With the modern repeating rifle the bear stands no chance

After the killing.

against the hunter, no matter under what conditions they may meet, and if he is hunted in the native way, with the assistance of dogs, there is hardly more excitement than in killing musk-oxen, except for the wild, helter-skelter dash over the ice to overtake the animal after the dogs strike the hot scent.

Though the polar bear is scattered over the entire region under consideration, nowhere does it occur in anything like the same abundance as in Franz Josef Land and the east coast of Greenland. Instead of obtaining the animal by scores, as has been the experience of hunters in the latter localities, I have had all I could do to get enough of the animals to supply the needs of my party for clothing, though I have killed them from Melville Bay in the south to the extreme northern limit of Greenland and the head of Buchanan Bay on the west.

The meat of a not too old bear in good condition is very rich and palatable, particularly when eaten raw and frozen. It is an interesting fact not generally known that this large carnivore, when hard pressed by hunger in winter and unable to secure game, eats grass to stay its pangs. In this respect it is imitated by the fox and possibly the wolf.

Arctic Hare.

THE ARCTIC WOLF (*Canis Albus*).

This animal, in full winter plumage, wears a magnificent long-haired, thick-furred white coat, which has always had an especial attraction for me, and for that very reason perhaps, I have never succeeded in securing one. Time and time again I have tried, yet never but once have I got a shot at a specimen.

During the fall of 1900 and winter of 1900 and 1901, while hunting musk-oxen in the Lake Hazen region, North Grinnell Land, and later subsisting the dogs there, wolves were heard nightly and seen repeatedly at a distance during the day. At one camp they came night after night within twenty-five feet of the igloo, though my dogs were fastened near by, but at the slightest movement within the igloo they were off.

In my two visits to Independence Bay, on the northeast coast of Greenland, in 1892 and 1895, I saw evidences of the presence of wolves there, and in 1900, while rounding the extreme northern limit of Greenland, I saw and shot at a wolf almost immediately after killing my first musk-oxen. I am satisfied that the wolf is a regular inhabitant of that region and thence down the east coast. In fact it may be assumed that wherever musk-oxen are found, there will be the wolf also.

THE ESKIMO DOG (*Canis Borealis*).

Of this noble animal I could write a book, but will confine myself to a few paragraphs. In all probability descended from the wolf, it is the Eskimo's one domestic animal, but is of as much value to him as all the domesticated animals of more favored races put together. It drags him and his family and their chattels from place to place; hauls to his door the meat of seal or walrus; leads him with unerring scent to the tiny orifice in the snow, which indicates the breathing hole of a seal; drags him for miles in pursuit of the bear, and finally brings the huge brute to bay; rounds up the musk-oxen till his master can come up for the kill, and then, perchance, in the darkness of

some long winter night, when the hand of hunger grips the settlement relentlessly, he yields up his life to feed his master and his family, and his coat to keep them warm.

Though mixed now with other strains, so that black and reddish and spotted dogs are to be seen as well as the pure-blooded grays and whites, this animal still retains to a large degree the strength, endurance and fierce lust for blood when in pursuit of game that characterized its wild ancestors. Combined with these traits are an intelligence and faithfulness that make many of these animals the peer of any of their more favored brothers in more genial climates. Four typical examples of this animal are to be seen in the New York Zoological Garden.

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Arctic intelligence.

THE ARCTIC FOX (*Vulpes Lagopus*).

This beautiful little animal is to be found, regardless of latitude, wherever there is land. In none of my various sledge journeys have I entirely escaped its dainty trail, scouting mile after mile along the shore or reconnoitering the land. Even on the great interior ice cap, miles from the coast mountains, and out on the sea ice of the polar basin, almost out of sight of land, I have found its tracks. It occurs in greatest abundance in those localities where the little auks and loons breed. Here in summer these animals and their progeny revel in abundance, and lay by more or less of a store for the winter. But even in less favored localities numbers of them are to be found, as at Fort Conger and Cape Sabine, at each of which places some twenty were secured in a single fall.

There are two varieties of this animal, the blue and white. The white seems to be the most numerous in Ellesmere and Grinnell Lands, the blue in the Whale Sound region, though in the latter locality the relative number of the two varieties vary with different years. Some seasons hardly anything but blue ones being caught, while another year most of the specimens may be white.

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A veteran explorer.

THE ARCTIC HARE (*Lepus Arcticus.*)

Though not quite so widely distributed as the Arctic fox, not being a wanderer and unable to exist in those regions where there is no vegetation, it probably stands next to the fox in wideness of range.

It is to be found from Cape York northward along both sides of the channel up to the very northern limit of Greenland, where I secured a specimen browsing less than fifty feet from the ice foot. In certain localities they are very nu-

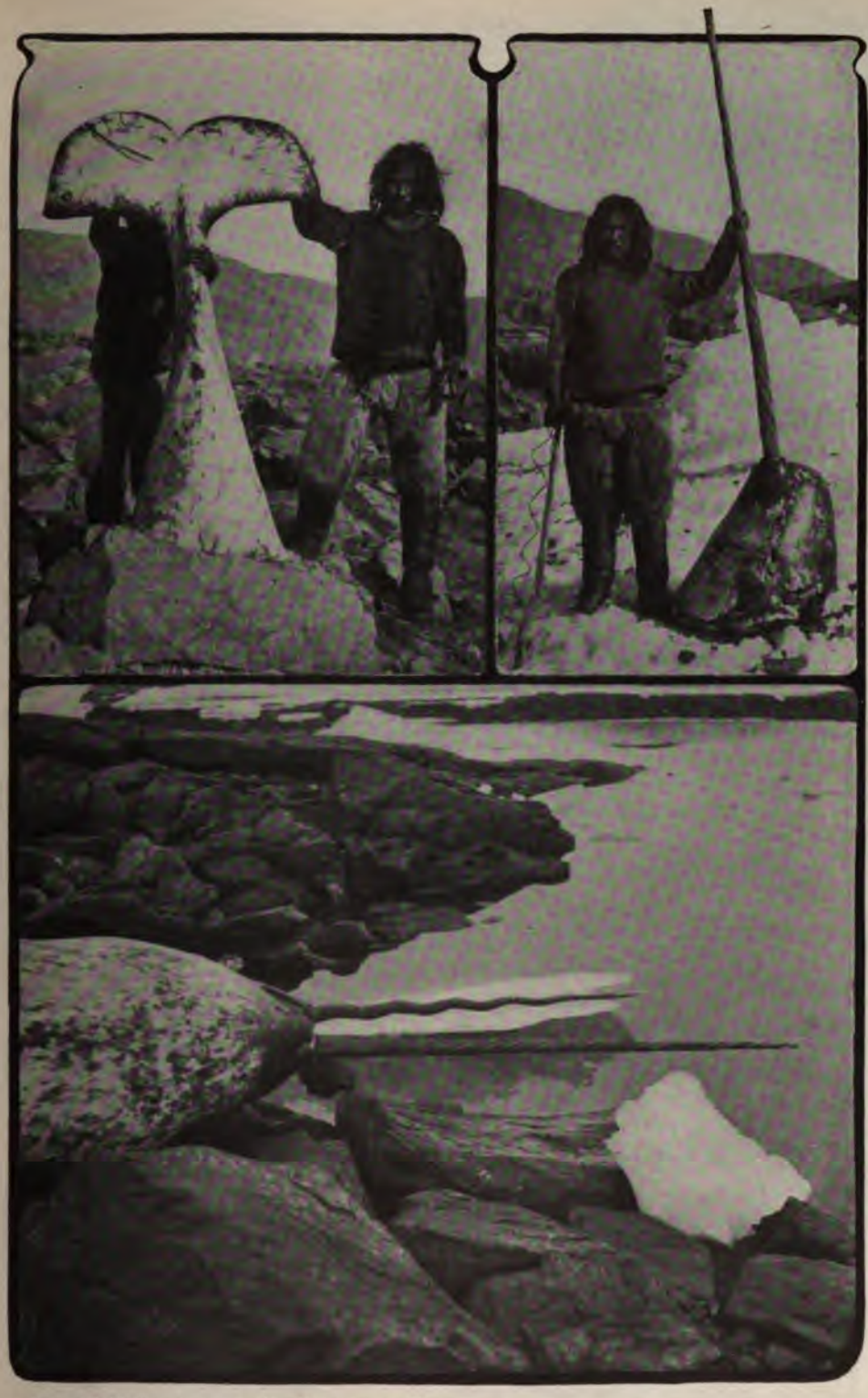
The banner dog team and its leader.

merous. Fort Conger is one of these places, Etah another, and in the Lake Hazen region there are places where they trample and dig the snow to such an extent in their efforts to get at the grass underneath that at a little distance, in the winter moonlight, it looks as if a herd of musk-oxen had been at work. At Fort Conger hundreds of

the animals find subsistence on the sheltered southward-facing slopes, and they attain here a weight and tenderness that I have found nowhere else. The day after I arrived at Conger last spring, forty-one hare were secured, two men killing twenty-five, and ten which one man brought in on his back, weighed 103 pounds. The hare

The essentials of rapid transportation in the Arctic.

The narwhal, of the genus cetacea, is the



original fabled unicorn, and quite as marvellous.

A walrus profile.

in this locality weigh from nine and one-half to eleven and three-quarter pounds, the usual weight being between ten and eleven pounds, as above.

Next to the reindeer the hare furnishes the most delicate addition to the Arctic explorers' bill of fare, and its fur is invaluable for stockings in winter boots.

THE ERMINE (*Putorius Arcticus*).

Like the musk-ox and the lemming, the ermine is found in Ellesmere and Grinnell Lands, and in extreme North Greenland, but does not occur in the Whale Sound region. Like the reindeer and ptarmigan, its coat changes with the season, being brown in summer, with just a dash of black in winter. Its food is very largely the lemming, probably eked out with hare. It is, like all its class, an extremely agile animal, and the leaps which it takes when startled or in pursuit of its quarry are almost incredible for an animal of its size. It is quite fearless, and I remember distinctly how, one summer day at Conger as I sat reading just inside my tent, an ermine came into the doorway, not over three feet distant, looked fearlessly at me, then busied itself about the door for some minutes like an inquisitive squirrel.

Greenland falcon.

THE RIGHT WHALE (*Balæna Mysticetus*).

The whale, the largest of all living animals, is now only an occasional visitor in the southern parts of the Smith Sound region. The natives at Cape York each summer usually see one or two spouting out to the westward or southward. Three centuries ago, when Bylott and Baffin made their first cruise in these waters, whales were so abundant that Whale Sound received its name on that account.

Just south of Cape Parry and not far from the ruins of the Hayes hut were, some years ago, a number of bones and every evidence that a whale had been stranded there or killed by the natives. There are a number of bones at the head of McCormick Bay, and there is scarcely a settlement from Cape York to Anoritok but what has bones of the whale built into the walls of the igloos. At Nerke, also, on the north side of Whale Sound, there are remains of whales.

On the Ellesmere Land side, at Cape Field, in Princess Marie Bay, there is a complete skeleton scat-

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Face to face with a walrus.

tered about the houses of a small village. The killing of this animal was probably the reason for the construction of the village, the inhabitants of which lived luxuriously during the fall, winter and spring upon the huge carcass.

NARWHAL (*Monodon Monoceros*).

This graceful and beautiful cetacean, supposed to be the original of the fabled unicorn, is found from Cape York to Lady Franklin Bay.

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The author in working trim.

In the Whale Sound region there are localities where it is abundant, while at other places but a short distance away it is rarely if ever seen. The full-grown animals are effectively marbled or mottled in black and white. Adult males are from fifteen feet to eighteen feet in length, exclusive of the beautiful ivory horn projecting from the snout and attaining a length of from five to nine, and possibly more, feet. The females are without the horns.

The narwhal is an animal of systematic habits, has its regular beats, and the schools make stated tours in and out of the bays. It is a striking sight to see the entire school moving with clock-like precision, the long gleaming horns rising in unison from the water, followed by the bluff snouts, then the jets of vapor as the animals "blow," and last the rounding backs.

Cape York, Onmun, on the south side of Wolstenholm Sound, and the entire south side of Whale Sound and Inglefield Gulf, are favorite resorts of the animal. They are very abundant also about Cape Sabine and Payer Harbor, where last summer a hundred or more could be seen on pleasant days playing among the ice pans. My natives sometimes secured three in an afternoon or evening. Here it was that my best hunter, Ahngoodloo, harpooned and killed a magnificent male with two horns, an extremely rare specimen, the skeleton of which is now in the American Museum of Natural History.

Though I have seen a number of narwhal shot, and have shot them myself, I have never seen one secured in this way. The only sure method is the native one of approaching them in kayaks, while feeding or at play, and harpooning them.

The thick, rich blubber of this animal is highly prized as giving a very clear flame in their stone lamps. The rubber-like epidermis, about a half inch in thickness, is one of their greatest delicacies. The wire-like sinews along the back, which actuate the powerful tail, make a very strong thread for sewing tents, kayaks and boot-soles.

WALRUS (*Odobenus Rosmarus*).

The walrus is so well known to the general public from specimens in mu-

seums, and perhaps more particularly by the numerous hunting experiences of various members of my parties, which have appeared in the press and magazines during the last few years, that I shall devote but little space to it here.

Occurring from Cape York to Cape D'Urville, with occasional instances of stragglers as far north as Lady Franklin Bay, its favorite resorts are Wolstenholm Sound, the waters about Littleton Island, and the outer half of Whale Sound, between Herbert and Northumberland Islands and the north shore. Here they are to be seen in hundreds and even (as I saw them in the latter locality in early summer of 1901) thousands. In summer they spend their time feeding (their food consisting of shellfish which they dig off the bottom) and in basking upon the ice pans.

In the fall, as the ice forms in the sounds, they are gradually forced seaward and pass the winter in the open north water. With the returning daylight in February and March, and sometimes even in the midwinter moons, the natives secure them on the zone of young ice along the edge of the north water off Cape Chalon and Sonntag Bay.

It is a curious fact that the walrus found in Wolstenholm Sound are, almost without exception, adult males, while those found in Whale Sound and about Littleton Island are almost entirely females with young and an occasional young male.

The rich, dark meat of the walrus is the beef of the Eskimo and is unsurpassed in staying power and heat-giving qualities. With a few of these animals cached for winter, the Eskimo hunter bids defiance to cold and hunger, the twin demons of the Arctic night.

The skin of the walrus, though an article of commercial value, is only occasionally used by the Eskimo for any purpose except dog food. The tusks he utilizes for making his harpoon and lance-heads, his knife-handles, and for shoeing his sledges.

The blubber is used in the native lamps, but it is not of nearly as fine quality as that either of the narwhal or the white whale.

SEALS (*Phoca*).

The seals of this region comprise but few species, and these not of special interest. The oogsook, or bearded seal, is the largest, weighing several hundred pounds. It is found singly or in pairs in all the bays and inlets from Cape York to Newman Bay. Its flesh, though very dark in color, is by no means disagreeable in flavor; its blubber ranks with that of the narwhal and the white whale; its skin is invaluable to the Eskimo for sole leather, sledge lashings and the heavy lines with which he secures the walrus, the narwhal and white whale.

The ahtak or harp seal, and the gray seal are only stragglers, perhaps three or four of each being killed by the entire tribe of Whale Sound Eskimos in a single season.

The ringed seal is the smallest and at the same time the most numerous of any. It occurs everywhere from Melville Bay to Lockwood Island and undoubtedly the extreme northern limit of Greenland, though not actually seen by me there.

It is the mutton of the Eskimos and forms a very large proportion of their food. Its skin also enters more largely than that of any other animal into the needs of their life, being used for boots, trousers, coats, mittens, tents, canoes, dog harnesses, etc.

The white palate requires more or less training to appreciate its flesh.

In conclusion it may be said that, contrary to a quite generally accepted idea, the animals of these far northern regions do not migrate on the approach of winter.

All the land animals above noted remain throughout the year in their own locality.

And of the sea animals the narwhal, the walrus and the bearded and ringed seals, also remain.

MARCELLA'S INTERVENTION

By ROBERT BARR

Illustrated by JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

MISS MARCELLA COMPEDORE, usually referred to in the newspapers as the gifted and beautiful, a young woman ambitious to occupy an elevated position on the American stage, walked from the Everett House, in the city of Brentville, towards the Grand Theater with her manager, John Kerwin, the enterprising chief of the Kerwin Comedy Company. The play billed for the night was "The Comedy of Errors," and Mr. Kerwin seemed very pessimistic regarding the prospects, for the city of Brentville was in a state of great excitement over the election which was to take place next day. As he spoke of this to his fair companion they had a practical illustration of the interest the town was taking in the election. Down from an upper window over their heads came a fluttering cloud of handbills, that settled like gigantic snowflakes on the passers-by and on the pavement. Indeed, the street seemed pretty well covered with these sheets, which were being distributed with reckless lavishness. Miss Compedore, with a laugh, shook the leaves from her and, grasping one, gazed at it with amazement; then she gave a little cry of recognition.

"Why," she said, "it looks like a theatrical poster. I declare here is a portrait of Ella Bective."

"So it is," assented Kerwin. "I wonder what that virago has to do with the present Brentville election for judge?"

Then he read the florid announcement, printed in red and black, which gave some explanation.

"The above is a portrait of Mrs. Edward Derwent, daughter-in-law of the man who now has the temerity to ask the suffrages of a Godly and moral people. This innocent and trusting girl, in all good faith, married young Derwent in Boston while he was attending Harvard College, and he plighted his faith to be her protector until death did them part. How has this young man fulfilled his trust? Judge Derwent, in his aristocratic pride, alien to the land he lives in and abhorrent to his fellow-citizens, refused to recognize his new-made daughter. His son, instead of standing like a man beside the woman he had chosen in the face of all the world, found it to his interest to join in the persecution his father had begun. The wealth of the Derwent's hunted down their victim. The outraged laws of her country at last came to her relief. A divorce was granted to her in the state of Arizona on the grounds of desertion and extreme cruelty. Where is she now? Perhaps in a madhouse! Perhaps the grave has closed over her sufferings. Heart-broken and deserted, what cares Judge Derwent where she has sought refuge? Before seeking a position where he may pass judgment on the frailties of others, let him stand before the great citizens' meeting at the Music Hall to-night and answer the questions there to be put to him regarding the fate of his daughter-in-law."

"Well, well, well," said Kerwin, "this is slightly severe. What has become of the termagant, anyway? You knew her pretty well, didn't you?"

"I knew all about her," said Miss Compedore with a laugh. "She was on the variety stage when she married that young fool. I never knew his name before, but she made a good thing of it. There was no Arizona divorce; he did not need a divorce. Ella was married before to that prize-fighter who was killed out West some years ago. The divorce was a mere threat to get money from the Judge. She was the most flippantly heartless creature I ever

met. She tried the legitimate for a while, but had no brains; nothing, in fact, but those sweetly innocent looks of hers. After getting all the cash she could from the Judge, upwards of thirty thousand dollars, she went to England with one of those farce companies, and is now the Countess of Trelor."

"Oh, yes, it *was* Ella Bective that married Lord Trelor, wasn't it? Well, I think Ella is going to do us out of a good house to-night."

"She would be glad if she knew that," laughed Marcella, "for she never liked me, and I confess that I cared very little for her."

At the stage door the two were met by Mr. Keith, the proprietor of the theater.

"It is no use, Kerwin," he cried, "Shakespeare is too old a fogy to run up against a red-hot American election. There are not half-a-dozen people in the house. I propose to return the money and close the shop. Everybody is at the Music Hall. We'll have a full house to-morrow night, and I'm going to announce the election returns from the stage between the acts. 'William of Stratford' and the latest returns; a comical juncture that will appeal to our people."

"You knew Ella Bective, didn't you?" asked Miss Compedore.

"Oh, yes, the whole theatrical profession knew her, or of her."

"The Judge will have no difficulty in disproving the statements of this lying paper," she said, holding up the printed sheet in her hand.

"Oh, the Judge will make no attempt to disprove it; he will say nothing. He will not appear at to-night's meeting; he is defeated now beyond doubt, for there is no time now before the voting to contravene that circular, even if the dignified old man permitted an attempt of that sort. The Woman's Purity League is on the warpath—on the wrong track, as usual, and the organization will be there in force. Derwent has been judge for eight years now, and is a man against whose probity nothing can be said, but this scandal will dish him. He will be defeated, I feel sure, and it will break his heart, I think. His opponent, Lawyer Sneed, a sharp, unscrupulous man, is at the bottom of all this mud-throwing. They tell me young Derwent will be there to-night, but he won't be listened to. The men there will not hear anything said against a woman, even if young Derwent attempts it, and how he can clear himself without telling the truth about Ella I don't know. By Jove," continued the proprietor, lowering his voice, "there is the young man now on his way to the hall. He has a good deal of pluck to face that crowd."

Marcella gazed at the dejected youth; then said to the proprietor:—

"Why don't you go on the stage at the Music Hall to-night and give a discourse on the merits of Ella Bective?"

"Me! Oh, I never interfere in politics. You see, our patrons are Democrats and Republicans alike, so it wouldn't do for me to chip in. The Purity League wouldn't listen to a theater man either. They look upon Ella Bective as a lamb stolen from our grip. No, it wouldn't do for me to speak. Well, I must go and dismiss my half dozen."

"I shall go back to the hotel," said Kerwin. "Are you coming, Miss Compedore?"

"No; I shall go to my dressing-room. I want to look over my new part in quietness and alone. Will you send the janitor to me, Mr. Keith? I shall be late and do not wish to be locked in."

"Certainly, certainly. Michael shall attend you right away," replied the genial proprietor as he hurried off.

Marcella went to the chief dressing-room and pinned up on the wall, beside the gaslight, the portrait of Ella Bective, looking at it intently until the janitor rapped at the door.

"Michael," she said in a sweet tone, for the Irishman was an old adorer of hers, "I expect to be very late to-night."

"Troth, ma'am, an' I'd be glad to sit up till daylight for ye."

"Oh, no, you mustn't do that. It isn't often you have a night to yourself; but leave me the key of the stage door. Come to the hotel for it to-morrow morning. I wish to practice a new part and

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis.

"You knew Ella Bective, didn't you?"

I don't want a soul about the theater listening to my ranting."

When the good-natured janitor left her alone she rummaged among her belongings, selected a lovely flaxen wig and tried it on; she painted and prinked until she was transformed, and, at last, superbly dressed, with her jaunty hat above her yellow hair, she let herself out of the theater and walked quickly to the thronged Music Hall, from which the sound of cheers were ringing.

The Music Hall was packed to suffocation and an overflow crowd filled the streets, struggling to get in; no wonder the theater was empty. Miss Compedore knew too much of houses of entertainment to attempt an entrance at the front. She went directly to the stage door, said to the attendant with a nod:—

"I am to speak to-night," and he allowed her to pass without question. Another moment she was up the stair and in the wings of the mammoth stage. She had a side view of the chairman and a row of women, whom she took to be representatives of the Purity League. A number of men were also seated upon the stage towards the back, and among them, with bent head, sat young Edward Derwent. A tall, hatchet-faced man was eloquently discoursing, and before she heard much of his speech she knew that this was Lawyer Sneed, the opposition candidate for judge. He was declaiming upon the qualities necessary for that high office, but until the moment when he drew a handkerchief across his heated brow, parted his coat-tails and sat down, he made no allusion direct or indirect to the subject which was in everybody's mind.

"How about the scandal?" shouted several voices when the orator had seated himself. But Sneed sadly shook his head and did not rise to his feet again.

"It is always well to listen to both sides," said the chairman, taking a sip of water, "and I now ask a hearing for Edward Derwent, who claims permission to speak on behalf of his father."

Young Derwent arose, looking ghastly pale, and his lips seemed parched. He was greeted by a storm of hisses, which augured ill for compliance with the chairman's expressed wish for a hearing. The young fellow essayed to speak, but the tumult increased and, in spite of the rapping of the chairman's mallet, not a word could be heard.

"Where's your wife, you scoundrel?" cried the audience.

One of the League came forward, and the gallantry of an American audience brought instant silence to the vast hall.

"The vilest criminal," she said, with a withering glance at the unfortunate young man, "has a right to be heard. I beg of you, silence." Then she sat down. They cordially cheered the lady and obeyed her, so Edward Derwent had now the stage to himself and a listening audience. Three or four times he moistened his lips, but somehow the opposing magnetism of that great assemblage overpowered either his will or his courage.

"Oh, it's no use," he cried, and with a despairing wave of the hand, snatched his hat, bolted from the stage and rushed blindly down the stairs to the outer air. He seemed to realize suddenly that nothing could change the vote against his father, and so fled from the unequal contest. The crowd was somewhat taken aback by this abrupt and unexpected exit, and there was a moment's silence, complete at first, then disturbed by the rustling of a silken skirt.

With the graceful movement of one accustomed to the stage, unabashed by the thousands of eyes turned upon her in startled amazement, there stood before them the pictured lady of the poster. There was a flutter of paper all over the hall, as if each one who possessed the sheet turned to it and compared the likeness with the original. Then there fell a silence as deep as the desert, and out of that silence arose the low, sweet voice of a woman, not loud, but thrilling each auditor, clear and distinct to the further end of the hall: "'*Where is your wife, you scoundrel?*' were the words I heard a man shout a moment ago. Where should she be but in the place from which you have driven her husband by your injustice and your cant. *Scoundrel!*" She dwelt on the word with vibrating in-

"She painted and prinked until she was transformed."

flection, and each one of her listeners thought he had never heard it pronounced before. It seemed to take on a new and sinister meaning. As her voice rose in tones of intense indignation, standing in superb self-confidence before them, she seemed to hold her audience enthralled, each unit of it breathless.

"Yes, there are scoundrels in this contest, but they are neither Judge Derwent nor his son. There was never an Arizona divorce obtained against Edward Derwent, and the wretches who produced this tissue of falsehood well knew it. They dared not spring their lie upon the public until it was too late to get legal proof to the contrary. Desertion, abandonment, cruelty! I say to you that the last check which Judge Derwent gave to his daughter-in-law was thirty thousand dollars! Does that generosity seem like abandonment? Do I look like a woman with a broken heart? Does my gown from Paris resemble the poverty-stricken garment of a deserted wife?"

With an inimitable gesture and flourish of the hands she appeared to spread her magnificent raiment before the eyes of all. No man there was so stupid as not to realize the splendor of her outfitting.

"Lawyer Sneed!" she cried, pointing her finger at that aghast man, "who is behind this perjured circular?"

"I—I—I had nothing to do with it," gasped the terror-stricken candidate.

"Who desecrated the streets of this fair city by covering them with libels of its most distinguished citizen—a man honorable, patriotic and God-fearing?"

The accusing finger still marked out the man, who shrank from it as if it were the polished barrel of a revolver.

"I tell you," stammered Sneed, "I know nothing of the business."

"Who flooded this town with portraits of a woman, graven and published without her consent? Who filled that electioneering circular with statements as false as the heart that produced them, trusting that the woman would shrink from the publicity of denouncing them? But I have been on the stage before, and I fear neither to face a lie nor the liar!"

She advanced three steps towards the quaking lawyer, and stood there a moment with uplifted hands appealing, as it were, to heaven. A simultaneous burst of applause came from every part of the hall. The audience had never seen a drama like this, even when they had paid their good money at the doors.

"I swear I did not do it," cried Sneed, wiping his perspiring brow.

The lady marched back to the center of the stage, her arms dropping to her sides. She turned to her intent audience.

"I do not ask whose hand actually fed these sheets to the press. I do not ask whose hand actually scattered them broadcast over this city, sowing tares among the good wheat of truth. I ask whose money paid these wretches for their loathsome work, the besmirching of a woman—the befouling of a man. I ask whose thirty pieces of silver liquidated this debt of Judas?"

Indignant cries of "Answer! Answer!" arose on the heels of this appeal.

"It wasn't *my* money," said the lawyer.

"Not yours? Then get up here beside me and denounce the deed with that eloquence which you used a short time since. Tell this audience who, on your behalf, has been guilty of this crime, and characterize him as he deserves."

She gave him but the briefest interval to decide, and the bewildered man had not the presence of mind to seize the psychological moment and get upon his feet. The situation was so unexpected, the change in public opinion so overwhelming, that he hesitated and was lost, sitting there speechless.

"He dare not rise," she cried, with withering contempt, "and now if you want this poltroon for a ruler and a judge over you, vote for him to-morrow!"

She bowed to them with the sweeping grace of a prima donna, switched round her skirts and disappeared, but not before she heard the wildest cheer of that evening.

As she emerged from the stage door a firm hand grasped her wrist, and a husky voice whispered :—

"Ella, Ella, my darling girl, where have you come from?"

She turned quickly on her questioner, wrenching her wrist away with a sharp gesture.

"You here still?" she cried. "I thought you had gone."

"I caught a glimpse of you as I fled, but could not believe my eyes. But the moment I heard your voice I knew it was indeed you. And your eloquence! Your words went to my very heart as I stood listening. I was so enthralled that you nearly escaped me just now. Oh, Ella, I always knew you were capable of any flight of genius if you but followed the guidance of your good angel."

"Ella Bective! Good angel! Genius! Oh, you fool!"

Miss Marcella walked rapidly down the street, young Derwent keeping step with her, questioning, wondering, doubting, but receiving no answer. At last they came to the stage door of the Grand Theater, and there the lady stopped, fumbling for the key.

"You here still?"

"Oh, you are with this traveling company," he cried, as if enlightenment had at last overtaken him.

"I wish you would go home," she said, pettishly, "and cease troubling me."

"I'll go home at once if you come with me."

"I've had enough of you. Leave me!"

"Who are you? You are not my wife," he muttered, doubt again overcoming the evidence of his eyes.

"I never said I was."

"Yes, you did. You said so not ten minutes ago on the stage of the Music Hall."

"I did nothing of the kind. You couldn't have listened to what I said. I told them the truth. They surmised I was Ella Bective, misled by the portrait and my make-up, as even you were deluded. Now, run away like a good little boy and say nothing. You've done enough mischief."

Before she found the key the door was suddenly thrown open from within, and the janitor stood before them.

"Why, Michael," cried the actress in surprise, "I told you not to wait up for me."

"Indade, an' it's a pleasure, Miss Compedore. Ye'll find the gas lit an' everything ready fur ye in yer room, an' I'm here to attind whatever arders yer plazed t' give."

"Thank you, Michael," she said simply; then, turning to her companion, continued, "I suppose you will want some explanation; you are entitled to one, so come in with me for a moment. I don't care to hold a further conversation out here on the street."

He followed her across the empty stage to the green-room, and she waved him to a chair.

"I know your wife," she began, pacing up and down the room, while the young man sat there staring at her,

seeing now great differences in spite of the speaking likeness, "and I am sorry to say I know nothing particularly good of her. At present she is the Countess Trelor and lives in England. You were not aware of this, I surmise from your somewhat incoherent and affectionate remarks to me on the pavement just now. I have never met your father, but I am told he is everything that is honorable. I thought if I could undo some of the evil that woman had accomplished in her brilliant career, I might not be blamed for my impersonation if it should ever come to the knowledge of the world."

"You confess then that you have been engaged in a fraud?" said Derwent, who felt that he, like the rest, had been cozened, and therefore was resentful. No man relishes being made a fool of.

"Oh, if you like," replied the actress, with a shrug of unconcern.

"I shall not be a party to any such course of deception, Miss Compedore, if that is your name. I shall go at once to a printing office and get out under my own signature a full explanation of the affair. My father would be the last man in the world to accept an office obtained by cheating."

Miss Compedore paused in her promenade and gazed at her visitor with angry fire burning in her eyes. By an effort she maintained control over herself, and spoke soothingly.

"You would surely never undo what I have done; you, of all people. Your father need not know that there has been cheating, as you term it."

"He shall know, for I will tell him."

"They say there's no fool like an old fool, but I begin to doubt the truth of the adage."

"I am determined to make this imposition public."

For a few moments she stood there looking at him, smothering her indignation. She saw he was sullenly stubborn, his weak pride touched; revengeful and offended; in a state of mind not to be either cajoled or reasoned with. She was convinced it would do little good to storm or threaten, much as she felt inclined to do both. "Well do not come to a hasty decision. Think the matter over while I change my dress and wash this deceptive paint off. I will return in ten minutes or thereabout."

Once outside the green-room with the door closed, she held a consultation with the vigilant Michael, explaining to him breathlessly the whole situation.

"Don't let him leave till I come back," she concluded.

"I'll hit him in the jaw if he tries it," said the janitor with enthusiasm.

"No, I don't want to have any violence; still if he persists, I wonder if we could lock him up in the green-room till most of the votes are in to-morrow?"

Michael looked puzzled and wrinkled his brow.

"I dunno about the grain-room, Miss. He might get out av the windy, but if I cud lure him down below the stage I cud lock him up till Christmas, an' he culdn't get out, short av dynamite."

"Very well, Michael, you make your plans. I'm not going to have a good piece of work spoiled by an imbecile. When I dismiss him, if I say 'Good-night, thank you,' you lead him out to the street, but if I say, 'I'm sorry you have come to that decision,' then lure him into the coal cellar if you can."

Miss Marcella adorned herself with especial care, and had some hopes that she might overcome the young fellow's resolve by her beauty and her tact. She could be very sweet when she liked. On returning to the green-room in her own proper person, radiant for conquest, she saw with amazement that her visitor had his head in his hands and was weeping, his heaving shoulders giving evidence of the emotion which had mastered him. She stood there in dismay, suddenly realizing that nothing was to be accomplished with such a mass of human putty. There was a ring of derision in her tone when she addressed him.

"What are you crying about?"

"Everyone is down on me," he sobbed.

"I don't wonder at it. I don't wonder that Ella Bective got speedily tired

of you if you acted in this fashion. Do try to be a man. Look up at me."

"I *will* be a man!" cried Derwent, fiercely, springing to his feet, only to be almost swept off them by the sight of the beauty before him. However, he pulled himself together, and seemed to think his right cue was a rigid determination. "I will be a man, as you will find to your cost, and all others as well. I shall show you up, my lady."

"Don't you see that such a course will bring ridicule on yourself, whatever inconvenience it causes to me?"

"I have been played with long enough. Nothing will swerve me now."

"You will be sorry after you have done it," she replied, knowing while she spoke that she could not trust him, even if he swore secrecy.

"I know it! I know it!" he moaned, wringing his hands, "but it is the path of duty, and I will follow it."

"Oh, very well," she said, wearily, opening the door. "I am sorry you have come to such a decision. Michael, show the gentleman out, if you please."

"Come this way, surr," exclaimed Michael, genially. "Stip gently, fur the stage is dark. Mind yer feet, surr. This way a bit, surr. Be careful av the— Ah, tunder an' turf! thare ye go."

There was a scream, loud at first, then suddenly smothered, followed by a thud and language that suggested profanity.

"Bless me! What has happened?" inquired Marcella, anxiously.

"Sure, mum, the gintleman fell down the trap, in spite ov me warning."

"Your warning, you scoundrel!" came a voice from the depths. "You did it on purpose."

"Hear thot, now! Didn't I tell ye to luk to yer feet, and instead ov thot ye followed them down below. Lucky there was a nice saft mattrass to fall on."

"Are you hurt, Mr. Derwent?" asked Marcella.

"No, little thanks to that villain. Where's the stairs?"

"Michael is not in the least to blame. I am the culprit. This is not the first trap laid by a woman that you have stumbled into. Take warning and let it be the last."

"You are never going to leave me here all night?"

"There's no help for it. Michael will look to your comfort and give anything but liberty, which you have

"The gintleman fell down the trap."

had too much of this while back."

"Indade, the mattrass is very comfortable, as he knows already," said Michael, pleasantly. "It's as saft as his own head, an' what more cud he want?"

The leading lady of the Kerwin Comedy Company slept well that night. It was well past noon when she arrived at the theater. Michael was awaiting her, a welcoming smile on his good-natured face.

"Well, Michael, how is our prisoner?"

"He was a little timpestuous after ye left, mum, and swore a good deal, which I was glad to hear, fur it azes the moind. Then I think he boo-hooed a bit, an' *that* didn't hurt him any. After that he dropped aff quietly, an' I took a few winks mesilf. At nine this morning I lowered him down a noice little brickfast in the helmet av Julius Caazer, an' that seemed to comfort him. About tin a'clack he sneezed tree or four times handrunnin', an' whin I affored to get him a dhrink av cod liver ile he trew Hamlet's skull at me, which was a good symptom. At half-past he asked whin ye were comin', and at iliven he said ye were the foinest girl he ever saw, and that ye had more since in a minute than he had all his life, so I think he's not so dishcontinted now as he was a whoil ago."

The actress laughed, and went upon the stage.

"Are you there, Mr. Derwent?" she called down the open trap, as if it were the transmitter of a telephone.

"Oh, I'm here all right enough. Is that you, Miss Compedore?"

"Yes. We are alone, Mr. Derwent."

"Miss Compedore, I have been thinking of you all night. I want to tell you right here and now I bear no ill-will against you."

"I am glad of that. I hope you won't bear any ill-will against Michael, either."

"Oh, he's of no account. I forgive him all right enough. In the dark watches of the night, Miss Compedore, I have come to the conclusion that I have been a fool."

"Well, that's a step in advance, as one might say."

"Yes, Miss Compedore, I have at last met a good woman, who commands every fiber of my being."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"You do not misunderstand me, I hope, Miss Compedore."

"Oh, I understand you perfectly. Your language is clarity itself."

"*You* are that good woman, Miss Compedore."

"Really? I am afraid you are trying to flatter me, Mr. Derwent."

"Indeed, I am not. I see what you have done in an entirely different light from what I viewed it at first."

"Still, the light is not very good down there, you know."

"Miss Compedore, under the influence of a woman like you I could make something of a mis-spent life."

"You hold out a very alluring prospect, Mr. Derwent. I have had many proposals when I was younger, but now they are becoming few and far between, and blessings brighten as they take their flight."

"Younger? Why, you cannot be a day more than seventeen."

"Ah, that is my out-doors make-up. You are right. I always make up seventeen for the street, but, if you are speaking seriously, I cannot conceal from you the fact that I am older."

"May I call on you at your hotel?"

"Certainly. I shall be delighted to see you. Come this afternoon at five. Knock at the door of Parlor A. Everett House, you know."

"Thanks, ever so much. You may be sure I shall be there promptly. I would rather you did not see me now, for I am rather unkempt after my sojourn down here."

"I quite understand. We owe it to our fellow creatures always to look our best. I usually try to pay that debt myself. You will say nothing then about my acting on another stage last night?"

"Oh, not a word."

"I don't know that it would make much difference now, for I understand the citizens have voted early and often; still I think least said, soonest mended. I will tell Michael to show you the way out, and I shall look for you at five in

the hope that my apologies may be merged in tenderer phrases. Good-bye till then."

Young Mr. Derwent knocked at the door of Parlor A just as the clocks were striking five. There was nothing unkempt about him now; he looked very spruce and pretty. A gentle voice within bade him enter. Parlor A proved to be rather dimly lighted, but he distinguished a middle-aged lady in the center of the room who had evidently been knitting, for the paraphernalia of the art was still in her hands as she stood up to receive him. Her curls, beginning to be touched here and there with gray, made a quaint, old-fashioned frame for a placid countenance, but slightly wrinkled. There was an air of motherliness about her that was wholly charming.

"I—I called to see Miss Compedore," said Derwent.

"Yes, I have been expecting you. Won't you sit down? You put me in such a flutter by the way you talked in the theater to-day." The lady laughed slightly behind her white hand in a prim, old-maidish sort of way. The young man had not accepted her invitation to seat himself, but stood there staring.

"Surely," he said at last, "you are never Miss Compedore?"

"I certainly am, Mr. Derwent. Why this affected surprise?"

"But the papers say you are not more than twenty, and you—you must excuse me, but—they seem to have underestimated—"

"Oh, Mr. Derwent, you know what little dependence is to be put in the papers. Not that they are *much* beside the mark, although I confess to more than twenty. One is but a girl at twenty. In the profession, you know, youth, perpetual youth, is part of our stock-in-trade, but in the more serious affairs of life I always think honesty is the best policy. Don't you?"

"Then your appearance last night was—"

"Oh, I personated Ella Bective last night."

"I don't mean that. When you came into the green-room after you put off your masquerade, was not that your real self?"

"I told you it was my street make-up. I understood you to say you wished the restraining influence of a mature woman; one who—"

"Mature!" gasped Derwent, backing towards the door, as he recognized languishing signs of a sentimental approach upon him.

"One who had passed the school-girl stage of simpering silliness," she continued.

"Well, excuse me, but you've got past it safely. This has been all a mistake. Good morning—I mean—good evening, Miss."

"Good afternoon, if you must be going. But you will call again, won't you?"

"Yes, oh, yes."

"I think we should become better acquainted before we exchange any rash and irrevocable vows, don't you?"

"Yes. Of course, of course. Good night, Miss Compedore."

"*Good* afternoon."

When he was gone, Marcella threw knitting and iron-gray curls on a table, flung herself on a sofa and laughed more heartily than one would have expected a scorned and rejected lady to do.

That night, between the first and second acts of "All's Well That Ends Well," Mr. Keith, proprietor of the theater, came before the curtain and read the following result of the polls:—

Lawyer Sneed	725
Judge Derwent	3,981

Whereupon the audience applauded exuberantly.

WILLIAM DRESSAW, PRODIGAL.

BY WILL A. RATCLIFFE.

ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD.

I JUMPED out of the hansom, threw the cabby half-a-crown, and bolted into Paddington Station.

I was very late, but was determined to catch the Wightshire Local if there was any possibility of doing so. I dashed up to a porter.

"Wightshire Local?" I gasped.

"I think, sir, on number two, sir," he said.

I scudded over to platform two. A train was standing there, and as I turned the corner I bumped into another porter.

"Is this—Wightshire Local?" I jerked out.

"Wightshire Local?" said the man, with exasperating deliberation, "not this trine, sir. On number five, Wightshire Local is, sir."

I headed for platform five, confounding the English system of stationing a train at hap-hazard on whatever track happens to be empty. The last words of the deliberate porter came to my ears as I ran. "You'll 'ave to make 'aste, sir," he called.

On number five, sure enough, was my train. I trotted past the first-class carriages and found every compartment full. The second-class were as bad. Coming to the third-class, two or three carriages I passed were crowded. A porter was running at my side, and the guard was standing anxiously with his whistle at his mouth.

"'Ere you are, sir," cried the porter, wrenching open a carriage door. "Plenty of room, sir. In you gets."

I was bundled into a compartment, and the door crashed, the whistle blew, and the train started, all, as it seemed to me, simultaneously. I had just time to observe, standing on the platform alongside the porter, a short, thick-set man of a distinctly seafaring type.

In the subdued light of the train-shed I had thought I was the sole occupant of my compartment. But now, as we drew out of the station, I saw, on the opposite seat, a man stretched out. He was lying prone on his stomach, one arm pillowing his head, the other hanging down over the edge of the seat. He was dressed in the "shore togs" of the merchant marine. His bronzed neck and face (so much of it as I could see), his big, freckled fists, half closed as though just unclasping a rope, and his general appearance shouted him to be a toiler of the sea. Also I gathered, by certain incoherent grumblings and a smell as of a brewery in full blast, that my fellow-traveler was under the influence of strong waters, other than those he had lately quitted.

I noticed these circumstances, and was bending forward to decipher a legend scrawled on a sheet of heavy paper pinned to his back, when the train stopped with a jar and grinding of brakes. I dropped the window and looked out. We were just outside the station and were evidently delayed by contrary signals. I had scarcely resumed my seat when I heard a scrambling, and there shot up over the carriage door, a round, bullet head. I recognized it as belonging to the seafaring man I had left standing on the platform. He looked around the com-

partment solemnly and his eyes rested on the prostrate man.

"Don't you mind 'im, sir," said he. "'E's just like a kitten, Bill is, when 'e's drinkin'."

I intimated that I was in no bodily fear. He looked up and down the line, then, grasping the top of the door with a powerful hand, he waxed confidential.

"'E's my chum, sir, that's wot 'e is," said he, "William Dressaw by name, sir. We've just got back from Melbourne, sir, an' of course we 'ad to go on a bit of a spree, and Bill, 'e ain't got over it yet. I'm sendin' 'im down to 'is 'ome in Pilminton, which 'e ain't been there for five years, as you can see for yourself, sir, on the clearance papers I lashed to him. I'd ha' gone with 'im myself, sir, but I want to get down to Ipswich to-night myself."

Continuing, he sunk his voice to an undertone. "I got 'is watch and all 'is money, sir. Eighty pound apiece we got, sir, 'cause we drew all our money for the v'yage when we got 'ome, an' made somethin' beside on some kickshaws we brought from Australia. And 'e'd been robbed of every penny if I'd left him in that East End lodging-'ouse another day, sir. I'm goin' to send it to 'im by post to-night from Ipswich."

There was a slight jarring of the train, and he looked swiftly toward the locomotive.

"Would you mind seein' as 'e's put ashore at Pilminton, sir? Don't forget 'is ditty bag in the corner, an' don't take no notice of 'im while you're going down, sir."

The train was moving, and he prepared to jump. His bullet-head shot up again for an instant.

"Pilminton, you'll remember, sir, and thank ye. Ye see, sir, 'e's my—" I leaned out of the window and watched him alight safely —"chum, Bill is," he turned and called.

I settled myself and scrutinized the returning wanderer. He was lying unmoved, and the paper on his back again caught my eye. I followed the sprawling characters until I grasped the entire notice. It read:—

WM. DRESSAW, seaman,
care of Great Western Railway Co.
To be put ashore at Pilminton, Wightshire,
with one ditty bag.

His chum,
JOHN ROMP.

The train picked up speed, and we flew along to a monotonous clicking of rail-joints. Dressaw was very quiet, only giving vent to an occasional growl, and, as the carriage rolled, making slight changes of position.

Presently we stopped at Reading, and a ticket examiner came along. He aroused the drunken man roughly, and discovered a ticket in the hat on which he had been lying. The examiner looked curiously at me, but I vouchsafed no information. Then we rattled on, stopping at endless stations. I could by this time easily have found a better compartment, but I had been looking for a character to fit in a new

The last extremity of maudlin depression.

novel I was contemplating, and it struck me that Dressaw would make a good basis. So I sat and studied him.

After a time I consulted my pocket Bradshaw, and discovered the next stopping-place was my companion's destination. I roused him to a sitting posture, and he blinked stupidly around. Presently, producing a metal flask, he put it to his lips and took a long draught. The liquor immediately seemed to put new life into him. His eyes brightened and took on a look of intelligence, and his tongue was loosened.

He persistently urged me to drink from the flask, a privilege which I as persistently declined. Each refusal tended to arouse his anger, until I thought I was going to have a fight on my hands. And then, with another drink himself, he turned maudlin. He took my hand and wept, and swore eternal friendship. This was worse than his former mood, and I was very glad when the train slowed up at Pilminton.

I jumped out and called a porter, and together we got the sailor and his luggage safely on the platform. Then I slipped away and continued my journey in a first-class compartment.

The last glimpse I had of my nautical friend he was seated on the edge of a luggage truck, his bag at his feet, and drunken tears running down his cheeks, while he slowly rolled his head from side to side in the last extremity of maudlin depression. Over him stood the porter, addressing him sternly. As the train drew past, the slanting rays of the afternoon sun blazed on them for a moment, and then they were gone.

On my way back to town, not being pressed for time, I stopped at Pilminton, and endeavored to ascertain the fate of my seaman. I sought the porter of the station, and presently the man's face brightened at the recollection.

"Oh, Bill Dressaw," he said; "yes, of course I remember him. Ah, but he was a beggar. I used to know 'im, sir, when I was a boy, an' lived up in the village. I had a beggar of a time to get 'im out of the station an' started down the road. When the train left 'e was cryin', an' from that 'e got to laughin', and then 'e got angry, and wanted to fight the station-master and I. After a bit we got be'ind 'im and run 'im out of the station and locked the gate, and threw 'is precious old bag over the railing after 'im.

"Then of all the swearin' and cussin' as ever I 'eard, sir, that of Bill's was the worst. When 'e got tired of calling the station-master an' I everythink 'e could think of 'e started down the road singin'. Yes, sir, at the top of his voice, too. Wot was 'e singin'? Oh, I don't know, sir. But I stood an' watched 'im for a minute; 'e was walkin' from one side of the road to the other, 'is 'at on the back of 'is 'ead, and 'is bag trailin' out in the dust be'ind 'im, and so 'e turned out of sight, 'ollerin' out of the cloud of dust 'e raised—like Pharaoh's army in the wilderness, sir."

I did not endeavor to correct my informant's Biblical simile, but instead crossed his palm with a piece of silver, and started to walk to the village.

Pilminton lay about a mile back from the station, in a gently rolling country, given over entirely to agriculture. As I mounted the top of a slight rise I was struck by the exceeding beauty of the landscape. In a little valley before me the quiet village was spread out, its gray, square-towered church rising above it like a sentinel. The carefully trimmed hedges intersecting fields cultivated to the last inch; the clumps of elms rising here and there, shading the neat farmhouses; the cattle grazing peacefully in the valley, and the sheep nibbling on the uplands, made up a scene of pastoral beauty not often met with, even in this land of rural loveliness.

Soon I came to the little, straggling High street of Pilminton, and found myself in the private bar-room of the "Speckled Trout." As it was growing late I gladdened the heart of the bustling and obsequious landlord by informing him I would stay the night.

I had a nicely cooked little dinner, and, filling my pipe, enticed the landlord by a few skilful questions into further detailing the story of the homecoming of William Dressaw.

"Shook 'im until 'is teeth fairly rattled."

"Blow me if there weren't eighty pound in all!"

"Let's see," he began, "it was just a week ago last night, sir, wasn't it, that William came 'ome? I remember, because I'd just got back from driving over to Luffboro, that's our county town, sir. Well, I'd just turned over my wagon to the 'ostler and was at the doorway of the 'ouse, when I hears a most tremenjious noise down the 'Igh. It was just about gettin' dusk, and I couldn't see very plain. There was a little cloud of dust, and three or four of the village dogs was dancin' 'round it and barkin'. Then I sees a man walkin', takin' up the whole of the road, and 'e was a-hollerin' like a wild man.

"As 'e comes down the street there was a dozen or more urchins formin' up behind 'im, and they added to the row. Everybody in the street began to come to the doors an' look out their windows to see what in the world was the matter.

"Presently 'e comes down opposite to where I was standing, and 'e steadies hisself, and the dust settles, an' blow me if I didn't see it was Bill Dressaw, as I knowed when 'e was no 'igher than a year-old pig. In a minute 'e sings out:—

"'Ahoy, there! old John Beersall,' says 'e. 'Bring me out a pint of your best, an' be quick about it!'

"Well, sir, I sees as 'ow 'e was pretty far gone in liquor already, an' I refuses to serve it to 'im. With that 'e comes up angry, but I stood my ground, an' then 'e gets to shakin' of my hand, and says I'm the best friend 'e ever 'ad. Then 'e says, in 'is thick, tipsy way, 'Be father an' mother alive yet, John? An' where be they now?'

"'They're down the street in the old 'ouse, Bill,' says I, 'an' shame on you for a ondutiful son, for the bailiff is down there puttin' them out of 'ouse and 'ome this night,' I says, 'an' they without a place to go, except charity or the workhouse.'

"For I 'ad just seen 'em, sir, on my way 'ome from Luffboro, and a sorrowful sight it was, too.

"When 'e 'ears that Bill draws hisself up, an' starts away without another word. But I noticed that 'e didn't sing any more, and walked a bit straighter, as though it 'ad frightened a part of the drink out of 'im.

"You see, sir, Bill's father 'ad been too ill to work for nigh on a year, and there was only one girl left at 'ome. She and 'er mother managed to keep the 'ouse going for a time, but they fell be'ind with the rent. It 'appened that old Brown, the little skinflint of a miser, owned their 'ouse, and when they owed a matter of nine or ten pounds he sent the bailiff down there—on the very night that Bill comes 'ome—to seize part of the furniture and put the rest of it, an' they along with it, out into the road.

"Well, Bill goes on down there, as I says, and behind 'im trails about 'alf the village. So I drops my bundles in the 'ouse, an' away I goes with the procession.

"Soon we turns the corner of the High Street, an' there, sure enough, was Bill's 'ouse, with the bailiff and his two men a-carrying out the furniture. They 'ad put a big lamp on a table just inside the fence, an' by its light I could see Bill's father sittin' in a chair in the road, looking white an' deathly tired. 'E was very quiet, but by his side was his wife and daughter, both of 'em crying an' sobbing into their aprons.

"There was a little 'eap of furniture standing separate from the rest, an' the pick of the 'ouse it was, and who should be standing guard over it but old Miser Brown. His cruel little eyes begun to gleam, an' 'e looked black an' angry when the crowd of people turned the corner, with Bill in the lead. The bailiff and 'is men were runnin' 'round an' working 'ard, getting the remainder of the furniture out into the road.

"Bill, 'e didn't say nothin' for a while, but just stood there bolt upright, 'is big body towering above everybody else in the crowd. 'Is eyebrows went down, and 'is 'ands clenched, an' I knew the sight 'ad taken about all the liquor out of 'im, and that 'e was almost as sober as I am that speaks to you to-night, sir.

"Soon 'e moves up, swiftly, an' yet with a sort of rolling step, to 'is old father, and lays a big 'and gently on 'is shoulder.

"'Father,' he says, 'don't you know me? I'm Bill. It's Bill come 'ome again, Father.'

"The old man looks up an' says, feeble and quiet like, 'Is it you, Bill? I'm glad ye've come'—'ere 'e gives a look all 'round—''ome, my boy.'

"All this time, mind you, sir, Bill's mother and sister never looks up. For though they were poor they were very proud, an' the disgrace of bein' put out by the bailiff went nigh to breakin' their hearts.

"Then Bill steps up. 'Mother,' he says, 'Polly, ain't either on you got a word to say to me? Ain't you glad to see me 'ome?'

"With that both those women give one look, an' in another minute they was a-'anging 'round 'is neck, and e', in his rough sailor fashion, a-trying to comfort them. I 'eard 'im say, 'Don't you worry, mother, I've got plenty of money.'

"After a bit 'e sets 'em down in their chairs again, an' 'e goes over to Miser Brown, an' very uncomfortable the little man looked with the big sailor leanin' over 'im.

"'Well, master,' says Bill, 'wot's the reckonin'?'

"'Ten pound ten,' snaps out Brown.

"'That's all right,' says Bill, free an' easy like. 'I'll give you the money now.'

"Miser Brown's face lit up at the thought of gettin' all 'is back rent paid up at once, an' Bill begins to feel 'round in 'is clothes for the money. I saw 'im reach up under his belt first, and then 'is face changed. Then 'e begun to search quick through all 'is pockets, an' when 'e'd been through them, 'e stood there sort of dazed.

"'My God!' I 'eard 'im say, 'somebody's robbed me.'

"Then 'is eyes fell on 'is bag, and down 'e goes quick, an' turns out all 'is spare clothes, but not a penny of money does 'e find.

"Miser Brown 'ad been watchin' 'im all this time out of 'is keen eyes, an' soon 'e says, 'Well, young man, when do I get the money for that back rent?'

"I see that 'is tone nettled Bill, but 'e kept 'is temper, an' says 'e 'umbly, 'Can't you wait till next week, Mr. Brown, an' I'll try to pay you then?'

"'No, I won't wait another minute,' old Brown snapped out. 'I've waited too long already.'

"With that the bailiff and his men begun to pull out the furniture again, for they 'ad stopped while Brown an' Bill was talkin'.

"Up to this, sir, the village folks 'ad stood very quiet an' not said a word, but now some of 'em began to cry 'Shame!' at old Brown. Not that they thought he'd care, for everybody knew 'e was 'ard as a flint, but just by way of relievin' their feelin's, you see.

"Bill's mother and sister begun to sob afresh, and Bill, 'e kind of mooned around as if 'e didn't know what to do next. But I could see that for every piece of furniture brought into the street 'e was gettin' angrier.

"Presently Bill, wanderin' 'round, accidentally got in the way of the bailiff. 'E stepped back, but the bailiff, seein' who it was, gave 'im a shove with 'is elbow, at the same time growlin' to 'im to take 'is ugly carcass out of there.

"In an instant Bill was afire. The bailiff saw 'im coming and tried to guard hisself, but 'e was no match for the big sailor. Bill made a feint, an' then swung a blow that caught the bailiff square on the point of the jaw. Over and over 'e rolled, until 'e brought up with a crash amongst a lot of crockery that was laid in the street.

"Then Bill went mad for a bit. 'E made a jump for the bailiff's men, an' with a couple of blows apiece laid 'em out. Miser Brown stood all of a tremble when 'e saw the bailiff knocked down, but 'e didn't 'ave long to wait. With a rush Bill was on him, and, graspin' 'im by the throat, shook 'im until 'is teeth fairly rattled.

"'You little shark,' says Bill, shakin' of 'im again, 'get out of this quick, or I'll tear your 'eart out,'

"And 'e looked as if 'e meant it. 'E gave 'im another shake, and dropped 'im, all limp and tremblin'.

"Then Bill turned to the bailiff's men again, but there was no fight in them. They picked theirselves up an' went over to the bailiff, who was lyin' where 'e 'ad fell, 'is 'ead bleeding from a cut by the crockery.

"They raised 'im up an' marched 'im off between them, down to the 'Three Stars,' leavin' Bill in possession of the field, for little Brown 'ad slid away quiet the minute 'e got 'is breath after Bill dropped 'im.

"Then Bill, 'e picks up his father, chair and all, and carries 'im into the 'ouse, and then came out and starts carryin' back the furniture. We all turned to and 'elped 'im, and inside of an hour we 'ad heverythink back and the place straight again.

"Bill come to the door, an' 'e says, quietly, 'Good-night,' 'e says, 'and thank ye all.'

"An' with that we all goes back as silent as we came."

My host paused and drew the back of his hand meditatively across his mouth. I seized the opportunity to order some liquid refreshment. He buried his face in the large earthen mug the maid brought in, drew a long sigh, and took up the thread of his story.

"Well, the next mornin' I puts a couple of five-pound notes in my pocket an' goes down to Bill's 'ouse, being

natchully interested in the family. I found 'em all 'anging around undecided like, not knowin' what to do next.

"'"'Ere's a nice mess we're in,' I says. 'Old Brown will have ye locked up, Bill, just so soon as he can get a constable from Luffboro, an' the old folks 'll be turned out again, and things 'll be worse than they was afore. What are you goin' to do, Bill?' I says.

"'E owned up 'e didn't know what to do, and acted stupid and thick-'eaded over it.

"Then I told 'im 'e was to take the ten pounds I had, an' go up to old Brown's an' ask 'is pardon for wot 'e done last night and give 'im the money, and promise to pay 'im the rest of it as soon as 'e got work. But Bill, e wouldn't 'ear of it, and said he'd go to goal first. Then 'is mother an' sister got 'round 'im, an' we was all talkin' and jawin' at once, when there comes a knock at the door, an' who should it be but the messenger boy from the postoffice.

"In 'e comes, an' 'e says, lookin' at Bill, 'There's a box at the office, wot 'as just come registered, addressed to Mr. William Dressaw, and master says for you to come up an' get it.'

"The impidence of 'im."

"Bill looks all 'round at every one of us in turn, as if 'e didn't know wot to make of it. Then 'Box for me?' 'e says, starin' at the boy.

"'Yes, an' you got to come up and get it yourself.' An' with that the boy steps out.

"We all looked 'round at each other again, an' then Bill reaches for 'is cap an' starts for the postoffice.

"Pretty soon we 'eard Bill rattling at the gate, an' in 'e comes, all flustered. 'E sets the box on the table an' starts to open it, an' we stands 'round, craning our necks and holdin' our breath.

"There was a lot of wrapping-paper inside, an' when 'e unrolled that, blow me, sir, if there weren't five ten-pound notes, an' two fives, and twenty pounds in sovereigns an' half-sovereigns. Eighty pound in all, sir, all a-lyin' loose in that there box.

"Bill's sister 'ad been pokin' around in the box, an' pretty soon she says, 'Oh, Bill, 'ere's somethin' that looks like a letter for you.'

"'Read it for us, Polly,' says Bill.

"So she reads it out:—

"'DEAR BILL:

'What cheer? Here's your money and your wotch as I took from you, thinking as you might be robbed, all safe and ship-shape, as you will see when you opens this. Did you get home safe, and how's—how's—Polly? See you next voyage.

'Your chum,

'JOHN ROMP.'

"'The impidence of 'im,' says Polly, 'er face all red, 'to ask about me like that.' An' she goes, when she thought we weren't watchin', an' takes a little peep at 'erself in the lookin' glass.

"As you might know, sir, after that we all gets carryin' on like crazy folk. But, finally, Bill grabs 'is 'at, an' up he goes to see Miser Brown, an' pays 'im all the back rent.

"Yesterday Polly told me they'd 'ad a letter from Bill's chum, an' 'e's comin' down to see 'em, an' you'd ought to seen 'ow flustered she was w'en she was tellin' me."

I followed the landlord up a creaking staircase and down a long hall. On the way he was ruminating.

"Funny folks, them sailor fellows," said he. "There's Bill, 'e's workin' down on the Glebe farm now, 'elpin' with the 'arvestin'. But Lord love you, sir, 'e'll be gone again in a couple of months. 'E can't keep away from salt water long." He stopped at a door and threw it open. "'Ere's your room, sir, an' I 'opes you'll sleep well."

THE GREAT AMERICAN BARNYARD

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN

THE growth of the poultry industry in this country is one of the wonders of the time. As a producer of wealth the American hen is a marvel. To illustrate the increased earning powers of this industrious autocrat of the barnyard, it may be stated that in Missouri, during the last fiscal year, the sum derived from the sale of poultry and eggs ran $17,000 ahead of all the other products of the state combined. The totals show that the old hen, neglected and left by the farmer to forage for herself while he devoted his attention to the field crops, outstripped them all, including corn, wheat, oats, flax, timothy seed, clover seed, millet seed, cane seed, castor beans, cotton seed, tobacco, broom corn, hay and straw. This is an astonishing statement, but a true one. Missouri furnished New England with its Thanksgiving dinner last year, despite the fact that the latter is the cradle of the thoroughbred poultry industry in the United States. In the domain of the Yankee the poultry farms are so thick that Hiawatha, with his seven-league boots, could step from one to another with ease.

In the younger set.

Speaking of thoroughbred poultry calls for an explanation. The American Standard of Perfection, as drafted and copyrighted by the American Poultry Association, contains the names of 116 varieties of fowls, 115 of which are due to the development of man. God made only one—a homely, wild thing, which made its home in the jungle along with the rest of primeval creation. It is a long call from this ancient fowl of ungainly proportions to the lordly Langshan or the massive Cochin of the present day, but the ancestry is certain. The relation can be traced back farther than the time of Christ. Europe, Asia and America have all contributed to the development of the poultry family, and the many and varied strains that now exist are the result of centuries of improvement. England and America have been foremost in the work, however, and the results accomplished by the fanciers of these two countries in recent years have been nothing short of marvelous. By intelligent breeding these fanciers have produced fowls of all sizes, from the diminutive bantam to the mammoth bronze turkey; one a tiny bit of feathered vanity, weighing only a few ounces, so small in fact that it can be entirely covered by a pint cup, and the other a bulky fowl weighing from forty to sixty pounds—as much as a half-grown boy. Results equally wonderful have been accomplished in color effects. We have fowls feathered in every natural color. There are varieties in red, black, brown and white, with nearly all possible combinations, beside buff and Andalusian blue. Not content

A feathered aristocrat.

with this, the fanciers have shown that they can lace, stripe, spangle or bar the feathers of their birds in any way to satisfy their individual fancy. In fact, it seems that about all they have left undone is to put their initials on the feathers of their birds.

The successful fancier breeds for beauty and utility combined. If he desires to create a new strain he must be an imaginative soul. He must erect in his mind's eye an ideal fowl and then persevere in his endeavor to produce one like it. He jots down a description of his visionary bird from beak to toe-nail. If he prefers to go by the standard he will find that very exacting; every detail is looked to scrupulously; length and color of comb, arch of neck, length and style of tail, depth of breast, length and color of legs, design and color of plumage, etc. Having decided upon an ideal, he mates his birds and starts his strain, picking from each brood the most perfect specimens and gradually working toward this ideal through generation after generation. It is a sort of partnership arrangement with Providence; the fancier attends to the matings and sees that they are properly cared for, while Providence does the rest.

It requires much time and patience to breed a line up to anything approaching perfection, but once attained the reward is well worth the effort. Single birds have sold in this country for as much as $500, while in England $1,000 has been paid for a single specimen. The breeder does not depend for his returns altogether upon fancy prices for his individual birds, however. He profits by the increased productiveness of his flocks. For instance, in the matter of egg-laying it may be cited that the average American hen lays about one hundred eggs per year. The practical poultryman goes in for better results and gets them. Numerous instances show whole flocks with an average of two hundred to the hen per year—an increase of 100 per cent. If this increase of productiveness could be taken advantage of all along the line by people raising chickens, the sum realized annually would add millions of dollars to the national wealth. Furthermore, the benefit derived would not cease with the additional cash in hand. Nature's two natural foods are milk and eggs. Egg is everything that goes into flesh and bone. These are facts worth noting as we take an invoice of the possibilities of the American hen.

A barred Plymouth Rock.

The foster mother.

A poultryman of Sidney, O., has a contract with a Cleveland commission firm to furnish one hundred dozen eggs each day, with the date stamped on them. The contract price is twenty cents a dozen. It is certainly worth this man's while to have his hens attend strictly to business, and they are evidently looking after the firm's interest, for no Cleveland cook has yet had to delay dinner on account of the eggs being late. The man is filling his order as regularly as clock-work.

Standard bred light Brahmas.

This same man has a different contract with another firm. He agrees to furnish daily three hundred young chickens weighing a pound and a half each, for eating purposes. He gets three dollars per dozen for these young broilers, and the way he manages to keep up with this very big undertaking is a story well worth relating. He has one hundred and forty acres devoted to the use of his poultry plant. This tract is covered with structures of various sizes. The main building is four hundred and eighty feet long and there is a row of pens five hundred and sixty feet in length. He uses thirty improved incubators, whose individual capacity is three hundred eggs each. These machines are not all filled at the same time, but proportioned so that some of them will be discharging fresh chicks each day. A large and competent flock of Barred Plymouth Rock biddies are kept constantly on duty laying eggs with which to stock these hatching machines, and four hundred and fifty eggs are placed in them each day, including Sunday. In connection with the incubators there is a row of pens numbered from one to ninety. Each day the little chicks from the machines are turned into the first pen. They are advanced one pen each day, and when the last one is reached they are ninety days old, weigh a pound and a half and are ready for the market. They are herded from the incubators through all of the pens without being touched. They are not handled until the cook wrings their necks and dresses them for the frying-pan. A certain proportion of the eggs do not hatch, nor do all that are hatched live to make the trip through the ninety pens, but the percentage of loss is comparatively small, and the breeder finds that the four hundred and fifty eggs which go into the incubators every day, easily net him three hundred perfect broilers at the coops which are shipped to the city daily from pen No. 90. In order to carry out this system and meet his contract, it will be seen that the poultryman has something like thirty thousand chicks constantly on hand, to say nothing of the hundreds of dozens of eggs tied up in the incubators or of the great flock of laying hens that supply the eggs. But he gets to market with his daily order just the same. He is cleaning up a profit of $25,000 annually. And there are many others who are succeeding splendidly at the business.

Ninety per cent. of the professional poultrymen use incubators exclusively, for the reason that they can hatch

A lady of quality.

A prize winning white Wyandotte.

chickens out of season. This means to them just what it does to the florist to be able to produce the tender flowers of summer in the dead of winter. The old hen goes hand in glove with nature, and as a consequence her season as a sitter is short; the incubator goes it alone and keeps up the pace the year through. The incubator is gradually crowding the American hen out of the business of sitting on her own eggs. This wonderful machine has been perfected until it can do a better job of hatching the little chicks than old biddy, their natural mother. It has taken years of experimenting and study and the expenditure of much money to develop the science of artificial incubation into the successful practice it is to-day. It was no small undertaking to construct a little box of wood and glass that would perfectly perform the functions of the mother hen. The promoters had to study closely the natural laws of incubation and follow them minutely. But all the problems of heat, moisture and ventilation have been solved. It takes twenty-one days to hatch a chick, and the incubator authorities can tell you each days' progress in the formation and life of the little fowl before it comes out of the shell.

The incubators will hatch any kind of eggs, but the length of time required varies in different birds or fowls. It takes a humming-bird only twelve days to come through, a canary eighteen, a duck twenty-eight, a turkey thirty and a swan forty. One authority reports that he found some snake eggs in a pile of compost and put them into a machine. When he went to look again the bot-

tom of the box was a squirming mass of little spotted adders.

The eggs of quail, pheasant and all kinds of game birds develop readily in this remarkable hatching machine. Ostrich eggs are also being hatched successfully in Florida, Arizona and California. Ostrich farming has been practiced in this country since 1882, and is getting to be a very profitable business, on account of the high price the feathers bring in the market.

The "green duck" industry forms another important branch of the poultry business. "Green ducks" mean Imperial Pekins, which were originally imported from China, and they are raised by the thousands and tens of thousands by artificial means, fed scientifically and marketed when they are from eight to ten weeks old. This is just before they molt their first coat of feathers, at which time they weigh from eight to ten pounds per pair. Some of them are fed upon celery seed to give their meat the flavor of the famous Southern canvas-backs, and so successfully that the difference cannot be detected. Separate duck ranches on

Scenes on a modern farm.

A model duck farm.

Long Island, N. Y.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Wrentham, Mass.; Dallas, Pa., and elsewhere produce annually, from March 1st to August 1st, from twenty thousand to forty-five thousand "green ducks," marketing them principally in New York and Boston. This industry is also well developed in New England, particularly in Eastern Massachusetts, where there are several ranches that produce from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand ducks annually; two of the largest being located at Wrentham and South Easton. But Long Island still leads, Speonk being the center of the greatest annual production. Fully one hundred thousand "green ducks" are grown each season within a few miles of this little village.

The three most prominent members of the large poultry family in this country are the Plymouth Rocks, the Leghorns and the Wyandottes. The Leghorns are the egg type. They are long in body, light in weight and very active. Their average frequently runs as high as two hundred eggs per year to the hen. The Wyandottes are strictly an American production. They are short in body, plump, round and heavier than Leghorns. They have full breast development, have yellow legs and skin and consequently show up well when dressed. Their meat is tender, has fine grain and good flavor

White Pekin ducks at the watering pan.

and they are the ideal table fowl, either as broilers, weighing from one-half to one and one-half pounds, or as roasters, weighing from three to five pounds. The Plymouth Rocks are similar to the Wyandottes, except their bodies are longer and that they weigh a pound more at maturity. The Barred Plymouth Rock is the great American all purpose bird; the kind the farmer, the fancier and all swear by. The Wyandotte is a later breed, and is fast growing in popularity, especially with breeders, but the old standbys, the Barred Rocks, will doubtless hold their supremacy for many years.

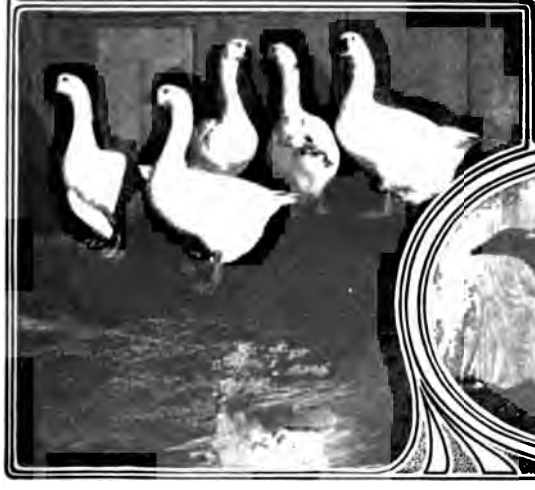
The pigeon fanciers have kept pace with the poultrymen, and the results they have met with are truly wonderful. They have given us the gorgeous fantail, a little bird with a tail big enough to almost tilt its little body out of kelter. In the case of the fantail the fanciers have simply bred to a deformity. The improved strain is simply a line-bred monstrosity. Some fellow found a pigeon in his flock with a tail-feather turned the wrong way. He got the idea that a bird with all its tail feathers turned the wrong way would be a good thing, so he sought a mate for his freak, paired them, and the fantail was soon with us. Along comes another fellow, who thought he would like to see a bird with two rows of feathers turned the wrong way. We now have them with three rows, and the end seems afar off. The fantails have all the vanity of Solomon. In their coops they droop about, with very little show of life, but when taken out they immediately spread their ample fans and strut about as pompous as you please. When placed in front of a mirror they try to outdo the image in the glass, and the effort is something laughable. As a close second to the fantail in the way of a wonder comes the tumbler. There are two kinds—indoor and outdoor tumblers. The parlor performers will turn somersaults for you in the most artistic manner possible. The outdoor species will sail up in the air several hundred feet and then fall suddenly downward, turning over and over as they come down. They right themselves before they reach the

Scenes on a goose ranch.

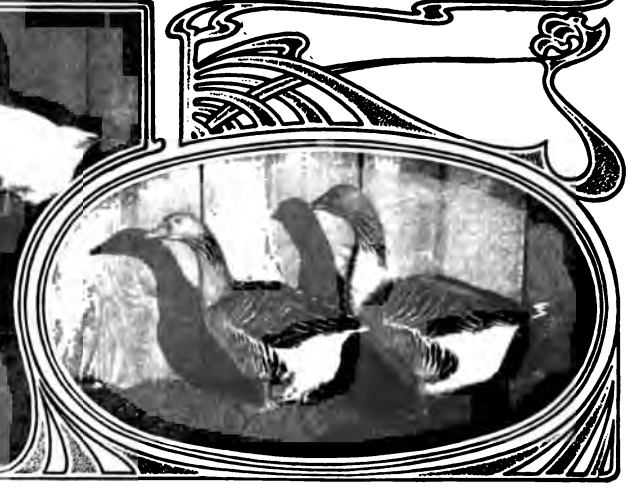
ground, soar skyward again, and perform the same astonishing gyrations until you tire of the performance. The explanation of the tumbler is simple. The breeder found a crazy bird—a little fowl with an insane desire to turn over constantly. He bred to the freak and brought forth the clever tumbler to astonish the old folks and delight the little ones. What will these fanciers do next?

When poultry shows were first held, a few years ago, they were very small affairs, usually held in some empty store-room or other building that could be rented cheap. Five or six exhibitors would enter from fifty to two hundred fowls, and then go down in their pockets to make good the shortage in expenses. Now it is different. The poultry show is a decided event. In New York the annual show is held in the great Madison Square Garden, in Boston in Mechanics' Hall, and in Chicago in the splendid new Coliseum. The railroads give reduced rates, the Associated Press renders detailed reports, and thousands of people flock out to see the feathered beauties. At these big shows the number of fowls on exhibition averages from four thousand to six thousand.

We think we have the fever pretty badly nowadays when we pay several hundred dollars for a few pounds of chicken flesh, proportioned to suit our taste and feathered to suit our fancy; but history relates that while the Hollanders were getting excited over tulips and paying $1,000 for a single bulb, poultry men in this country were giving from $25 to $50 per egg for sittings that promised to be the right sort and thinking nothing of it. Messrs. Horace Greeley and P. T. Barnum were charter members of the New York Poultry Association, and both of these well-known American characters had much to do with the early development of the thoroughbred fowl in this country. These gentlemen were instrumental in the importation of the first Asiatic fowls seen here. According to all accounts, the lank, angular Shanghais, when first brought over, were a sight to behold. They were tall enough to eat corn off the top of an ordinary barrel and were as ravenous as wolves. Few people would suspect that the fluffy, dainty Cochin is the direct descendant of this tall, awkward Chinese fowl, yet such is the case.



Embden geese



Toulouse geese.

BY·M·A·BALLARD

TOUCHING Moulin on the east, and Balbeggie on the west, was the village and neighboring parish of Sunnylaw. There was a station there, a wool factory, three churches and at least six shops, so that Sunnylaw might almost be called a town. I had often gone to church there, as my grandfather's place was half in Moulin and half in Sunnylaw; and I knew most of the people and often drove over. The minister, Dr. Gregson, and his ancient housekeeper, Phemie Beveridge, were among the earliest recollections of my childhood, and seemed as much a part of the place as the church steeple or the old school-house.

Dear old Phemie Beveridge! I can see her now, with her spotless white cap and clean checked apron, standing under the manse porch, with the tea-roses tumbling down from above. Her curly white hair was always plastered down, but always quite refused to lie flat. She had soft blue eyes, pink cheeks and a motherly double chin. She carried her head slightly tilted, as though to say, "I have charge of the manse, and that is almost as important as being an elder."

It was late in the autumn when I drove over one day to see her. Her welcome was as warm as ever, but I could see there were traces of trouble on her face.

"Eh, Miss Molly, but this is a sicht for sair e'en! The meenister's no' at home, but ye'll come in and tak' a cup o' tea?"

"Of course I will, and I mean to pay you quite a long visit. I'll send the dog-cart to put up at the inn."

The kitchen was radiantly clean, and a blazing fire, as usual, lit up the hearth.

"Now, Phemie," I said, "what is the matter? Has the pig died, or the minister caught cold, or has that rascally nephew of yours been drinking?"

"Nane o' them, Miss Molly. 'Deed, I think it's waur than they all."

This was alarming.

"I don't think I can imagine anything worse," I said. "Sit down and tell me all about it."

"Aweel, Miss Molly, ye ken it's been an awfu season. There never was a worse hairst (harvest) since the minister came to Sunnylaw. The oats is terrible bad, and they do say it's less than half o' last year. On the top o' this comes the influenzie. And the waur o' that is it's sic a capreecious-like thing it'll aye tak' the youngest, while it leaves an auld body like me."

"That is wise of it," I answered. "I should like to know how Sunnylaw would get along without you!"

Phemie looked pleased, though she would not have allowed it.

"No, no, Miss Molly; they could do fine without an auld body like me. But there's Jimmie Thomson, wha niver spent a day in bed afore, has been laid by frae work this fortnight syne. And there's mony anither, and they bread winners o' families, and when the sav-

in's git spent it's an awfu thing tae hae sickness in the hoose."

"It must be," I said; "poor things!"

"Aweel, last nicht the meenister calls me to his study, and he says: 'Phemie, I'm thinkin' there's a deal o' sickness, and we must see if we canna spare summat mair for the folk.' Ye ken the meenister spends half he gits on the pairish, and 'maist naething on himsel' or his hoose, sae I didna like it.

"'We canna do wi' less,' says I, 'and we wantin' a new cairpet in the study, and new curtains and a new table-cloth.'

"We maunna talk o' cairpets and curtains,' says he; 'I was thinkin' I'm no carin' for an egg tae my breakfast. Bread and butter's plenty for me.'

"'Ye canna prevint the hens frae layin' eggs,' says I.

"'No, but we might send them tae Jimmie Thomson. An' I'm thinkin' it was cream ye sent tae my breakfast, and I was tellin' ye I'd hae naething but milk.'

"'Maybe it got a bittie thick upon the top,' says I, though I kent fine it was cream.

"'And I'm no carin' for fresh butter—salt will do fine for me.'

"'Verra weel,' says I, for ye ken it doesna do to contradict the meenister. But I thocht to mysel' ye'll jist hae yer fresh butter and cream a' the same, and—we'll see about the eggs.

"'And I'll no' hae new claes this winter,' he goes on, 'sae ye'll maybe gie a look and a mend tae the auld ones.'

"Sae I've jist brocht doon his winter flannels, and if ye'll see them, Miss Molly, they're nae mair protection than your braw lace stockings."

"What can we do?" I said, for indeed they looked hopeless.

"An' ye ken," she went on, the lines deepening on her old face, "he's no sae young as he once was, and if he catches cold this winter, I dinna ken what might happen!"

"I wish I might send him a set as a Christmas present," I said.

Her eyes grew round with horror.

"It would be an insult tae the parish!" she exclaimed.

"I'll tell you what," I said, "come along and we'll attack them together, and if we work at them hard, they'll be darned up in no time."

Phemie looked at me as if she thought I was going wrong in the head.

"D'ye think, Miss Molly," she said with dignity, "that I'd be lettin' you sit down and mend the meenister's flannels?"

"Certainly," I said, "why not? Don't you know it should be an honor so much as to black his boots? And I do believe you would be keeping all the glory of the manse to yourself!"

"Well, Miss Molly, I'm no denying that a meenister's flannels micht be different frae ither folk's."

"Of course they are," I said at once pressing my advantage, "think of the sermons that have been preached in these flannels. Think of the weddings they have attended! I daresay this very set were at the doctor's marriage the other day."

"I dinna mind," said Phemie. "I think they were at the wash yon time."

"It doesn't matter," I said, "they have been at heaps of other weddings. I declare they ought to be put in a glass case."

"No, no, Miss Molly," she said hastily, as if I had designs upon them, "Janet Miller would be speirin' at them, and saying they was no' darned right."

"Then she should deserve to be ashamed of herself," I said; "she should look on these flannels as the oldest friends of the congregation. Think how they've kept the minister from colds and coughs, and rheumatism and influenza! I declare the least I can do is to mend that big hole!"

I saw my eloquence had gained a point. Phemie resigned them with a sigh.

"Aweel, Miss Molly, puttin' it that way it would maybe no be kind tae prevent ye."

But alas! I little knew what I had undertaken. There was something perfectly malicious in the way the stuff tore away from the needle, until you

Drawn by R. Emmett Owen.

" Think of the sermons preached in these flannels."

would have thought each hole was possessed by an evil spirit. I looked furtively at Phemie and saw she suffered from the same trouble. She was bending over a monstrous hole and tilting her spectacles as if to get a better view. For some moments we worked on in silence, each one hoping the other did not see. At last I laid mine down.

"Phemie," I said timidly, "do you think it would be possible to—to—" but the word would not come.

"Aye, I was jist thinkin' the same mysel'. It would be a sicht easier tae pit in a patch. But it wouldna do to hae patches in a meenister's flannels."

"Would it not?" I said, feeling sadly ignorant of clerical affairs. And we settled down again to our darns.

Suddenly a bright idea seized me, and I unfolded it cautiously to Phemie. She jibbed a little at first. But soon her eyes gleamed, and she became a keen conspirator. The work dropped. With bated breath we laid our plans.

Presently there was a click at the front door.

"Yon's the meenister!" she said.

"Wait till he's in the study," I answered, "then knock quite casually, and mind you don't say I'm here."

Phemie did as she was bid.

"I was wantin' tae speak to ye, sir, if you hae a few minutes to spare," she said.

"Certainly, of course I have."

"I was only goin' to tell ye about an auld bodie 'ats terrible troubled wi' rheumatiz, and I thocht ye could maybe help him a bittie."

"Certainly." He laid down his book at once. "What could we do? Could we give him some work in the garden?"

"Na, na, it's no work he's wantin'," said Phemie, horrified at the thought, "but his claes is terrible thin, and I'm thinkin' it micht be a cauld winter, and he micht be catchin' the influenzie if he's no better clad."

"We must prevent that," said the minister decidedly, "and what may be his name?"

"Aweel, he's jist a friend o' mine, and I thocht ye'd maybe no speir aboot his name."

"Oh, of course, then I shall ask nothing." But he was a little surprised at such a new departure of Phemie's. Presently he pulled out the key of his despatch-box. "Phemie," he said thoughtfully as he turned it in the lock, "you have been with me these thirty years, and I do believe this is the first time you have asked me a favor."

"Maybe," she said nervously.

"And indeed you deserve what help I can give." And he pushed toward her two pound notes.

"Oh, indeed, it maunna be sae muckle as that," she said, entirely forgetting who she was begging for.

"I wish it were more," said the minister warmly, "but I'm glad indeed to help a friend of yours."

There were tears in the old servant's eyes as she courtesied "Thank you," and by the time she reached the kitchen she was fairly sobbing.

Next morning when the minister got up he found a different set of flannels on the chair from those he laid down. Not a darn was to be seen; indeed, they were brand new. He wondered for some time over the fact. Then he remembered the night before, and smiled to himself as he went into the study. At breakfast the old servant hovered about the room.

"Well, Phemie," he said at last, "who helped you to hatch that plot?"

"Aweel, it was just a freen'," she said, not willing to implicate any one.

"Perhaps Phœbe Baxter?"

"Na, na, I wouldna be lettin' her darn the meenister's flannel's."

"Ah, it was some one who darned them, was it—Janet Miller?"

"Na, na, it was just 'at Miss Molly cam' drivin' over."

"To think of my not guessing the ringleader of all mischief!" The minister laughed aloud.

"Ye'll no be blamin' her?" said Phemie anxiously.

"Well, I think she should be punished," he answered. "Shall we condemn her to a pot of your jam at a sitting? Or two of blackberry jelly?"

Then Phemie vanished into the kitchen, for she understood she had been forgiven. And I have heard the minister caught no cold that winter.

Joseph Chamberlain.

Born 1836, thrice a Radical member of a Liberal cabinet, now as leader of the Liberal-Unionists, the principal prop of a Conservative administration.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

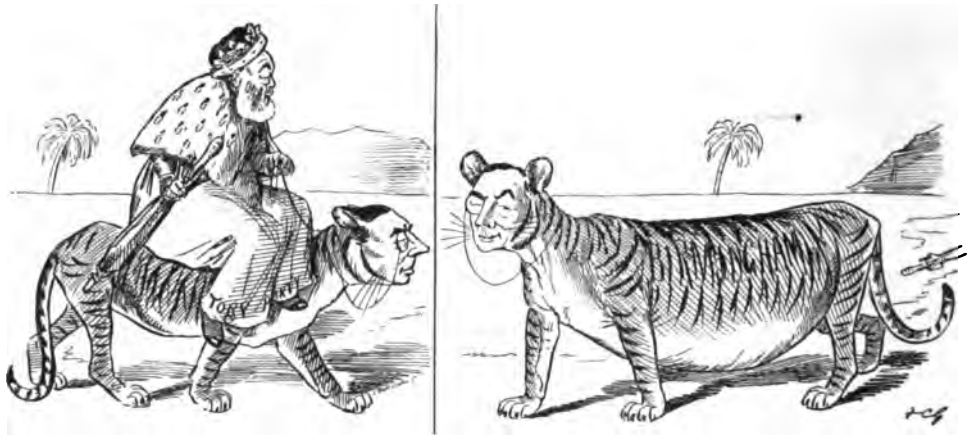
THE INCARNATION OF BRITISH IMPERIALISM

By J. SWIFT McNEILL, M.P.

IT is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Chamberlain is at the present moment one of the best known of all the inhabitants of the earth. The editor of this magazine desires to present to his readers, as far as may be, a sketch of Mr. Chamberlain as he appears to one who sees him from day to day from the opposite side in the English House of Commons, passes him in the corridors, and observes him in the smoking room as, in an easy lounging-chair, he enjoys a cigar. It is very essential when attempting to describe an English statesman to the American public, that the writer state precisely his own position. I have had the honor of a seat as an Irish Nationalist member in the House of Commons for upwards of fifteen years. I have always been in opposition to Mr. Chamberlain, and I have not infrequently been in collision with him. I think, however, I may say I have no personally unfriendly feelings towards him, and that I am free from the exasperation naturally felt by those with whom Mr. Chamberlain once acted in friendly and intimate alliance, by the circumstance that when I entered the House of Commons in 1887 the rupture between Mr. Chamberlain and the Irish party was complete. Although for some years, indeed since his enforced tribute as "a man of honor" to Mr. Rhodes in the House of Commons after the publication of the report of the committee to inquire into the circumstances of the Jameson Raid in 1897, Mr. Chamberlain and I have never exchanged, and in all probability never shall exchange a friendly glance. I remember that for the first ten years of my parliamentary life I was on terms of acquaintanceship with Mr. Chamberlain and was always treated by him with marked courtesy, and I may say I have a high appreciation of his great abilities and of the supreme business instinct with which he has turned that ability to the very best advantage, if not from a public, certainly from a personal point of view.

Now let me attempt to describe Mr. Chamberlain as he appears to me, for I have both seen and heard him this very day. He is of medium size, somewhat slightly built, with legs too short in proportion to his frame. It is said by physiologists that the face of every human being when closely scrutinized resembles some animal, and, applying this test to Mr. Chamberlain, I think his face bears a by no means far-fetched likeness to the face of a fox. This resemblance is very striking when one looks at his profile. He has a high forehead, a Roman nose, well-chiselled features, a mouth expressive of great determination, and large, dark-blue, luminous and somewhat cruel eyes. His face, which seems pallid in its color at a distance, has, when one looks at it closely, an unhealthy yellow hue, which perhaps is made more strikingly apparent by the coal-black color of his thick and luxuriant hair. As one looks at Mr. Chamberlain casually, one would guess his age to be about five and fifty, but as a matter of fact in 1876 Mr. Chamberlain was a man of the mature age of forty years, who had already enjoyed a civic career of great distinction and had made a large fortune in trade. In his "Radical days," to use his own expression, he on one occasion when

Which Swallowed the Other?



A modern version of the familiar "Lady of Niger."

speaking in Birmingham during the general election of 1885, gave the following account of himself: His father and grandfather for one hundred and twenty years carried on a business connected with the leather trade in Birmingham. They were wholesale boot and shoe manufacturers. The *Times* thought it said something clever when it called him a screwmaker. Well, he was proud of having been a successful screwmaker and of having given employment to thousands of people, and he thought this a much more satisfactory position to fill than that of a broken-down landlord or an unsuccessful farmer. But then people did not know, perhaps, that before he was a screwmaker he was a shoemaker. He was a shoemaker for two years and knew something about the trade. In his eighteenth year he joined a firm of screwmakers in Birmingham, and in 1874, when in his thirty-ninth year, was enabled to leave business with an ample fortune. He had taken an active part in local politics in Birmingham, became a member of its Council in 1868, and was three times in succession elected Mayor of the Borough. His opinions were so extremely advanced and his views were of so Republican a character that when in 1874 the Prince of Wales visited Birmingham there was some curiosity as to the probable attitude of the Republican Mayor to the Heir Apparent to the Throne. I have dwelt thus on Mr. Chamberlain's business training and work in municipal politics because they have undoubtedly contributed very largely to the formation and development of his political career. Mr. Sexton, so far back as June, 1886, thus admirably contrasted Mr. Gladstone with Mr. Chamberlain :—

"The Prime Minister (Mr. Gladstone) directed," he said, "the policy of this country, guided its Government, guarded its interests, protected its structure and developed its resources at a time when the respectable but not dazzling talents of the right honorable gentleman opposite (Mr. Chamberlain) found an occupation in the respectable but not dazzling sphere of Mayor of Birmingham. Nature intended the right honorable gentleman to be a Mayor. He is intellectually a Mayor still."

"Intellectually a Mayor!" These three words give one the secret of Mr. Chamberlain's power in the House of Commons. He has turned to the very best advantage, in an assembly of practical men anxious to discharge business, his great administrative experience. The accuracy of Mr. Sexton's condensed estimate of Mr. Chamberlain's mental calibre can be tested by his speeches in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain as a debater is a supreme success. His speeches never rise to the height of eloquence—his temperament is not susceptible to inspiration—but his speeches are admirably suited to his audience, who desire to be informed without being wearied,

The family pie.

" You look after your family. I'll look after mine."

to listen without sense of boredom, and to be entertained in the speeches with which Mr. Chamberlain regales them, which, if they were not in the necessity of things monologues, might well form a large part of highly bright or breezy after-dinner conversation. Mr. Chamberlain in fact speaks as a business man to business men, and, astonishing to say, with the education of an ordinary city clerk, can hold his own in the conflict of wits with the most highly trained intelligences of the time. He is, however, singularly careful not to go out of his depth in debate. He knows Dickens well, and in his early speeches often quoted passages from his works. In his later manner he has brought Shakespeare under contribution, but with indifferent success. In the knowledge of history he is not strong, and in his references to the men and the annals of the past he is extremely cautious, even nervous. I have often listened to him debating some matter of present-day policy with the easy-going confidence of one relying on an intellect of singular brightness within a somewhat limited and partially instructed range, and then venturing on a reference to history and citing the opinions of "Mr. Fox" or "Mr. Pitt" in a manner which left no doubt in the minds of his hearers that he was quoting from memory a sentence probably written out for him by his private secretary.

Mr. Chamberlain has, however, physical advantages which are of inestimable advantage to a speaker—an erect carriage, and a clear, distinct and pleasing voice. He has taken much pains with his intonation, which reminds one of the trained enunciation of the stage. Indeed, Mr. Chamberlain was himself, when a young man, a noted amateur actor in Birmingham, and he has written a play, of which I have never been able to procure a copy, entitled "Who's Who?" Mr. Chamberlain pays minute attention to the accessories which he seems to think lend attraction to a public speaker. His morning attire—a double-breasted frock coat, so exquisitely fitting as to be a veritable inspiration of the tailor, with the orchid in a buttonhole, which, with his eyeglass, has now become a part of his physical environments, and his inevitable appearance in evening dress after dinner in the House of Commons—are clear indications not so much of an amusing vanity as of attention to the stage accessories which he deems essential to success. He has been credited with the remark that at no public meeting should there be more than two speakers, and his care to choose the favorable time for speaking in the House of Commons is infinitely amusing to those who note his little foibles. He will never rise in debate when the House grows wearied or languid, or when the interest in the subject under discussion has become threadbare, and if he does not manage to deliver his speech at the time which he decides most conducive to his success he will

refrain from taking part in the discussion. Mr. Chamberlain's amusing foppishness in dress is, I think, akin to his desire to become what people in England call "a fine gentleman." For this petty purpose he seems to endeavor to model himself even on the defects of the gentlemen whom he regards as his social superiors. Mr. Balfour, with many generations of high social breeding, is graceful even in the most ungraceful attitudes. He is wont to stretch himself as he sits on the Treasury bench, and to place his feet on the very table of the House, whereon lies the more true symbol of its authority. Mr. Balfour, seen in this careless and undignified attitude, with his eyes closed, cannot efface his good breeding, but when Mr. Chamberlain, in close, although unconscious imitation of Mr. Balfour sitting at his side, assumes the same attitude, the contrast between them is as marked as the contrast between "Dignity and Impudence" in Sir Edwin Landseer's famous picture.

It is perhaps in the scenes of heat and violence so often produced by Mr. Chamberlain that his looks and the tones of his voice carry far more offence than his words. He seems intolerant of criticism and regards strictures on his public conduct as personal insults to himself calculated to sever friendship with the critics. The absurd self-consciousness and habit of playing for his own hand, long known as second nature with him, has more than once rendered him publicly ridiculous. But in February, 1895, when, by mistake, he entered the wrong counting lobby, instead of explaining to the House after the numbers on the division had been declared, that he had been in the *Aye* lobby when he intended to be in the *No* lobby, Mr. Chamberlain locked himself into a lavatory to avoid the recording of his vote.

The character for "pushfulness" which has been so lavishly bestowed on Mr. Chamberlain by friend and foe is, I think, in large manner due to the fierce energy with which he has overcome disadvantages and, by utilizing every one with whom he came in contact, fought or struggled as if for very life itself to get to the front in the arena of British politics, either as a Tory or a Radical—he cared not which. The same self-consciousness and inordinate self-love have led him into some obtuse errors of conduct and of temper in the House of Commons and elsewhere, which are well known and have tended to expose him to contempt and ridicule. His insult on the floor of the House to Mr. John Dillon, whom he called "a good judge of traitors," was not more marked than his insult to Mr. Lloyd George, at whom he hissed the word "cad," or to Mr. Philip Stanhope, whose speech he wished he could characterize as "honest and honorable criticism."

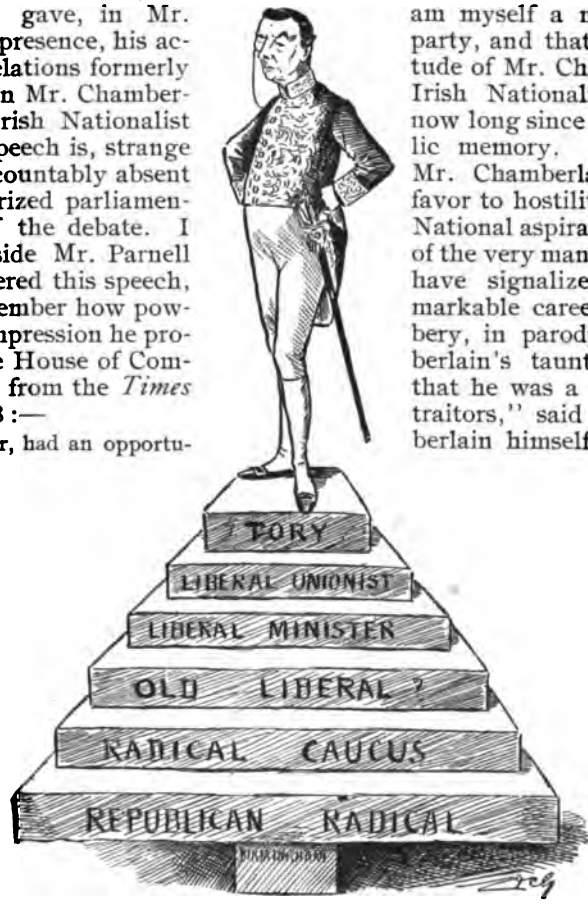
Mr. Chamberlain's virulent hostility to the Irish Party, contrasted with his former attitude of friendliness to it, has presented one of the problems in his character which contemporary politicians find it most difficult to solve. He has boasted that he killed Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule proposal. He based his opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1886 on the fact that under its provisions there was no arrangement for the inclusion of an Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament. He opposed Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill in 1893, because provision had been made for the retention of an Irish representation at Westminster. The American public will be interested in the account of the relations existing between Mr. Chamberlain and the Irish Party given by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Parnell after those relations had been terminated. Speaking in the House of Commons on July 24, 1888, in debate in favor of the second reading of the Pigott Commission Bill, Mr. Chamberlain said:—

"When I entered the House in 1876 I took my seat below the gangway on these benches, and found very often near to me, and very often side by side with me, the honorable member for the city of Cork (Mr. Parnell). I was at times intimate with that right honorable member. We did not agree on many subjects, but I was able to co-operate with him on many others. Our intercourse was close and I think I may say friendly, and, sir, I am bound to say that at that time I formed a judgment of the honorable member, of his character, of his motives, of his

honesty, of his sincerity and of his patriotism that will not allow me easily to accept these charges that have been made against him. I have retained my own conviction as to the integrity of his character. I did not share, I did not associate myself with the accusations made against him by the late Mr. W. E. Foster in this House; and, sir, the only thing that could shake, or which has shaken in the slightest degree my confidence in the honorable member's ability to disprove these charges which are now made against him, and which, if proved, would, as he says, have left him dishonored or dishonorable, is his apparent reluctance to face a full inquiry."

Mr. Chamberlain's remarks were made with reference to the Pigott letter, a production forged in Mr. Parnell's name by a wretch named Pigott, associating him in complicity with the Phœnix Park murders. On a later day, and in the course of the same debate, Mr. Parnell, on July 30, 1888, gave, in Mr. Chamberlain's presence, his account of the relations formerly existing between Mr. Chamberlain and the Irish Nationalist party. This speech is, strange to relate, unaccountably absent from the censorized parliamentary report of the debate. I was sitting beside Mr. Parnell when he delivered this speech, and I well remember how powerful was the impression he produced upon the House of Commons. I quote from the *Times* of July 31, 1888:—

"I have not, sir, had an opportunity before this of thanking the right honorable gentleman, the member for West Birmingham, for his kind references to me, and for the unsolicited character which he was kind enough to give me. He spoke of a time not long ago when he said he entertained a better opinion of me than he does to-day. I care very little for the right honorable gentleman. I have never put forward men to do dangerous things which I shrank from doing myself, nor have I betrayed the secrets of my colleagues in council. My principal recollection of the right honorable gentleman before he became a member is that he was always most anxious to put me forward, and my friends forward, to do work which he was afraid to do himself, and after he became a member my principal recollection of him is that he was always most anxious to betray to us the secrets and the counsels of his colleagues in the Cabinet, and to endeavor, while sitting beside those colleagues and while in consultation with them, to undermine their counsels and their plans in our favor. If this inquiry (the Pigott Commission) be extended into these matters, and I see no reason why it should not, I shall be able to make good my words by documentary evidence which is not forged."



Men may rise on the stepping stones of their dead selves.

I have thus enlarged on Mr. Chamberlain's relations with the Irish Party from the circumstance that I am myself a member of that party, and that the former attitude of Mr. Chamberlain to the Irish Nationalist benches has now long since faded from public memory. The change on Mr. Chamberlain's part from favor to hostility towards Irish National aspirations is only one of the very many changes which have signalized his very remarkable career. Lord Rosebery, in parody of Mr. Chamberlain's taunt to Mr. Dillon that he was a "good judge of traitors," said that Mr. Chamberlain himself was a "good judge of converts." Indeed it would be very difficult for Mr. Chamberlain to speak with reference to any public man or on any public subject without having former expressions of his own thrown in his teeth to the full exposure of his inconsistency. Mr. Chamber-

lain has in fact referred to these changes of front in his very lightest vein.

"It is," he said at Leicester, Nov. 30, 1899, "the ordinary course of party politics that one party should find to be wrong everything that the other party proposes, and when a question does not affect the interests of the Empire, perhaps that is a satisfactory principle on which a country may be governed. At all events, it ensures criticism on everything that is proposed. Following this principle we used to say hard things of one another. And why not? Lord Salisbury called me Jack Cade, but I always said I thought Jack Cade a much misunderstood person. But let that pass. I have said many disagreeable things of Lord Salisbury."

Here are some specimens taken haphazard of these "disagreeable things."

A war in Europe and a state of siege in Ireland do not satisfy Lord Salisbury's best ambition. He is in favor also, if he means anything, of a war in India and a war in South Africa besides. May we not say with Shakespeare, "See what a desperate homicide this Salisbury is."

Again let me summarize the policy of Lord Salisbury. It is contained in a word, WAR—war everywhere—war in Europe, war in Asia, war in Africa, rebellion or revolution in Ireland.

Bringing him up to date.

Mr. Chamberlain's present opinions on every leading question of domestic British policy, the House of Lords, religious establishments, land tenures, education, could without difficulty be contradicted or refuted by quotations from his earlier speeches. Mr. Chamberlain, who has been the principal cause of the recent war in South Africa, whose speeches were calculated to exasperate the Boers, at every crisis in which the British Cabinet, of which he was himself a member, was inclined to a policy of civilization, and whose whole influence was cast into the scale in favor of a prolongation of a strife which could have been settled on better terms for England in March, 1901, than in June, 1902, was, strange to say, to use the expression of one who was a colleague of Mr. Chamberlain's in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinets of 1880-1885, a "protagonist" in that Cabinet for the institution of the independence of the Transvaal, a step which he thus justified on June 7, 1881:—

"We are a great and powerful nation. What is the use of being great and powerful if we are afraid to admit an error when we are conscious of it? Shame is not the confession of a mistake. Shame lies only in persistency in wilful wrongdoing, and if Lord Selborne (the Tory Lord Chancellor) likes to sit in sackcloth and ashes, if he likes to expiate in well-feigned abasement the folly of the administration of which he was a member in the hasty annexation of the Transvaal, which has led to all these trials, then in Heaven's name let him have that gratification. But when he dares to say that the English people is shamed by the course we have taken, I deny him the right to be a judge in such a cause, and I appeal to the impartial public opinion of England and America, which has approved of the action of the Government in preferring justice to revenge, and the best interests of South Africa to the vain pursuit of military glory."

Mr. Chamberlain's attitude to the late Mr. Rhodes with reference to the Jameson Raid has favored the sinister suggestion which has been, on more than one occasion, made in the House of Commons, that Mr. Chamberlain

was himself cognizant for months before the Jameson Raid of the Rhodes-Jameson plot against the liberties of the Transvaal. The non-production of correspondence between the Colonial Office and the accredited confidential agents of Mr. Rhodes, in which it has been stated, without fear of contradiction, that the full participation of Mr. Chamberlain in the plot has been established, has done much to confirm and strengthen this view. I may, perhaps, quote the words of the *Annual Register*, of 1897, in describing a debate on the report of the South African Committee to inquire into the circumstances of the raid :—

> It is an open secret that throughout the debate one member unconnected with either front bench, sat with the famous [suppressed] telegrams in his pocket and with them certain correspondence relating thereto, which he had been instructed to read in the event of Mr. Rhodes' character being aspersed.

On the return of Lord Salisbury to power in 1895 Mr. Chamberlain, who had done so much to secure the triumph of the reactionary Tory party, was too strong to permit Lord Salisbury to consider his exclusion from the Cabinet as either pleasant or safe. Mr. Chamberlain's temperament, however, did not render his presence in the Cabinet an element of harmony, his somewhat arrogant disposition unfitted him for the acceptance of compromises and the spirit of mutual concession, which are the essence of all cabinet government. Lord Salisbury, who could not exclude Mr. Chamberlain, thought that he did the next best thing when he recommended his appointment as Secretary of State for the Colonies, the colonial departments being, so to speak, watertight and isolated when compared with the other departments of state. If Lord Salisbury intended that the appointment of Mr. Chamberlain as the head of this office would be calculated to reduce to a minimum the chance of friction and unpleasantness which his presence seemed calculated to produce, he has made a mistake for which Great Britain has heavily paid. During his tenure of office Mr. Chamberlain has by language of insult and hostility led on various occasions to strained relations between Great Britain and France, Russia and Germany, while his presence at the Colonial Office has been the prime cause of a war inglorious to Great Britain, accompanied by the loss of the lives of 22,000 British soldiers, the ruin and maiming of at least 60,000 more, and the expenditure, at the very lowest computation, of two hundred and fifteen millions of pounds sterling.

GIFTS

By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Labor and Rest,
These are the best
  Blessings that Heaven gives;
And happy he
Who makes them be
  His gladness while he lives.

With every day
To wake and say:
  Thank God for work and light!
And when at last
The day is past:
  Thank God for rest and night!

This is to find
Sweet peace of mind;
  To know life's precious worth;
God's gifts to take
And with them make
  A paradise of earth!

GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS*

By RALPH CONNOR

The Crisis

THE first days of the week after the new master came to Glengarry School were days of strife. Murdie Cameron and Bob Fraser and the other big boys succeeded in keeping in line with the master's rules and regulations. They were careful never to be late, and so saved themselves the degradation of bringing an excuse. But the smaller boys set themselves to make the master's life a burden, and succeeded beyond their highest expectations, for the master was quick of temper, and was determined at all costs to exact full and prompt obedience. There was more flogging done those first six days than during any six months of Archie Munro's rule. Sometimes the floggings amounted to little, but sometimes they were serious, and when those fell upon the smaller boys, the girls would weep and the bigger boys would grind their teeth and swear.

The situation became so acute that Murdie Cameron and the big boys decided that they would quit the school. They were afraid the temptation to throw the master out would some day be more than they could bear, and for men who had played their part, not without credit, in the Scotch River fights, to carry out the master would have been an exploit hardly worthy of them. So, in dignified contempt of the master and his rules, they left the school after the third day.

Their absence did not help matters much; indeed, the master appeared to be relieved, and proceeded to tame the school into submission. It was little Jimmie Cameron who precipitated the crisis. Jimmie's nose, upon which he relied when struggling with his snickers, had an unpleasant trick of failing him at critical moments, and of letting out explosive snorts of the most disturbing kind. He had finally been warned that upon his next outburst punishment would fall.

It was Friday afternoon, the drowsy hour just before recess, while the master was explaining to the listless Euclid class the mysteries of the forty-seventh proposition, that suddenly a snort of unusual violence burst upon the school. Immediately every eye was upon the master, for all had heard and noted his threat to Jimmie.

"James, was that you, sir?"

There was no answer, except such as could be gathered from Jimmie's very red and very shamed face.

"James, stand up!"

Jimmie wriggled to his feet, and stood a heap of various angles.

"Now, James, you remember what I promised you? Come here, sir!"

Jimmie came slowly to the front, growing paler at each step, and stood with a dazed look on his face, before the master. He had never been thrashed in all his life. At home the big brothers might cuff him good-naturedly, or his mother thump him on the head with her thimble, but a serious whipping was to him an unknown horror.

The master drew forth his heavy black strap with impressive deliberation and ominous silence. The preparations for punishment were so elaborate and imposing that the big boys guessed that the punishment itself would not amount to much. Not so Jimmie. He stood numb with fear and horrible expectation. The master lifted up the strap.

"James, hold out your hand!"

Jimmie promptly clutched his hand behind his back.

* Copyright, 1902, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

"Hold out your hand sir, at once!"

No answer.

"James, you must do as you are told. Your punishment for disobedience will be much severer than for laughing."

But Jimmie stood pale, silent, with his hands tight clasped behind his back.

The master stepped forward, and grasping the little boy's arm tried to pull his hand to the front; but Jimmie, with a roar like that of a young bull, threw himself flat on his face on the floor and put his hands under him. The school burst into a laugh of triumph, which increased the master's embarrassment and rage.

"Silence" he said, "or it will be a worse matter for some of you than for James."

Then turning his attention to Jimmie, he lifted him from the floor and tried to pull out his hand. But Jimmie kept his arms folded tight across his breast, roaring vigorously the while, and saying over and over, "Go away from me! Go away from me, I tell you! I'm not taking anything to do with you."

The big boys were enjoying the thing immensely. The master's rage was deepening in proportion. He felt it would never do to be beaten. His whole authority was at stake.

"Now, James," he reasoned, "you see you are only making it worse for yourself. I cannot allow any disobedience in the school. You must hold out your hand."

But Jimmie, realizing that he had come off best in the first round, stood doggedly sniffing, his arms still folded tight.

Drawn by R. Emmet Owen.

"Hold your hand."

"Now, James, I shall give you one more chance. Hold out your hand."

Jimmie remained like a statue.

Whack! came the heavy strap over his shoulders. At once Jimmie set up his refrain, "Go away from me, I tell you! I'm not taking anything to do with you!"

Whack! whack! whack! fell the strap with successive blows, each heavier than the last. There was no longer any laughing in the school. The affair was growing serious. The girls were beginning to sob, and the bigger boys to grow pale.

"Now, James, will you hold out your hand? You see how much worse you are making it for yourself," said the master, who was heartily sick of the struggle, which he felt to be undignified, and the result of which he feared was dubious.

But Jimmie only kept up his cry, now punctuated with sobs, "I'm—not—taking—anything—to—do—with—you!"

"Jimmie, listen to me," said the master. "You must hold out your hand. I cannot have boys refusing to obey me in this school." But Jimmie caught the entreaty in the tone, and knowing that the battle was nearly over, kept obstinately silent.

"Well, then," said the master, suddenly, "you must take it," and lifting the strap, he laid it with such sharp emphasis over Jimmie's shoulders that Jimmie's voice rose in a wilder roar than usual, and the girls burst into audible weeping.

Suddenly, above all the hubbub, rose a voice, clear and sharp.

"Stop." It was Thomas Finch, of all people, standing with face white and tense, and regarding the master with steady eyes.

The school gazed thunderstruck at the usually slow and stolid Thomas.

"What do you mean, sir?" said the master, gladly turning from Jimmie. But Thomas stood silent, as much surprised as the master at his sudden exclamation.

He stood hesitating for a moment, and then said, "You can thrash me in his place. He's a little chap, and has never been thrashed."

The master misunderstood his hesitation for fear, pushed Jimmie aside, threw down the strap, and seized a birch rod.

"Come forward, sir! I'll put an end to your insubordination, at any rate. Hold out your hand!"

Thomas held out his hand till the master finished one birch rod.

"The other hand, sir!"

Another birch rod was used up, but Thomas neither uttered a sound nor made a move till the master had done, then he asked in a strained voice, "Were you going to give Jimmie all that, sir?"

The master caught the biting sneer in the tone, and lost himself completely.

"Do you dare to answer me back?" he cried. He opened his desk, took out a rawhide, and without waiting to ask for his hand, began to lay the rawhide about Thomas' shoulders and legs, till he was out of breath.

"Now, perhaps you will learn your place, sir," he said.

"Thank you," said Thomas, looking him steadily in the eye.

"You are welcome. And I'll give you as much more whenever you show that you need it." The slight laugh with which he closed this brutal speech made Thomas wince as he had not during his whole terrible thrashing, but still he had not a word to say.

"Now, James, come here!" said the master turning to Jimmie. "You see what happens when a boy is insubordinate." Jimmie came trembling. "Hold your hand!" Out came Jimmie's hand at once. Whack! fell the strap.

"The other!"

"Stop it!" roared Thomas. "I took his thrashing."

"The other!" said the master, ignoring Thomas.

With a curious, savage snarl Thomas sprang at him. The master, however, was on the alert, and swinging round, met him with a straight facer between the eyes, and Thomas went to the floor.

"Aha! my boy! I'll teach you something you have yet to learn."

For answer came another cry. "Come on, boys!" It was Ranald Macdonald,

Thomas rushed in beneath the master's guard.

coming over the seats, followed by Don Cameron, Billy Ross, and some smaller boys. The master turned to meet them.

"Come along!" he said, backing up to his desk. "But I warn you it's not a strap or a rawhide I shall use."

Ranald paid no attention to his words, but came straight toward him, and when at arm's length sprung at him with the cry, "Horo, boys!"

But before he could lay his hands upon the master, he received a blow straight on the bridge of the nose that staggered him back, stunned and bleeding. By this time Thomas was up again, and rushing in was received in like manner, and fell back over a bench.

"How do you like it, boys?" smiled the master. "Come right along."

The boys obeyed his invitation, approaching him, but more warily, and awaiting their chance to rush. Suddenly Thomas, with a savage snarl, put his head down and rushed in beneath the master's guard, paid no attention to the heavy blow he received on the head, and locking his arms around the master's middle, buried his head close into his chest.

At once Ranald and Billy Ross threw themselves upon the struggling pair and carried them to the floor, the master underneath. There was a few moments of fierce struggling, and then the master lay still, with the four boys holding him down for dear life.

It was Thomas who assumed command.

"Don't choke him so, Ranald," he said. "And clear out of the way, all you girls and little chaps."

"What are you going to do, Thomas?" asked Don, acknowledging Thomas' new-born leadership.

"Tie him up," said Thomas. "Get me a sash.'

At once two or three little boys rushed to the hooks and brought one or two of the knitted sashes that hung there, and Thomas proceeded to tie the master's legs.

While he was thus busily engaged, a shadow darkened the door, and a voice exclaimed, "What is all this about?" It was the minister, who had been driving past and had come upon the terrified, weeping children rushing home.

"Is that you, Thomas? And you, Don?"

The boys let go their hold and stood up, shamed but defiant.

Immediately the master was on his feet, and with a swift, fierce blow, caught Thomas on the chin. Thomas, taken off his guard, fell with a thud on the floor.

"Stop that, young man!" said the minister, catching his arm. "That's a coward's blow."

"Hands off!" said the master, shaking himself free and squaring up to him.

"Ye would, would ye?" said the minister, gripping him by the neck and shaking him as he might a child. "Lift ye're hand to me, would ye? I'll break you're back to ye, and that I will." So saying, the minister seized him by the arms and held him absolutely helpless. The master ceased to struggle, and put down his hands.

"Ay, ye'd better, my man," said the minister, giving him a fling backward.

"Man it was fine, though."

Drawn by R. Emmett Owen.

Meantime Don had been holding snow to Thomas's head and had brought him round.

"Now, then," said the minister to the boys, "what does all this mean?"

The boys were all silent, but the master spoke.

"It is a case of rank and impudent insubordination, sir, and I demand the expulsion of those impudent rascals."

"Well, sir," said the minister, "I greatly misjudge the case if there are not faults on both sides. And for one thing, the man who can strike such a cowardly blow as you did a moment ago would not be unlikely to be guilty of injustice and cruelty."

"It is none of your business," said the master, insolently.

"You will find that I shall make it my business," said the minister. "And now, boys, be off to your homes, and be here Monday morning at nine o'clock, when this will be gone into."

"HE THAT RULETH WELL HIS OWN HOUSE."

The news of the school trouble ran through the section like fire through a brûle. The younger generation, when they heard how Thomas Finch had dared the master, raised him at once to the rank of hero, but the heads of families received the news doubtfully, and wondered what the rising generation was coming to.

The next day Billy Jack heard the story in the Twentieth store, and with some anxiety waited for the news to reach his father's ears, for, to tell the truth, Billy Jack, man though he was, held his father in dread.

"How did you come to do it?" he asked Thomas. "Why didn't you let Don begin? It was Don's business."

"I don't know. It slipped out," replied Thomas. "I couldn't stand Jimmie's yelling any longer. I didn't know I said anything till I found myself standing up, and after that I didn't seem to care for anything."

"Man! it was fine, though," said Billy Jack. "I didn't think it was in you." And Thomas felt more than repaid for all his cruel beating. It was something to win the approval of Billy Jack in an affair of this kind.

It was at church on the Sabbath day that Donald Finch heard about his son's doings in the school the week before. The minister, in his sermon, thought fit to dwell upon the tendency of the rising generation to revolt against authority in all things, and solemnly laid upon parents the duty and responsibility of seeing to it that they ruled their households well.

It was not just the advice that Donald Finch stood specially in need of, but he was highly pleased with the sermon, and was enlarging upon it in the churchyard where the people gathered between the services, when Peter McRae, thinking that old Donald was hardly taking the minister's advice to himself as he ought, and not knowing that the old man was ignorant of all that had happened in the school, answered him somewhat severely.

"It is good to be approving the sermon, but I would rather be seeing you make a practical application of it."

"Indeed, that is true," replied Donald, "and it would not be amiss for more than me to make application of it."

"Indeed, then, if all reports be true," replied Peter, "it would be well for you to begin at home."

"Mr. McRae," said Donald, earnestly, "it is myself that knows well enough my shortcomings, but if there is any special reason for your remark, I am not aware of it."

This light treatment of what to Peter had seemed a grievous offense against all authority, incensed the old dominie beyond all endurance.

"And do you not think that the conduct of your son last week calls for any reproof? And is it you that will stand up and defend it in the face of the minister and his sermon upon it this day?"

Donald gazed at him a few moments as if he had gone mad. At length he replied, slowly, "I do not wish to forget that you are an elder of the church, Mr. McRae, and I will not be charging you with telling lies on me and my family—"

"Tut, tut, man," broke in Long John Cameron, seeing how the matter stood; "he's just referring to yon little difference Thomas had with the master last week. But it's just nothing. Come away in."

"Thomas?" gasped Donald. "My Thomas?"

"You have not heard, then," said Peter, in surprise, and old Donald only shook his head.

"Then it's time you did," replied Peter, severely, "for such things are a disgrace to the community."

"Nonsense!" said Long John. "Not a bit of it! I think none the less of Thomas for it." But in matters of this kind Long John could hardly be counted an authority, for it was not so

Drawn by R. Emmett Owen.

"It is the Lord's judgment."

"You did not tell me, Thomas."

very long ago since he had been beguiled into an affair at the Scotch River which, while it brought him laurels at the hands of the younger generation, did not add to his reputation with the elders of the church.

It did not help matters much that Murdie Cameron and others of his set proceeded to congratulate old Donald, in their own way, upon his son's achievement, and with all the more fervor that they perceived that it moved the solemn Peter to righteous wrath. From one and another the tale came forth with embellishments, till Donald Finch was reduced to such a state of voiceless rage and humiliation that when, at the sound of the opening psalm the congregation moved into the church for the Gælic service, the old man departed for his home, trembling, silent, amazed.

How Thomas could have brought this disgrace upon him he could not imagine. If it had been William John, who, with all his good nature, had a temper brittle enough, he would not have been surprised. And then the minister's sermon, of which he had spoken in such open and enthusiastic approval, how it condemned him for his neglect of duty toward his family, and held up his authority over his household to scorn. It was a terrible blow to his pride.

"It is the Lord's judgment upon me," he said to himself, as he tramped his way through the woods. "It is the curse of Eli that is hanging over me and mine." And with many vows he resolved that, at all costs, he would do his duty in this crisis and bring Thomas to a sense of his sins.

It was in this spirit that he met his family at the supper-table, after their return from the Gælic service

"What is this I hear about you, Thomas?" he began, as Thomas came in and took his place at the table. "What is this I hear about you, sir?" he repeated, making a great effort to maintain a calm and judicial tone.

Thomas remained silent, partly because he usually found speech difficult, but chiefly because he dreaded his father's wrath.

"What is this that has become the talk of the countryside and the disgrace of my name?" continued the father, in deepening tones.

"No very great disgrace, surely," said Billy Jack, lightly, hoping to turn his father's anger.

"Be you silent, sir!" commanded the old man, sternly. "I will ask for your opinion when I require it. You and others beside you in this house need to learn your places."

Billy Jack made no reply, fearing to make matters worse, though he found it hard not to resent this taunt, which he knew well was flung at his mother.

"I wonder at you, Thomas, after such a sermon as yon. I wonder you are able to sit there unconcerned at this table. I wonder you are not hiding your head in shame and confusion." The old man was lashing himself into a white rage, while Thomas sat looking stolidly before him, his slow tongue finding no words of defense. And indeed, he had little thought of defending himself. He was conscious of an acute self-condemnation, and yet, struggling through his slow-moving mind there was a feeling that in some sense he could not define, there was justification for what he had done.

"It is not often that Thomas has grieved you," ventured the mother, timidly, for, with all her courage, she feared her husband when he was in this mood.

"Woman, be silent!" blazed forth

the old man, as if he had been waiting for her words. "It is not for you to excuse his wickedness. You are too fond of that work, and your children are reaping the fruits of it."

Billy Jack looked up quickly as if to answer, but his mother turned her face full upon him and commanded him with steady eyes, giving, herself, no sign of emotion except for a slight tightening of the lips and a touch of color in her face.

"Your children have well learned their lesson of rebellion and deceit," continued her husband, allowing his passion a free rein. "But I vow unto the Lord that I will put an end to it now, whatever. And I will give you to remember, sir," turning to Thomas, "to the end of your days, this occasion. And now, hence from this table. Let me not see your face till the Sabbath is past, and then, if the Lord spares me, I shall deal with you."

Thomas hesitated a moment as if he had not quite taken in his father's words, then leaving his supper untouched, he rose slowly, and without a word climbed the ladder to the loft. The mother followed him a moment with her eyes, and then once more turning to Billy Jack held him with calm, steady gaze. Her immediate fear was for her eldest son. Thomas, she knew, would in the meantime simply suffer what might be his lot, but for many a day she had lived in terror of an outbreak betweeu her eldest son and her husband. Again Billy Jack caught her look, and commanded himself to silence.

"The fire is low, William John," she said, in a quiet voice. Billy Jack rose, and from the wood-box behind the stove, replenishing the fire, reading perfectly his mother's mind, and resolving at all costs to do her will.

At the taking of the books that night the prayer, which was spoken in a tone of awful and almost inaudible solemnity, was for the most part an exaltation of the majesty and righteousness of the government of God and a lamentation over the wickedness and rebellion of mankind. And Billy Jack thought it was no good augury that it closed with a petition for grace to maintain the honor of that government, and to uphold that righteous majesty in all the relations of life. It was a woeful evening to them all, and as soon as possible the household went miserably to bed.

Before going to her room the mother slipped up quietly to the loft and found Thomas lying in his bunk, dressed and awake. He was still puzzling out his ethical problem. His conscience clearly condemned him for his fight with the master, and yet, somehow he could not regret having stood up for Jimmie and taken his punishment. He expected no mercy at his father's hands next morning. The punishment he knew would be cruel enough, but it was not the pain that Thomas was dreading; he was dimly struggling with the sense of outrage, for ever since the moment he had stood up and uttered his challenge to the master he had felt himself to be different. That moment now seemed to belong to the distant years when he was a boy, and now he could not imagine himself submitting to a flogging from any man, and it seemed to him strange and almost impossible that even his father should lift his hand to him.

"You are not sleeping, Thomas," said his mother, going up to his bunk.

"No, mother."

"And you have had no supper at all?"

"I don't want any, mother."

The mother sat silent beside him for a time, and then said, quietly, "You did not tell me, Thomas."

"No, mother, I didn't like."

"It would have been better that your father should have heard this from —I mean, should have heard it at home. And—you might have told me, Thomas."

"Yes, mother, I wish now I had. But, indeed, I can't understand how it happened. I don't feel as if it was me at all." And then Thomas told his mother all the tale, finishing his story with the words, "And I couldn't help it, mother, at all."

The mother remained silent for a little, and then, with a little tremor in

her voice, she replied: "No, Thomas, I know you couldn't help it, and I—" here her voice quite broke—"I am not ashamed of you."

"Are you not, mother?" said Thomas, sitting up suddenly in great surprise. "Then I don't care. I couldn't make it out well."

"Never you mind, Thomas, it will be well," and she leaned over and kissed him. Thomas felt her face wet with tears, and his stolid reserve broke down.

"Oh, mother, mother, I don't care now," he cried, his breath coming in great sobs. "I don't care at all." And he put his arms round his mother, clinging to her as if he had been a child.

"I know, laddie, I know," whispered his mother. "Never you fear, never fear." And then, as if to herself, she added, "Thank the Lord you are not a coward, whatever."

Thomas found himself again without words, but he held his mother fast, his big body shaking with his sobs.

"And Thomas," she continued, after a pause, "your father—we must just be patient." All her life long this had been her struggle. "And—and—he is a good man." Her tears were now flowing fast and her voice had quite lost its calm.

Thomas was alarmed and distressed. He had never in all his life seen his mother weep, and rarely had heard her voice break.

"Don't, mother," he said, growing suddenly quiet himself. "Don't you mind, mother. It'll be all right, and I'm not afraid."

"Yes," she said, rising and regaining her self-control, "it will be all right, Thomas. You go to sleep." And there were such evident reserves of strength behind her voice that Thomas lay down, certain that all would be well. His mother had never failed him.

The mother went downstairs with the purpose in her heart of having a talk with her husband, but Donald Finch knew her ways well, and had resolved that he would have no speech with her upon the matter, for he knew that it would be impossible for him to persevere in his intention to "deal with" Thomas, if he allowed his wife to have any talk with him.

The morning brought the mother no opportunity of speech with her husband. He, contrary to his custom, remained until breakfast in his room. Outside in the kitchen he could hear Billy Jack's cheerful tones and hearty laugh, and it angered him to think that his displeasure should have so little effect upon his household. If the house had remained shrouded in gloom, and the family had gone about on tiptoes and with bated breath, it would show no more than a proper appreciation of the father's displeasure; but as Billy Jack's cheerful words and laughter fell upon his ear, he renewed his vows to do his duty that day in upholding his authority and bringing to his son a due sense of his sin.

In grim silence he ate his breakfast, except for a sharp rebuke to Billy Jack, who had been laboring throughout the meal to make cheerful conversation with Jessac and his mother. At his father's rebuke Billy Jack dropped his cheerful tone and, avoiding his mother's eyes, he assumed at once an attitude of open defiance, his tones and words plainly offering to his father war, if war he would have.

"You will come to me in the room after breakfast," said his father, as Thomas rose to go to the stable.

"There's a meeting of the trustees at nine o'clock at the school-house, at which Thomas must be present," interposed Billy Jack, in firm, steady tones.

"He may go when I have done with him," said his father, angrily, "and meantime you will attend to your own business."

"Yes, sir, I will that!" Billy Jack's response came back with fierce promptness.

The old man glanced at him, caught the light in his eyes, hesitated a moment, and then, throwing all restraint to the winds, thundered out, "What do you mean, sir?"

"What I say. I am going to attend to my own business, and that soon!"

Billy Jack's tone was quick, eager, defiant.

Again the old man hesitated, and then replied, "Go it, then."

"I am going, and I am going to take Thomas to that meeting at nine o'clock."

"I did not know that you had business there," said the old man, sarcastically.

"Then you may know it now," blazed forth Billy Jack, "for I am going. And as sure as I stand here, I will see that Thomas gets fair play there if he doesn't at home, if I have to lick every trustee in the section."

"Hold your peace, sir," said his father, coming nearer him. "Do not give me any impertinence and do not accuse me of unfairness."

"Have you heard Thomas' side of the story?" returned Billy Jack.

"I have heard enough, and more than enough."

"You haven't heard both sides."

"I know the truth of it, whatever, the shameful and disgraceful truth of it. I know that the countryside is ringing with it. I know that in the house of God the minister held up my family to the scorn of the people. And I vowed to do my duty to my house."

The old man's passion had risen to such a height that for a moment Billy Jack quailed before it. In the pause that followed the old man's outburst the mother came to her son.

"Hush, William John! You are not to forget yourself, nor your duty to your father and to me. Thomas will receive full justice in this matter." There was a quiet strength and dignity in her manner that commanded immediate attention from both men.

The mother went on in a low, even voice, "Your father has his duty to perform, and you must not take upon yourself to interfere."

Billy Jack could hardly believe his ears. That his mother should desert him, and should support what he knew she felt to be injustice and tyranny, was more than he could understand. No less perplexed was her husband.

As they stood there looking at each other, uncertain as to the next step, there came a knock at the back door.

The mother went to open it, pausing on her way to push back some chairs and put the room to rights, thus allowing the family to regain its composure.

"Good morning, Mrs. Finch. You will be thinking I have slept in your barn all night." It was Long John Cameron.

"Come away in, Mr. Cameron. It is never too early for friends to come to this house," said Mrs. Finch, her voice showing her great relief.

Long John came in, glanced shrewdly about and greeted Mr. Finch with great heartiness.

"It's a fine winter day, Mr. Finch, but it looks as if we might have a storm. You are busy with the logs, I hear."

Old Donald was slowly recovering himself.

"You were wanting to see me, Mr. Cameron," be said. "I have a business on hand which requires attention."

"Indeed, and so have I. For it is—"

"And indeed, it was just as well you and all should know it, for my disgrace is well known."

"Disgrace!" exclaimed Long John.

"Ay, disgrace. For is it not a disgrace to have the conduct of your family become the occasion of a sermon on the Lord's Day?"

"Indeed, I did not think much of yon sermon, whatever," replied Long John.

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Cameron. It was a powerful sermon, and it was only too sorely needed. But I hope it will not be without profit to myself."

"As to that, indeed," replied Long John, coolly, "I am not quite sure. But if I might ask without being too bold, what is the particular duty to which you are referring?"

"You may ask, and you and all have a right to know, for I am about to visit upon my son his sins and shame."

"And is it meaning to wheep him you are?"

"Ay," said the old man, and his lips came fiercely together.

"Indeed, then, you will just do no such thing this morning."

"And by what right do you interfere in my domestic affairs?" demanded old Donald, with dignity. "Answer me that, Mr. Cameron."

"Right or no right," replied Long John, "before any man lays a finger on Thomas there, he will need to begin with myself. And," he added, grimly, "there are not many in the county who would care for that job."

Old Donald Finch looked at his visitor in speechless amazement. At length Long John grew excited.

"Man alive!" he exclaimed, "it's a quare father you are. You may be thinking it disgrace, but the section will be proud that there is a boy in it brave enough to stand up for the weak against a brute bully." And then he proceeded to tell the tale as he had heard it from Don, with such strong passion and with such rude vigor, that in spite of himself old Donald found his rage vanish, and his heart began to move within him toward his son.

"And it is for that," cried Long John, dashing his fist into his open palm, "it is for that that you would punish your son. May God forgive me! but the man that lays a finger on Thomas yonder, will come into sore grief this day. Ay, lad," continued Long John, striding toward Thomas and gripping him by the shoulders with both hands, "you are a man, and you stood up for the weak yon day, and if you ever will be wanting a friend, remember John Cameron."

"Well, well, Mr. Cameron," said old Donald, who was more deeply moved than he cared to show, "it may be as you say. It may be the lad was not so much in the wrong."

"In the wrong?" roared Long John, blowing his nose hard. "In the wrong? May my boys ever be in the wrong in such a way!"

"Well," said old Donald, "we shall see about this. And if Thomas has suffered injustice it is not his father will refuse to see him righted." And soon they were all off to the meeting at the school-house.

Thomas was the last to leave the room. As usual, he had not been able to find a word, but stood white and trembling, but as he found himself alone with his mother, once more his stolid reserve broke down, and he burst into a strange and broken cry, "Oh, mother, mother," but he could get no further.

"Never mind, laddie," said his mother, "you have borne yourself well, and your mother is proud of you."

At the investigation held in the school-house, it became clear that, though the insubordination of both Jimmie and Thomas was undeniable, the provocation by the master had been very great. And though the minister insisted that the master's authority must, at all costs, be upheld, such was the rage of old Donald Finch and Long John Cameron that the upshot was that the master took his departure from the section glad enough to escape with bones unbroken.

THE PUNISHMENT OF BRAND WAECKER

By WALTER L. HAWLEY.

A MAN died recently in the place he called home, a cabin on the outskirts of a small town in a Southern state, after suffering for twelve years an extreme and unusual punishment for a crime of which he had been acquitted by a jury of his peers. Physically strong at the time of his trial; ignorant, cruel, unemotional and with little or no moral sense, the severity of the punishment this man suffered reduced him to a wreck in mind and body, and undoubtedly shortened his life by many years. The judge who sentenced him, in words that were without force in law, is dead some years; the jurors who acquitted him are all dead or have disappeared, and now that the victim has passed away, the complete story of a remarkable criminal case may be told for the first time.

Thirteen years ago there lived in the town of ——— an old German of the name of Herman Waecker. He had lived there some thirty years and, by industry and economy as a shoemaker, and later as a truck farmer, had amassed considerable money, how much no one ever knew. All of his savings he converted into gold, which he kept concealed in the room where he slept. When he began truck farming he built a small cabin in which he lived alone for a time. Five years before his death there came to him from Germany a broad-shouldered, stalwart young man of vicious and repulsive countenance, whom he introduced to his few acquaintances as his nephew, Brand Waecker.

Uncle and nephew continued to live in the small cabin. The new comer assisted with the work of the gardens and in marketing the produce, but the townspeople soon discovered that he was indolent and shiftless and was of little service to his uncle. He spent much time and most of the money he received in the one saloon in the town. There he made no friends, even among the lower class of those who frequented the place. There was something so cruel and repulsive in the expression that marred his face that all men instinctively feared or distrusted him.

Brand Waecker, although heavy and strongly built, had a head that seemed too large for his body. His head was much thicker than it was long and the forehead receded from the eyebrows at a sharp angle. His ears were no larger than those of a child and lay flat and colorless against the edges of his temples. His lips were thick and protruding. The lower lip sagged at one corner and on the other side of his mouth the upper lip was drawn up and in towards his thick, flat nose, which caused a hideous grimace that made children run away frightened whenever they looked at the man. His eyes were small and round, like the eyes of animals that prey at night. On one there was a downward squint and the lids of the other curved up at the outer corner, which made him look as if he had been cross-eyed from birth. The eyes turned in a direction opposite the strange twist of the lips and the effect was peculiar.

The face of the man as a whole looked as if strong hands had grasped chin and forehead and slightly turned the two in opposite directions, leaving in the face a twist of lines and bones that could not be straightened.

Brand Waecker and his uncle quarreled often, and once came to blows, when the old man found his nephew in the saloon squandering the proceeds of a load of vegetables. Some of the townspeople who disliked the newcomer, and felt well disposed towards the old man,

ventured to warn the latter and urged him to send his nephew away. The old man's answer to such advice was usually a shake of the head and an angry growl, or muttered suggestion that some people should mind their own affairs.

Late one dark and stormy winter night the neighbors of Herman Waecker discovered that his cabin was on fire. They went promptly to his assistance and, aided by the rain that was falling in torrents, put out the fire before the cabin was more than half consumed. A search of the partially burned structure by the light of lanterns revealed the dead and half baked body of the old farmer and miser. There was plenty of evidence that he had been murdered. Fire had not destroyed the signs of a desperate struggle, and the burned and blackened skin and flesh on the dead man's head could not hide a ghastly hole in his skull, where it had been crushed by a blow with some heavy instrument. A thorough search of the premises revealed no trace of the dead man's gold.

At midnight Brand Waecker was found in the town saloon apparently in a deep drunken slumber. He was arrested at once. To the honest townspeople who knew his habits and something of his nature that seemed a natural thing to do. He was charged with the murder of his uncle. He denied the charge, but the evidence against him was strong and his indictment and trial followed within a few weeks. There was no threat of lynching, because the townspeople were law-abiding. They had faith in their judge and their juries.

Details of the trial and of the evidence brought out need not be repeated in this story of the affair. The proof was circumstantial, but the prosecution made out a case that was to the public opinion of the town convincing. The chain was perfect; not a flaw in any link. Brand Waecker had no friends, but an excellent lawyer undertook his defense and he had a fair trial. The charge of the venerable judge was impartial, but he explained in detail the legal value of circumstantial evidence.

When the jury retired the face of the prisoner suddenly grew more hideous, more repulsive in appearance than ever before. His skin was ashen in color and his little eyes, deep set in their sockets, danced up and down and rolled from side to side until the skin on his cheek bones was drawn into curved wrinkles. He glanced at the doors, the windows, then furtively at the faces of the spectators as if seeking some way of escape, or one look of pity or sympathy. If he expected to find any of these he was disappointed. Escape seemed out of the question. Pity for him there was none.

The jury was out four hours, the longest time on record in that court. When they returned with a verdict the spectators saw that the jurymen were pale and did not look at the prisoner. That was accepted as foreshadowing a verdict of guilty. When the legal formalities had been observed, the clerk put the usual question :—

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed?"

"Yes," the foreman answered, in a half-whisper.

"What is your verdict?"

"Not guilty!"

The words were spoken in a low tone, but every man in the room heard them, so complete had been the silence. For the space of some seconds that silence fell again upon the room after the unexpected verdict had been announced. Then the venerable judge slowly arose from the bench, leaned forward and looked into the faces of the jurymen with a glance that seemed to pierce into their hearts. At this movement there was a murmur of protest through the room that swelled to a low, angry growl before the court officers could check it.

When the jury had been polled and all forms of law complied with, the judge spoke to the jurymen in a voice hard and cold as the ring of tempered steel.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have returned a verdict. You were under oath. The right or wrong of your decision is a matter that now rests with you and your God. You are discharged."

At midnight Brand Waecker was found.

With heads bent low and faces pale and haggared the twelve men left the room. The judge then ordered the prisoner brought to the bar. In the same hard, cold voice he spoke again.

"Brand Waecker, it is my duty to discharge you from custody. You have been acquitted by a jury of your peers and under the laws of this world you are a free and innocent man. I shall not discuss that verdict, but I believe you have enough intelligence to realize that in the opinion of this community as a whole you are guilty of the crime with which you were charged. This is one of those strange miscarriages of justice that sometimes cause men to doubt the wisdom of our system of law. I am powerless to punish you, Brand Waecker, but I am convinced of your guilt, and if I could I should to-day condemn you to go through life for the remainder of your days, not with the brand of Cain on your brow, but shunned of your fellow men. I would make your punishment the torture of silence. You should never again hear the sound of a human voice speaking to you in greeting or command, in condemnation or sympathy, but so long as you live, wherever you might go, men should shun you as a pestilence, that the verdict of silence might ever remind you of your crime. Such would be my sentence, if I had power to enforce it. Brand Waecker, you are at liberty, and may you never again hear any voice save that of your own conscience."

As the judge ceased speaking, he sank, weak and trembling upon the bench and hid his pale face in his hands. A murmur of awe, surprise and approval broke for a moment the painful stillness of the room. Then the sheriff advanced a step, touched Brand Waecker on the arm and silently pointed to the open door. The man acquitted of murder started and the blood surged back to his head, setting lips and eyes twitching until his face was like the grimace of a damned soul at the last star of hope. Then he turned and held out his hand to the lawyer who had defended him. With a gesture of disgust and repulsion the lawyer moved away from him and did not speak.

Again the sheriff pointed to the open door of the court-room, and this time his gesture was a command. Half frightened, half defiant, Brand Waecker started to leave the room. His twitching eyes looked to the right and the left with quick, pleading glances. The spectators fell back with a common impulse and left the broad aisle clear for him. Only the sound made by his heavy shoes dragging and shuffling along the bare floor broke the silence.

He reached the door, stopped, turned half around and glared, first at the sheriff, then at the spectators. All the evil passion in the man's nature was now beginning to assert itself. He knew he was free, that he could not be again tried for the murder of his uncle. The action of the spectators angered him. He wanted to curse them, to strike them each in turn, but he had not the courage to attempt either.

"Men, I'm innocent! I'm acquitted!" he cried out with sudden desperation. His words fell back from the ceiling in a trembling echo, and the silence became more intense than before. No one moved for five seconds. Then Waecker opened his mouth, clenched his fists until his nails cut into the flesh, but he did not speak. Something in the glances of those silent men frightened him. He turned on his heel and ran from the building. His punishment of silence had begun.

The closing scene of the trial had been a severe strain on the nerves of most of those present in the court-room. As soon as court had been adjourned for the day a score of men hastened to the one drinking-place in the town. All felt the need of a stimulant. After drinks had been served and consumed, these men gathered in groups and discussed the verdict and the scathing words of the judge to Brand Waecker. They talked in low tones, and while no one suggested in so many words that the informal sentence be forthwith carried into effect, each was secretly hoping that he would see no more of the man who had been acquitted by the jury.

The door of the saloon opened, and

He knew that the white man was Brand Waecker.

the man so recently acquitted of murder entered the place. He glanced furtively about, stopped once, but after a moment's hesitation walked up to the bar. All the other men in the room ceased talking the moment he entered, and moved as far as possible from him.

With a show of bravado Waecker threw a gold piece on the bar. The ring of the metal as it struck the wood caused every man to start and look questioningly at others. The gold of the murdered man had not been found.

"Men, I've been acquitted and I'm innocent! Come, every one, and have a drink!"

The crowd in the room, moved by a common impulse, started for the door.

"Drink, I say! I'm able to pay for them!"

Brand Waecker spoke with an angry, half-defiant shout that he meant to be a command. A moment later and he was alone with the man behind the bar. He had spent much money and time in the place before his arrest, and now he expected his money to purchase there a share of friendship as well as a drink.

"John, drink with me! You know I was here that night!" he begged of the proprietor, who stood silent and motionless.

For answer the owner of the saloon picked up a spoon and with it pushed the gold piece off the bar. As the coin rattled on the floor he pointed to the open door, but spoke no word to Brand Waecker.

"D—n you! Won't take my money, hey?"

He recovered the coin and turned back to the bar, to find the man behind it still pointing to the open door. With a growl and a curse he left the place.

Herman Waecker left no will; at least none was found. If he had other relatives than the nephew who was tried for his murder his neighbors knew nothing of them. When the nephew, after his acquittal, returned to the cabin and took possession of the property, no one questioned his right, none interfered. He patched the half-burned structure and made one room habitable. There he lived for a short time, and made a pretense of carrying on the work in the truck gardens, but beyond providing for his own food his work was useless. No person in the town would buy of him or sell to him. None would speak to him. When he appeared on the streets of the town, doors were closed at his approach. Men seeing him coming would turn about to

avoid a meeting, and children at play would run home in silence, their faces white with terror. The punishment of silence was strictly enforced.

The remarkable statement of the judge who presided at the trial and his informal sentence of the acquitted man to be shunned by his fellow-men, attracted much attention at the time. The facts were published again and again in all sections of the country, with pictures of Brand Waecker that bore some resemblance of the man.

Ignorant, cruel and without nerves or imagination, Waecker yet had the animal instinct that demands companionship. He could not long endure the isolation forced upon him after his trial. Three months after his acquittal he disappeared from the town where no man would speak to him and children fled at his approach. He had plenty of money. That fact was amply demonstrated by his subsequent travels. The first news of him after his disappearance was that he had gone to Texas. He had planned to assume another name and find human companionship by losing himself somewhere on the great plains of the Southwest. One day he was a passenger on a train bound for Western Texas and attempted to engage in conversation with a fellow passenger. The stranger glanced at him with a startled and questioning look for a moment, then taking from his pocket a page of an illustrated paper, turned to the story and picture of Brand Waecker.

The man to whom the exile had spoken moved to the other end of the car, but his eyes expressed the loathing he felt for the prisoner of silence. In a few minutes the news had spread through the train that the passenger with the snake-like eyes and distorted face was Brand Waecker, and then silence reigned in every car.

When next heard of he had sought a home among red men in the Indian Territory. He could not speak a word of their language, but when by signs he made them understand that he wanted to remain with them, the head chief of the village went into his tent and brought forth a worn copy of an illustrated paper, and when he had looked at a picture in it he knew that the white man before him was Brand Waęcker. Then silence fell upon that Indian village, and the warriors gathering about the stranger pointed toward the sunset. Then the doomed man knew that wherever he might go he was still a prisoner, and in silence he moved on.

The wanderer appeared among men again and again at increasing intervals during the next seven or eight years, but wherever he appeared he was quickly recognized and then all lips were silent, while strong and threatening hands as silently gave the order to move on. He wandered over the far Northwest, shipped aboard a vessel bound for Alaska and tried to make his way to the Yukon gold fields. But his picture and his story were in every camp and cabin, and a wall of silence more terrible than snow-covered mountains or ice-gorged rivers warned him back, and back he came after suffering untold hardships. From the sentence of the indignant judge who believed him guilty of murder there was no escape.

The good people of the town of —— had for a year mourned the death of the venerable judge who had presided at the Waecker murder trial, and that crime was still fresh in the public memory, when one day an uncouth figure, dirt-begrimed and half clad in rags, came down the main street, keeping close to the middle of the roadway, and glancing furtively about like a hunted animal. The form of this figure was thin and bent, but under a mass of tangled and matted hair and beard, squirmed and danced the little half-green, wholly wicked eyes of Brand Waecker. He had come back to the scene of his crime, back to the center of his prison, into the thick of the silence of aversion from which he could not escape.

The prisoner went back to the old cabin, now crumbling to ruin and half hidden by the weeds and brambles that had grown unchecked through all the years he had been seeking to escape his punishment. No one had touched the

property, none cared to dispute his claim of ownership. How he lived during the next four years none of the townspeople knew, none cared. Sometimes he went away to the remote hills and valleys where possibly he found those who, not knowing him, might have sold him food. In the summer he feebly cultivated a patch of garden. Into the streets of the town he ventured no more and around the crumbling cabin his neighbors placed a wall of silence. None spoke to him and he no longer made any attempt to seek human companionship.

Early one winter evening, when wind and rain, in shrieks and gusts, recalled to the older townsmen the night of the Waecker murder, some farmers living near the ruined cottage came hurriedly to the tavern in town with a story of wild cries and groans heard in the home of the isolated one. The townsmen gathered about the hot stove, looked at each other in silence for a moment; then spoke Dr. Baird, friend and physician of them all:—

"Call the Parson!" he said, "and give us two good lanterns. We will go and see if our services are required."

Parson Jones came promptly, and physician and minister went together to the cabin. The interior was in total darkness, but as they approached the open door they heard a faint moan, a whimper like the complaint of an animal in pain. They entered together and by the light from their lanterns they saw in one corner of the miserable den, stretched on a pile of dirty straw, something that moved slightly and at intervals uttered a gasping and gurgling sound.

Parson Jones went forward in advance, and holding the lantern close to the straw, bent over and looked down upon the creature lying there, but he did not speak. Two little eyes, glazing fast, gleamed faintly in the dim light. Two claw-like hands were raised a trifle above the black straw, and then a voice, faint and broken, but with a tone almost human, said in a whisper half-drowned by a rattle in the throat, "Speak to me! oh, speak to me!"

The good minister and the physician knelt in silence, one on either side of the heap, and each caught a wrist of the creature lying there and felt for a pulse. The object moved once, a last effort to speak, the rattling sound in the throat was still and Brand Waecker was dead.

They hurriedly closed the eyes to hide the mute appeal that even death had not blotted out, and as they turned from the scene the minister said in a low tone: "His punishment was greater than he could bear!"

"His punishment was greater than he could bear!"

It was during the eleven o'clock recess.

THE DISCOVERY OF CHRISTOPHER

By ANNA HAMILTON YEAMAN

HAD Christopher Cobb, on a certain June morning, been looking for a character instead of for angle worms, he need have gone no further than the old apple tree back of the school house. It was during the eleven o'clock recess, and items of interest were being ventilated by certain beginghamed ones of authority. Topic of the day: Christopher Cobb, aged ten.

"He's got the puggest nose and the most freckles of any boy in school," chanted Mollie Jenkins.

"He's the very worst speller in the line," croaked Mary Perkins.

"He's mean and cruel, that's what he is; he sat on my sick kitten the day I brought it to school and never even said he was sorry," Selina Skinner blinked away the painful memory.

"He's very boisterous; he has the roughest manners and screechiest voice of any boy I know," thus purred Manda Briggs. She was the eldest of five ministerial blessings and sustained a reputation for "pretty manners."

Broken bits of these acid truths sifted through the school room windows to

the desk, where Miss Cantrell was biting the tasselled end of a pencil. As she listened her forehead crinkled into anxious lines; still, she smiled—just a little.

"I wonder," she murmured, "how it will all turn out; it was a pretty rash experiment."

It was indeed. It had taken all the inexperienced courage of youth, together with well-anchored confidence in modern theories just culled from a modern college. For Miss Cantrell had come to Wilson's Corners armed with an impressive diploma, and upholstered with noble intentions of teaching the youth of the community "something besides the three R's." Toward that creditable end she had just taken the first step, and she had stepped straight beyond the limits of all former history of Wilson's Corners.

When Miss Cantrell suggested that school close that summer with a picnic to Waterford Glen, instead of with essays and piece-speaking, every one of the sixteen faces grinned their satisfaction. The boys chortled in the fulness of their joy—already they saw pleasant visions of bulging, creaking lunch baskets.

Billy Williams actually whooped, recalling memories of the last Sunday-school picnic, when Billy had succumbed to too secular devotion to fruit cake. However, he might have better luck next time.

As for the girls, their eyes brightened with anticipations of the starchy misery of their Sunday best and the possibility of extracting from the paternal purse the glories of new hair ribbons.

So far, so good—but the worst was yet to come; and when Miss Cantrell smiled with misleading sweetness, and said she was going to ask each of the boys to invite a girl to go with him to that picnic, and to hold himself responsible for the safe arrival of both girl and lunch basket at the store, and that, moreover, he might acceptably provide a fishing-pole for the further delectation of the said girl—then things began to look serious.

A fog of stolid gloom settled on every boy's face.

Christopher Cobb stopped sharpening his pencil and looked at Miss Cantrell. Scorn was written in every feature, but in his gray-blue eyes was a masculine tolerance for such feminine idiocy.

The girls twisted nervously in their seats, petrified wonder on their faces. A few sent shy glances, both anxious and threatening, towards the future gallants of Wilson's Corners.

No encouragement there.

Once outside, the boys knotted together in a corner of the ball-ground and boiled over in rebellion.

"Ask a girl to go to a picnic! Well, they guessed not; sweet picture they'd make, hitched to apron strings, carrying a basket; not they. Teacher was cracked."

Christopher merely dug for worms.

Under the apple tree, the girls buzzed apprehensively.

Which boy

"The puggest nose in school."

would ask which girl? It was a pregnant moment.

Mary Perkins, casting a weather eye toward the ball-ground, made impressive calculations on her fingers.

"There's just a boy apiece," she reported; "but there's that *horrible* Christopher Cobb. Of course he won't ask any one—some girl will just be left out, that's all." She wagged her head officially.

Each maiden hopefully regarded the other as the possible victim of neglect, and took courage.

"He's the disagreeablest boy in school," snapped Mollie Jenkins, thus opening the way for that eloquent and itemized list of Christopher's shortcomings.

Each girl took a conscientious part in the cordial reviling of Christopher Cobb—all but Sallie Barton. But that comes later.

Now the trouble all arose from Christopher's intolerable attitude toward the girls. Not that any one of the boys was a pattern of chivalry, nor did their behavior suggest the probability of the minister's taking supper at their homes more than once a week. Still, Christopher eclipsed anything ever endured by suffering femininity.

In winter, he refused to skate on the village pond: girls went—that was enough.

In summer, he turned a deaf ear to the heralded flesh pots of the Sunday-school picnics: again—girls. And at the Mission Band supper Christopher's was the only missing pair of appreciative jaws.

Perhaps Billy Williams ate his share, who can tell?

At school he never sharpened the girls' pencils, nor borrowed their slate sponges, nor asked them where the geography lesson was. One does not easily overlook such slights.

So the girls said he was a horrid, mean boy, and they *hated* him!

And they did. They hated him with heads high in the air, with unseeing eyes levelled far beyond his tawny head, and with stolid chins that would not be perverted when he stood near in class. Could anything be more convincing? But among them was one who stood on suspiciously neutral ground. This was Sallie Barton.

Under Christopher's neglect Sallie was good-naturedly indifferent; when occasionally noticed she was unaffectedly friendly; and it was rumored that Christopher tolerated Sallie. That was all. Still, he had been seen showing her his pet collection of marbles, and *once* he had given her a bird's egg.

It was nearly time for the school bell to ring, and the girls, having spent their indignation on Christopher, turned compelling eyes on Sallie. But Sallie only twisted her apron strings into hesitating knots, and looked dubiously out into space.

Remembering the bird's egg, carefully bedded in blue cotton in Sallie's desk, the four were deferentially silent. Perhaps they felt that Sallie might be the means of reducing Christopher to a state of grace.

"Maybe Christopher'll ask *you*, Sallie," tittered Selina at last.

Sallie scraped her feet on the ground, her cheeks warmed into color.

"If he does," hammered Mary Perkins, "you just ought to refuse plum out; that would fix him. Now, that's your chance, Sallie."

Mary never bit off her own nose, but she cheerfully recommended its efficacy to others.

Sallie looked rather worried. Just then the bell rang, and she fled to her seat.

Class B in spelling lined up before the desk. Now it happened that Christopher had a bad cold; also, Christopher had no handkerchief—not since the compelling decencies of Sunday-school. So the spelling class was interrupted by frequent, audible and indelicately vigorous sniffs from Christopher; and once—I blush to write it—he sought relief in a prolonged snort, and drew his sleeve across his offending nose.

The boys punched one another, and for two minutes were rendered quite unfit for academic service.

Mollie Jenkins' own aristocratic member raised itself above the level of such vulgarities. Amanda Briggs looked her horror of such an indecent breach

His pet collection of marbles.

of etiquette, and Selina Skinner shivered with æsthetic repulsion. But Sallie looked hard at the third button on Miss Cantrell's shirt-waist, and grew unnecessarily pink in the face.

Then she fumbled around under her apron and, unseen by the others, pushed a cambric ball into Christopher's pocket.

To all appearances Christopher was as Lot's wife on looking back, but after a while he dug a stubby fist into the pocket nearest Sallie, and unconcernedly availed himself of the decent privileges therein. And Sallie's heart grew suddenly active.

To the girls of the school, the days that followed were days of agonizing suspense and sickening disappointment. No sign nor word of invitation from any mother's son of the boys.

Many an anxious sigh escaped Miss Cantrell as she watched the boys for signs of weakening.

Three days passed, and not a girl had been invited to the picnic.

On the fourth day, Tommy Sawyer, the courageous, marched with brave face and beating heart to Sallie Barton, and asked her to go with him to the picnic. Moreover, he did it in the presence of the others.

Sallie flushed and quivered shining eyes at Tommy. She was just about to murmur a confused, grateful acceptance, when she looked up and saw Christopher swinging defiant, well-ventilated cotton legs over the fence.

Then, she never knew what made her do it, but she did a terrible thing. She looked straight at Tommy and said, "I'm sorry, but I am going with—someone else."

Poor Tommy's face grew long and red. He didn't recover for two days. Then Selina Skinner tactfully insinuated a few things, and he asked her.

As for the girls, they barely survived the shock. Poor Sallie, fastened under their wondering, accusing stares, blinked confusion at the grass.

"Why, Sallie, who're you goin' with? When did he ask you? What did you say? Why didn't you tell us?" bubbled they. It was an awful moment. Sallie's heart tightened within her, her throat pulsed thickly.

"I can't tell—it's a secret." She picked up her books and fled home.

Sallie lived through the next few

days, but she was spared nothing.

Scalding questions, accusing looks, made every moment out of class a smarting misery. She twitched when spoken to, grew scarlet when looked at.

As 'Manda Briggs said: "It was very *pee-culiar*."

Meanwhile, among the boys, every reluctant surrender had been accounted for, save Christopher's. So the morning before the picnic he was accordingly besieged.

"Chris, who've you asked to the picnic, huh?" queried Tommy.

Christopher was whittling; he dug his knife emphatically into the stick: "Nobody, of course."

"Teacher said you had to ask someone."

"Teacher's got another guess comin'. I ain't goin' to ask any girl."

"Then I guess you can't go," threatened Tommy.

"Then I guess I can stay home."

"Oh, I wouldn't be a lobster," persisted Tommy.

"Well, *I* wouldn't be an interferin' meddler. See?"

Tommy gave up.

Sallie, dragging dusty shoes toward home, and carrying the sorest heart that ever throbbed beneath a gingham apron, was deciding she could never, never live through the shame of the morrow.

They would soon know. All Wilson's Corners would know that Sallie Barton had *LIED*. Oh, if she could only die! Die? Why not?

One can easily fall out of a tall tree and break one's neck, or accidentally roll out of the hay loft on to the hard barn floor.

She looked across the road to the railroad tracks shining their length along the bank. In the distance a train shrieked. Sallie jumped. One might even—but she shut her eyes on the thought and two smarting tears slowly escaped. Sallie was feeling very sorry for herself.

Just then Mary Perkins clattered by in a buggy.

"See you to-morrow, Sallie," she sung out suggestively.

This was more than Sallie could stand. Behind the blur of grief-laden tears she threw a look of forgiving agony after the buggy.

"See her, indeed! They didn't know. But she hoped—yes, she really hoped they would enjoy themselves at the picnic while she, Sallie, lay all cold and white, dead, dead, dead!

Afterward they would go to the cemetery and hang a wreath over the little white marble angel at the head of the grave. She could hear the lovely things they would all say about her; how pretty, how good, how faithful at her studies, how unselfish to her friends she had always been.

It made her feel quite cheerful.

She pushed the old gate slowly back and turned in at her own yard.

It was probably the last time she would ever walk through that gate. Nobody knew—ah me! But her mother was jingling a tin pail in the kitchen door.

"Sallie, wish't you'd go to the patch in the south meadow and pick some raspberries for supper."

"Yes'm."

Sallie extended an apathetic hand for the pail. A moment before that hand had been folded piously on her breast, some white roses drooping over its deathly whiteness.

She groped under the Syringa bush for Gwendoline Irene, where she was hidden from the destructive familiarities of the dog, Jimmy. His demonstrations had already reduced Gwendoline Irene's scarlet lips and dazzling cheeks to a pathetic pallor.

Sallie clutched her now with a fierce mother-love and an alarming disregard for Gwendoline's anatomy, which threatened a sawdust hemorrhage.

But Gwendoline Irene never complained. She was a satisfactory somebody. She said little—but she understood.

Sallie pushed through the long grass, across the meadow to the sunny corner where the berries grew along a bank. Below, a creek tinkled its cheery way between the soft muddy shores.

Suddenly Sallie stopped. In front of some scraggy young trees stood a boy, tying a line to a fishing pole.

Selina Skinner shivered with aesthetic repulsion.

It was Christopher. Sallie grew suddenly ashamed. She hesitated; then walked deliberately down to where Christopher stood.

"Hello, Christopher!"

If Christopher was delighted to see her he disguised it well.

"Hello! Where'd you come from?"

"Up there," the sun-bonnet jerked back.

"What'd you come for?" Christopher had no tact.

Now this was embarrassing. Sallie didn't know. She looked at the ground and saw two fishing poles. Then she knew.

"To fish," she said quietly.

"Huh, where's your pole?" Christopher's eyes shot suspicion at her.

Something made Sallie brave. She smiled and nodded toward his feet.

"Down there," pointing suggestively to his.

"Golly, you got gaul; them's mine."

"Yes, I know; I thought you might let me use one."

Sallie stooped and picked one up. Christopher growled thunderously.

"Jiminy, not that one! Here, this will do for you to fool with." He took the pole roughly and replaced it with the shorter one.

"Girls can't fish, anyway," he muttered.

Sallie's eyes flashed a danger light. Couldn't they indeed! Well, she'd *show* him. She decided to catch a fish if it took all night; but she said nothing.

Christopher baited his line with a squirming worm; and then, strange to tell, civilly baited Sallie's and threw it out into the stream.

The two sat on the bank and waited. Silence gathered thick about them. Sallie shied a glance at Christopher around the edge of her sun-bonnet. Then she spoke.

"Goin' to the picnic to-morrow, Christopher?" very sweetly.

"Nope." Sallie baited him again.

"Why aren't you goin'?" Her voice was smooth with honeyed innocence.

"Oh, cause I don't wanter. 'Tain't no fun. You're goin' tho', aren't you?" He turned to her frankly.

Sallie's sun-bonnet drooped. "Y—yes—I—g—guess so," the words came haltingly from gingham depths.

"Who *you* goin' with," persisted Christopher. All Sallie's suffering broke afresh over her. Her throat filled with the same aching lump, her lashes drooped, heavy with new tears.

She blinked hard, and swallowed; then—"Oh Christopher, I'm, I—I'm goin' with *you!*" she finished unexpectedly.

"Gee!"

Sallie looked up prepared for the worst. But Christopher's eyes bulged at his line, which tightened and jerked in his brown hands.

"H'st, I got a bite," he hissed.

He braced himself firmly against some gnarled roots, and Sallie watched him ease and tighten the line by turns; the strain swayed his sturdy body, and the muscles in his arms swelled.

"Golly, I've lost it! No, here it comes." It came, flopping, wrenching in the air, and Christopher grunted in ecstacy as he took the hook out of the shining, spotted fish.

Christopher beamed. "That's the best I ever did. Golly, he's a corker."

He was. As Sallie looked she prayed a little prayer under her breath.

"Dear God, please let *me* catch a fish bigger'n Christopher's."

Christopher feverishly baited his line again, but the fish were wary. For fifteen minutes they sat and waited patiently. Squirms and grunts from Christopher; windy sighs from Sallie.

"Huh, guess I'll go home—no use sittin' here forever." Christopher pulled in his line. Despair settled on Sallie. Just then her lined pulled, and something flopped in the water; another jerk, and then—

"Oh, Christopher, look!" Her line stretched tightly.

Sallie was being nearly pulled off of her feet. Christopher grabbed the rod.

"Here, let me have it, quick! He'll break that little rod! You can't manage him—the line'll cut your hands—you ain't strong enough!"

Some swelling instinct surged in Sallie. She pulled away from him.

"Christopher Cobb, you just keep away—I'm goin' to land this fish my own self—so now!"

There was a Spartan light in her eyes. She braced her feet firmly; but the strain was too great for her tender muscle.

She swayed forward, lost her balance, slipped on the loose, rough soil, and once started down the steep bank was powerless to stop.

Christopher, thoroughly frightened, rushed after her.

"Hi! Catch on to that birch ahead, that'll stop you!" he yelled.

Sallie threw out one arm and circled the slender little tree. It swayed low, and she swung out to one side, and rolled down the few remaining feet into the creek.

When Christopher reached her she stood muddy and dripping in the water.

"Are you wet?" he gasped, with masculine naïvité.

"A little," spluttered Sallie; but she was not absorbed in the moisture of the moment. She looked ruefully down the stream. Christopher followed with round eyes.

"Gee, is the fish gone?" His voice was funereal. Sallie nodded.

"It slipped away when I grabbed the tree—I couldn't hold it any longer, 'cause the line cut my hand while I was up on the bank; and I couldn't hold on with only one hand when I caught the tree."

"Let's see it."

Sallie opened her hand. It was bleeding where the line had cut through the tender flesh.

"Phew!" whistled Christopher, almost sympathetically. "It must hurt like fun, don't it?"

"Some," winced Sallie. "But—I don't mind, I care much more—about—the fish." He would never know *how* much she cared.

This was sporting spirit, worthy of a boy. Christopher expanded generously.

"You were plucky, anyway; dead plucky."

Such graciousness had healing powers. Sallie actually smiled down on what had been a clean pink frock.

"Guess I'd better go home, round back," suggested she.

Christopher grinned. "Guess we had."

"We!" That meant he was going with her. Despite the pain in the hand and her soaking clothes, a quiet sense of peace settled upon Sallie.

At the kitchen door Sallie bumped unseeing into her mother.

"Why Sallie, where in the world"—It was Christopher who interrupted.

"She does look kinder damp, don't she? But it wasn't her fault, Mrs. Barton. She slipped on the bank, where we was fishin', and couldn't stop till she landed in the creek. She couldn't help it, she was real plucky. And look at this; not less than five pounds!"

Proudly did Christopher Cobb lay on the Barton table his own shining spoils.

"Oh!" gasped Sallie, helplessly, "that's your fish, Christopher."

"I guess its yours now," he said with a grin. He shuffled embarrassed feet down the kitchen steps.

"Guess I'd better be cuttin' home." But once on the gravel walk, locomotion became suddenly difficult; he scraped the path with hesitating feet.

Then he hitched around to the door, where Sallie stood twisting her sunbonnet. That settled it.

"Say, Sallie, it's all right 'bout that picnic tomorer. I'll be here for you at nine sharp."

And his cotton legs blinked in the distance.

DR. ADOLPH LORENZ

By SAMUEL STEVENS SHERMAN

THE good old-fashioned truths about patience and perseverance and plenty of honest labor receiving their rewards in a material way in this world have received a striking demonstration in the recent trip to this country of Dr. Adolph Lorenz, of the University of Vienna.

Dr. Lorenz was born some forty-eight years ago, of parents who, although highly respectable and respected farmers in the north of Austria, were far from wealthy. As a boy, he had to work long and hard, thereby developing a habit which has never left him. He got a little schooling, but more plowing. His parents wanted him to be a farmer, as was his father and grandfather and great-grandfather before him. But, in spite of many discouragements, he prepared himself for college and entered the University of Vienna.

At the University, Adolph Lorenz fought a hard fight against the combined forces of ignorance and poverty. The marks of his struggle are on his face and in his full iron-gray beard to-

From a hitherto unpublished photograph.

Adolph Lorenz.

A master of orthopedic surgery and the most skilful surgeon in the world at reducing congenital dislocation of the hip.

day, and in the spareness of his tall and resolute figure. Having chosen medicine as his work, he soon further restricted his efforts to orthopedic surgery, or the surgery which straightens crooked bones, puts the various parts of the human framework in their appointed places, and makes the cripple straight. Later, he selected the problem of congenital dislocation of the hip as being the special study of his special branch of his specialty. He made himself a good physician, a master of orthopedic surgery, but the most skilful surgeon in the world at reducing congenital dislocations of the hip.

It was fifteen years ago that he first began to devote time to the problem of congenital hip dislocations, those distressing accidents of birth, or before birth. Dr. Lorenz was attracted to the subject by the method advanced by a Boston surgeon named Buckminster Brown, who conceived the idea of holding a patient in extension and of stretching by traction the tissues sufficiently to allow the head of the leg bone, or femur, to be brought opposite the natural socket in the hip bone, called the acetabulum. The idea was a great step in advance, but it failed of cures and was succeeded by an operation under the knife, in which the contracting muscles and tissues were cut, so as to allow the bones to be put in place and to remain there until nature could adjust herself to the changed conditions. It was in perfecting this operation that Dr. Lorenz first greatly distinguished himself.

But the operation under the knife is severe and dangerous, and not sure. So about nine years ago, Dr. Lorenz conceived the idea of an operation by manipulation only, which would stretch the muscles and tissues and place the dislocated bone in its proper place. With that strange coincidence that has so frequently occurred at the birth of great discoveries, an Italian surgeon, Pica, tried the same plan almost simultaneously with Dr. Lorenz's attempt. With a child for his subject, Dr. Lorenz succeeded, while Dr. Pica failed with an adult; but the honor of the scientific discovery remains divided. Dr. Lorenz went ahead improving and perfecting the details of his method, adding the plaster cast that holds the limb in place while nature is making the proper socket and repairing the stretched ligatures and muscles. Where a child has not reached the age when its bones become too hard and its muscles too strong, Dr. Lorenz believes that his method will always effect a cure.

With the solution of the problem which Dr. Lorenz has chosen for his life-work, honors and advancement came to him. He was made a professor and the head of the department of orthopedic surgery at the University of Vienna. A sorrowing mother in Chicago read of his ability and success, and a new chapter in Dr. Lorenz's career was opened.

Little Lolita Armour, the five-year-old granddaughter of the late P. D. Armour, and the daughter of J. Ogden Armour, the present millionaire head of the great corporation of Armour & Co., was a cripple from birth. Almost unlimited money and care failed to make her as other children, until her mother read of Dr. Lorenz. Dr. Lorenz came to this country for a consideration, supposed to have been about $75,000. He operated on the Armour child and, as far as can be judged at this writing, he made her well.

Dr. Lorenz spent three weeks in Chicago. With the generosity that characterizes the true scientist, he gave freely of his skill in all directions. The next child he cured after the millionaire's daughter, was the daughter of an ignorant Polish day laborer, sent to a free clinic. Dr. Lorenz made a round of the city hospitals, giving demonstration after demonstration for the benefit and instruction of the medical profession and the curing of poor children.

Dr. Lorenz's skill was in great demand. The hotel clerks estimated that two hundred to three hundred persons consulted him daily. He performed as many operations as his strength would permit. From the rich, he accepted pay; the poor he helped free. His money rewards were large, and Dr. Lorenz left the city a rich man, according to Austrian standards.

THE AMETHYST BOX*

By ANNA KATHERINE GREEN

Mr. Sinclair is betrothed to Gilbertine Murray who, like her cousin, Dorothy Camerden, is niece and heir of the irascible Mrs. Lansing. On the eve of his wedding Sinclair shows the bridal party a tiny amethyst box containing a single drop of deadly poison. That evening the box is purloined from the cabinet where it is kept, and Sinclair and I, who am engaged to Dorothy Camerden, realize that either of the girls may have taken it. The sudden death of Mrs. Lansing from poison intensifies the horror of the situation.

The editors offer a prize of $100 to the first subscriber to Leslie's Monthly who correctly forecasts the development of the story.

VII.—CONTINUED.

BUT half way round the table I paused, not in irresolution but in a secret dismay for which I could give no real explanation to myself. The room was strangely quiet. It had been humming with talk when I approached the door, but now, not a voice was raised, and every person there so far as I could see in my hurried glance about the board, sat with eyes fixed upon their plate in a state of peculiar concentration.

Now what did this mean? Had they been talking about me? Possibly, and it would seem, in a way not altogether flattering to my vanity.

Unable to hide all recognition of the embarrassment called up by my unexpected entrance, I passed to the seat I have indicated, and let my enquiring look settle on Miss Lane. She was staring, in imitation of the others, straight into her plate, but as I gave utterance to a quiet good-morning, looked up and bestowed upon me a faint, almost sympathetic, smile. At once the whole table-full broke again into chatter, and I could safely put the question with which my mind was full.

"How is Miss Murray?" I whispered. "I see that she is not down."

"Could you expect it?" was the half indignant reply. "Poor Gilbertine! This is not the bridal day she expected." Then, with irresistible *naïveté*, altogether in keeping with her *petite* figure and girlish face, "I think it was just horrid in the old lady to die the night before the wedding, don't you?"

"Indeed I do," I emphatically rejoined, humoring her that I might the more readily learn the important fact I was so anxious to know. "Does Miss Murray still expect to be married today? No one seems to know."

"I can't say what she expects. I haven't seen her since the middle of the night. She didn't come back to the room. They say she is sobbing out her terror and disappointment in some attic corner. Think of that for Gilbertine Murray! But even that is better than—"

Why didn't she finish? Because of a fresh lull in the conversation about us? I hardly think so, for though the talk soon began again she remained silent, not even giving the least sign of wishing to prolong that particular topic. I finished my coffee as soon as possible and quitted the room, but not before many had preceded me. I therefore found the hall as full as before of a gossiping crowd.

I was about to bow my way through the various groups which impeded my way to the library door when I noticed renewed signs of embarrassment on all the faces turned my way. Women who were clustered about the newel-post drew back, and some others sauntered away into side rooms with an appearance of suddenly wishing to go somewhere. This was certainly very singular, especially as these marks of disapproval did not seem to be directed so much at me as at someone behind me. Who could that someone be? Turning, I saw a young lady dressed in black slowly descending the staircase

* Begun in November.

in my rear. This young lady was Dorothy, and it was against her this feeling of universal constraint, if not open repulsion, had been directed.

VIII.

GILBERTINE SPEAKS.

At this insult shown to one I knew to be as innocent as she was lovely, I felt the blood rush to my face and would, perhaps, have given an unwise utterance to my wrath and indignation, if at that moment I had not encountered the eye of Mr. Armstrong, who was looking upon the scene from the rear hall. In the mingled surprise and distress he displayed, I saw that it was not from any indiscretion on his part that this feeling of doubt in her regard (to characterize it by no harsher word) had started. He had not betrayed the trust I had placed in him, yet the murmur had gone about which virtually ostracized her, and instead of confronting the eager looks of friends, she found herself met by averted glances and coldly turned backs, and soon by an almost empty hall.

She stopped as she realized the effect of her presence and cast me an agonized look, which, while it held no appeal, roused every instinct of chivalry within me. Advancing, I met her at the foot of the stairs, and with one quick word seemed to restore her to herself.

"Be patient!" I whispered. To-morrow they will be all around you again. Perhaps sooner. Go into the conservatory and wait."

She gave me a grateful pressure of the hand, while I bounded upstairs, determined that nothing should now stop me from finding Gilbertine and giving her the letter with which Sinclair had entrusted me.

But this was more easily planned than accomplished. When I had reached the third floor (an unaccustomed and strange spot for me to find myself in) I at first found no one who could tell me to which room Miss Murray had retired. Then, when I did come across a stray housemaid and she, with an extraordinary stare, had pointed out the door, I found it quite impossible to gain any response from within, though I could hear a quick step moving restlessly to and fro and now and then a smothered sob or low cry. The wretched girl would not heed me, though I told her who I was and that I had a letter from Mr. Sinclair in my hand. Indeed, she presently became perfectly quiet and let me knock again and again, till the situation became ridiculous and I felt obliged to draw off.

Not that I thought of yielding. No, I would stay there till her own fancy drove her to open the door, or till Mr. Armstrong should come up and force it. A woman upon whom so many interests depended could not remain shut up here much longer. Her position as a possible bride forbade it. Guilty or innocent, she must show her face before long. As if in answer to my thought, a figure appeared at this instant at the other end of the hall. It was that of Dutton, the butler, and in his hand he held a telegram. He seemed astonished to see me there, but passed me with a simple bow and stopped before the door I had so unavailingly assailed a few minutes before.

"A telegram, miss," he shouted, as no answer was made to his knock. "Mr. Armstrong asked me to bring it to you. It is from the bishop and calls for an immediate reply."

There was a stir within, but the door did not open. Meanwhile, I had sealed and thrust forth the letter I had held concealed in my breast pocket.

"Give her this, too," I signified, pointing to the crack under the door.

He took the letter, laid the telegram on it, and pushed them both in. Then he stood up and eyed the unresponsive door with the set look of a man who does not easily yield his purpose.

"I will wait for the answer," he shouted through the closed panels of the door, and drawing back took up his stand against the opposite wall.

I could not keep him company there. Withdrawing into a big dormer window that gave light to a cross hall, I waited with beating heart to see if her door would now open. Apparently not, yet as I still lingered, I heard the lock turn, followed by the sound of a proud

and hurried step. Dashing from my retreat, I reached the main hall in time to see the slim and elegant figure of Miss Murray disappear towards the staircase. This was well, and I was about to follow her when, to my astonishment, I perceived Dutton standing in the doorway from which she had just stepped, staring down at the floor with puzzled looks.

"She did not take up the letters," he cried in amazement. "She just walked over them. What shall I do about it? It is the strangest thing I ever saw."

And that was all. In a moment more he was half way down the hall on his way to the little boudoir over the porch.

And I was left to await the result in an impatience so difficult to control that I wondered how much longer I could endure these shifts of feeling and constantly recurring moments of intense suspense. To escape the responsibility of answering questions, and perhaps to get some idea of how Dorothy was sustaining an ordeal which was fast breaking up my own self-possession, I prepared to go down myself. What was my astonishment in passing the little boudoir, which was not far from the head of the stairs, to find its door ajar and the place empty. Sinclair had finished his interview then and not returned to confide the result of the same to me. What was I to think of this? It did not seem like Sinclair, unless her attempted explanations had been unconvincing, when perhaps he would find it hard to face me, harder than to face the crowd I could hear faintly whispering below.

With a heart heavy with forebodings to which I no longer dared give name, I made my way down and reached the lower step of the great staircase just as a half dozen girls, rushing from different quarters of the hall, surrounded the heavy form of Mr. Armstrong coming from his own especial little room.

Their questions made a small hubbub. With a good-natured gesture, he put them all back and, raising his voice, said to the assembled crowd:—

"It has been decided by Miss Murray that, under the circumstances, it would be wiser to postpone the celebration of her marriage to some time and place less fraught with mournful suggestions. A telegram has been just sent to the bishop to that effect, and while we all suffer from this disappointment, I am sure there is no one here who will not see the propriety of her decision."

As he finished, Gilbertine appeared behind him. At the same moment, I caught, or thought I did, the flash of Sinclair's eye from the recesses of the room beyond, but I could not stop to make sure of this, for Gilbertine's look and manner were such as to draw my full attention, and it was with a mixture of almost inexplicable emotions that I saw her thread her way among her friends, in a state of high feeling which made her blind to their outstretched hands and deaf to the murmur of interest and sympathy which unconsciously followed her. She was making for the stairs, and whatever were her thoughts, whatever the state of her mind, moved and looked superbly, in her pale, yet seemingly radiant abstraction. I watched her as if fascinated, yet when she left the last group and began to cross the small square of carpet which alone separated us, I instinctively stepped down and aside, feeling that to meet her eye just then without knowing what had passed between her and Sinclair, would be cruel to her and well-nigh unbearable to myself.

She saw the movement and seemed to hesitate an instant, then her eye, though not her head, turned for one quick instant in my direction, and I saw her smile. Great God! it was the smile of innocence. Fleeting as it was, the pride that was in it, the sweet assertion and the joy were unmistakable. I felt like springing to Sinclair's side in the gladness of my relief, but there was no time; another door had opened down the hall, another person had stepped upon the scene, and Miss Murray, as well as myself, recognized by the hush which at once fell upon everyone present, that something of still more startling import awaited us.

"Mr. Armstrong and ladies!" said this stranger (I knew he was a stranger

Half-tone plate engraved by Barnett Allen.

"I could hear a quick step moving restlessly to and fro.

by the studied formality of the former's bow). "I have made a few inquiries since I came here a short time ago, and I find that there is one young lady in the house who ought to be able to tell me better than anyone else under what circumstances Mrs. Lansing breathed her last. I allude to her niece, who slept in the adjoining room. Is that young lady here? Her name, if I remember rightly, is Camerden. Miss Dorothy Camerden."

A movement as of denial passed from group to group down the hall, and, while no one glanced towards the library and some did glance upstairs, I felt the dart of a sudden fear,—or was it hope —that Dorothy, hearing her name called, would leave the conservatory and proudly confront the speaker in face of this whole suspicious throng. But no Dorothy appeared. On the contrary, it was Gilbertine who turned, and with an air of authority for which no one was prepared, asked in tones vibrating with feeling:—

"Has this gentleman the official right to question who was and who was not with my aunt when she died?"

Mr. Armstrong, who showed his surprise as ingenuously as he did every other emotion, glanced up at the light figure hovering over them from the staircase and made out to answer:—

"This gentleman has every right, Miss Murray. He is the coroner of the town, accustomed to inquire into all cases of sudden death."

"Then," she vehemently rejoined, her pale cheeks breaking out into a scarlet flush, above which her eyes shone with almost an unearthly brilliancy, "do not

call for Dorothy Camerden. It is not Dorothy you want, sir, but me. It was I who uttered that scream. It was I who saw Mrs. Lansing die. Dorothy cannot tell you what took place in her room and at her bed side, for Dorothy was not there. *But I can.*"

Amazed, not as others were, at the assertion itself, but at the manner and publicity of the utterance, I stared at her in ever increasing wonder. Always beautiful, always spirited and proud, she looked at that moment as if nothing in the shape of fear, or even contumely, could touch her. She faced the astonishment of her best friends with absolute fearlessness, and, before the murmur of a dozen questioning voices could break into words, added:—

"I feel it my duty to speak thus publicly, because by keeping silent so long I have allowed a false impression to go abroad. This I acknowledge to have been very wrong on my part, but I was almost dazed with terror, and found it as difficult to speak during that first shock as if I had been stunned. Besides, I was in a measure to blame for the catastrophe itself and lacked courage to own it. It was I who took the little crystal flask into my aunt's room. I had been fascinated with it from the first, fascinated enough to want to see it closer and hold it in my hand. But I was rather ashamed of this fascination, ashamed, I mean, to have anyone know that I could be moved by such a childish impulse; so, instead of taking the box, which might easily be missed, I took just the tiny phial which was so deftly concealed inside of it. It seems a strange act to me now, and I wonder at myself, but then it seemed a perfectly natural one, and I carried the little phial about quite calmly till I got to my room. Then, when the house was quiet and my room-mate asleep, I took it out and looked at it, and, feeling an irresistible impulse to share my amusement with my cousin, I stole to her room by the connecting balcony, just as I have often done before when our aunt was in bed and asleep. But, unlike any previous occasion, I found the room empty. Dorothy was not there. As the light was burning high, I knew she would soon be back, so stepped lightly in. Instantly I heard my aunt's voice. She was awake and wanted something. She had evidently called before, for her voice was sharp with impatience and she used some very harsh words. When she heard me in Dorothy's room, she shouted again and, as I have always been accustomed to go at her command, I hastened to her side, still holding the little phial concealed in my hand. As she had expected to see Dorothy, not me, she rose up in increasing anger, asking where my cousin was and why I was not in bed. I attempted to answer her, but she would not listen, but bade me turn up the gas, which I did. Then, with her eye fixed on me as though she suspected I held something which I did not wish her to see, she commanded me to change a hair-pin in her hair. This I could not do with the tiny flask still in my hand, so with a quick movement, which I hoped would pass undetected, I slid it behind some bottles which were standing on a table near-by, and bent to do what she required. But to attempt to escape her eye was useless. She had perceived my action, and feeling about for what I had attempted to hide from her, and coming in contact with the tiny flask, she seized it, and with a smile I shall never forget, held it up between us. 'What's this?' she cried, showing such astonishment at its minuteness and general appearance that it was immediately evident she had heard nothing of the amethyst-box which had been shown in the library.

"'I never saw a bottle as small as this before. What is in it and why are you so afraid to have it seen?' As she spoke she wrenched open the stopper. It stuck so I was in hopes she would fail to move it, but she was a woman of uncommon strength. Then she smelt of it. Perhaps I looked embarrassed; perhaps her curiosity was enough to impel her to do what she did, but when she found she could make nothing of the smell, she suddenly, and before I could so much as thrust out my hand or cry on her to stop, had tipped the flask to her lips. As I saw this action, and beheld

the one drop which Mr. Sinclair had said was enough to kill a man, slip from its hiding-place of centuries into her open throat, I felt as if I had swallowed it myself; I could neither speak nor move. But when an instant later I saw the look which spread suddenly over her face, a look of horror and hatred, of accusing horror and unspeakable hatred, mingled with what I dimly felt must mean death, I let one horrified cry burst from my lips and then, panic-stricken, flew as if for life, back by the way I had come, to my own room. This was a great mistake. I should have remained with my aunt and boldly met the results of the tragedy which my folly had brought about. But terror knows no law, and having once yielded to the instinct of concealment, I knew no other course than to continue to maintain an apparent ignorance of what had just transpired. With chattering teeth and an awful numbness at my heart, I tore off my wrapper and slid into bed. Miss Lane had not wakened, but everyone else had and the hall was full of people. This terrified me still more, and for the moment I felt that I could never own the truth and bring down all the wonder and curiosity on myself. So I allowed a wrong impression of this event to go about, for which act of cowardice I now ask the pardon of everyone here, as I have already asked that of Mr. Sinclair and of our kind friend, Mr. Armstrong."

She paused, and stood for a moment confronting us all with proud eyes and flaming cheeks, then amid a hubbub which did not seem to affect her in the least, she stepped down, and approaching the man who she had been told had a right to her full confidence, she said, loud enough for all who wished to hear her:—

"I am ready to give you whatever further information you may require. Shall I step into the drawing-room with you?"

He bowed and they at once disappeared from the great hall, and the hubbub of voices became tumultuous.

Naturally I should have joined in the universal expressions of surprise and the gossip incident to such an unexpected revelation. But I found myself averse to any kind of talk.

Till I could meet Sinclair's eye and discern in it the happy clearing-up of all his doubts, I should not feel free to be my own ordinary and social self again. But Sinclair showed every evidence of wishing to keep in the background, and while this was natural enough so far as the people about me were concerned, I did think it odd and very unlike him not to give me an opportunity to express my congratulations at the turn affairs had taken and the frank attitude assumed by Gilbertine. I own I felt much disturbed by this neglect, and as the minutes passed and he failed to appear, I discovered that a certain latent consciousness of the failure of these same explanations to quite account for the situation, was fast developing into doubts which I did my best to smother, not only for the sake of Sinclair, but because I was still too much under the influence of Gilbertine's fine and imposing personality to wish to believe aught but what her burning words conveyed. She must have spoken the truth, but was it the entire truth? I hated myself for asking the question; hated myself for being more critical with her than I had been with Dorothy, who certainly had not made her own part in this tragedy as clear as one who loved her could wish. Ah, Dorothy! it was time that some one told her that Gilbertine had openly vindicated her and that she could now come forth and face her friends without hesitation and without dread. Was she still in the conservatory? Doubtless. But it would be better perhaps for me to make sure.

Approaching the place by the small door opening out of the hall-way in which I stood, I took a hurried look within, and seeing no one, stepped boldly down between the palms to the little nook where lovers of this quiet spot were accustomed to sit. It was empty, and so was the library beyond. Coming back, I accosted Dutton, whom I found superintending the removal of the potted plants which encumbered the passages, and asked him if he knew where Miss Camerden was? He

answered without hesitation that she had stood in the rear hall a little while before, listening to Miss Murray; that she had then gone upstairs by the spiral staircase, leaving word with him that if anybody wanted her she would be found in the small boudoir over the porch.

I thanked him and turned to join her, when Mr. Armstrong called me. He must have kept me a half hour in his room, discussing every aspect of the affair and apologizing for the necessity which he now felt for bidding farewell to most of his guests, among which, he was careful to state, he did not include me. Then, when I thought this topic exhausted, he began to talk about his wife, and what this dreadful occurrence was to her and how he despaired of ever reconciling her to the fact that it had been considered necessary to call on a coroner. Then he spoke of Sinclair, but with some constraint and a more careful choice of words, at which, realizing that I was to reap nothing from this interview, only suffer strong and continual irritation at a delay which was costing me the inestimable privilege of being the first to tell Dorothy of her reëstablishment in everyone's good opinion, I exerted myself for release and to such good purpose that I presently found myself again in the hall, where the first person I ran against was Sinclair.

He started and I started at this unexpected encounter. Then we stood still, and I stared at him in amazement, for everything about the man was changed, and—inexplicable fact!—in nothing was this change more marked than in his attitude towards me. Yet he tried to be friendly and meet me on the old footing, and observed as soon as we found ourselves beyond the hearing of others:—

"You have heard what Gilbertine had to say. There is no reason for doubting her words. *I* do not doubt them and you will show yourself my friend by not doubting them either." Then with some impetuosity and a gleam in his eye quite foreign to its natural expression, he pursued, with a pitiful effort to speak dispassionately, "Our wedding is postponed—indefinitely. There are reasons why Miss Murray desired this. To you, though not to others, I will say, that a postponed marriage seldom culminates in marriage. In fact, I have just released Miss Murray from all obligations to myself."

The stare of utter astonishment I gave him called up a flush, the first and only one I have ever seen on his uniformly pale cheeks. What was I to say, what could I say, in response to such a declaration, following so immediately upon his warm assertion of her innocence? Nothing. With that indefinable chill between us, which had come I knew not how, I felt tongue-tied.

He saw my embarrassment, possibly my emotion, for he smiled somewhat bitterly and put a step or so between us before he remarked:—

"Miss Murray has my good wishes. Out of respect to her position I shall show her a friend's attention while we remain in this house. That is all I have to say on this subject. Walter, you and I have had our last word concerning Gilbertine Murray."

And he was gone before I had sufficiently recovered to realize that in this word I had had no part, neither had it contained any explanation of the very facts which had once formed our greatest grounds for doubt, viz:—Beaton's dream, the smothered cry uttered behind Sinclair's shoulder when he first made known the deadly qualities of the little phial, and lastly, the strange desire acknowledged to by both these girls to touch and hold an object calculated rather to repel than attract the normal female heart.

(To be concluded.)

WILLIAM H. CRANE

A STUDY

By EDWIN F. EDGETT

With portrait of William H. Crane drawn from life by JOHN CECIL CLAY, and printed as frontispiece to this magazine

ALTHOUGH William H. Crane has been a prominent figure on the American stage for the past generation and more, his years still number less than the three-score beyond whose mark the passing hours rapidly carry one towards the limit set long ago by the Psalmist. His professional life, indeed, almost covers a period of forty years, for it was in 1863 that he made his professional debut as the *Notary* in "The Daughter of the Regiment." Seventeen years before, or, to be exact, on April 30, 1845, he first saw the light in the little inland Massachusetts town of Leicester, and after the customary education allotted to an American boy of the period, he set forth in the struggle for fortune by becoming a clerk in a dry goods store. When the once famous Holman company of juvenile singers reached Boston in 1863, he offered his services, and they were gladly accepted when it was found that he was eager to join the troupe at a salary of nothing a week. It was under these not very encouraging circumstances that his before-mentioned debut occurred in 1863.

As a young man Mr. Crane had a good buffo voice and a sufficient understanding of music, and his first efforts were of enough importance to keep him a member of the Holman Opera Company during seven long years. He sang in "Fra Diavolo," "The Bohemian Girl," "La Sonnambula," and many other popular operas, and thereafter came a period of four years which he spent as leading comedian of the Alice Oates Opera Company. In 1874 he played *Le Blanc* in the famous burlesque of "Evangeline" upon its original production at Niblo's Garden, in New York, and there began the end of the first epoch of his professional life. Forsaking comic opera and burlesque for the drama, he joined the stock company at Hooley's Theater, in Chicago, appearing there in a wide range of characters in such plays as "Married Life," "The Rough Diamond," "Led Astray," "School," "Divorce," and "The Serious Family." In 1877 began his partnership with Stuart Robson, an association which was to the advantage of both actors, and made them celebrated the country over during the twelve years they acted together. Both had been engaged through some misunderstanding to act the part of *Gillipod* in "Our Boarding House," and it took some little time for them to straighten out matters and reach the amicable arrangement which resulted in their joint starring tour. During the first years of their partnership such plays as "Champagne and Oysters," "Our Bachelors" and "Forbidden Fruit" were their staple productions, but in 1879 they determined to make a bid for fame in the so-called higher walks of the drama. In other words, they planned a leap from modern farce to Shakespearean comedy.

From a certain actor came the suggestion that they play the two dromios in "A Comedy of Errors." "But," said Crane in reply, "how can I do it? Robson and I don't look alike."

"Never mind," was the reply, "you can make the public think you are alike."

Some days later Crane mentioned the project to Robson. "Crane," he said, "you are an ath." This closed the matter for the time-being, until one day Robson burst in upon his associate with the cry: "Crane—great idea!"

"What is it?"

"You and I play the two dromios in 'A Comedy of Errors!'"

"Robson," replied Crane, "I sug-

gested that to you several weeks ago."

After a moment's hesitation Robson broke forth in those well-known staccato accents of his :—

"Crane, you are a liar!"

The interview, despite its strenuous language, was a friendly one, and the result was the production of "A Comedy of Errors," which now forms an important part of the history of the American stage. Mr. Crane's *Dromio* was the most notable feature of the performance, for while Robson simply represented himself in the garb of the Syracuse servant, Crane gave an excellent exhibition of his mimetic powers by duplicating the *Dromio* of his associate. He has himself thus described the events of the opening night :—

> It was one of the most intensely exciting nights I ever experienced behind the scenes. In making up, Robson dropped a huge daub of grease paint on the front of his tunic. Out of pure consideration for art, I painted a similarly dirty device on my garment. But Robson nearly destroyed the fine fabric of consistency, to the construction of which I had sacrificed the cleanliness of my attire, by walking on absent-mindedly in the second act with a smoking cigar protruding from his mouth. Robson's familiarity with the play put him at ease, while all the conditions seemed conspired to discourage me from another such heroic venture. Just previous to his entrance in the first act he declaimed his speech in the wings, and from this I took the key, which I had to hold constantly in mind. My lines were only partly committed, so that between thinking of Robson's peculiar voice and mannerisms—which I was expected to imitate faithfully—and of my own speeches—which should have been delivered with equal fidelity to Shakespeare—I sweltered in body and mind all night.

Later in their joint career Crane played *Falstaff* to the *Slender* of Robson in a revival of "Merry Wives of Windsor," and in 1887 they produced what was to be their final effort together —Bronson Howard's comedy, "The Henrietta." Their association came to an end with a farewell performance at the Star Theater, New York, in May, 1889, and since then Mr. Crane has pursued his starring career alone.

Mr. Crane, through the years that have elapsed since the close of his partnership with Stuart Robson, has brought out more than a dozen plays in which he has acted all sorts of comic characters—"The American Minister," "The Governor of Kentucky," the hero of "His Wife's Father," and the Americanized *Sir Anthony Absolute* of "A Virginia Courtship." During all this period it has become evident that there are few American actors whose personality is so ingratiating and whose style is at the same time so rigid as is Mr. Crane's. And yet although his personality has none of that extravagance which in many other well-known comedians arouses mirth merely at a glance, he never fails to awaken the risibilities of those who go to admire and those who go to criticise. His methods are arbitrarily his own, and they follow the rule laid down by his personality and by his many years of varied experience. His inevitable grimaces, his regular pursing of the lips, the little inarticulate sounds with which he punctuates every sentence, his frequently repeated gestures, rarely seem out of place; they always fit into the character he is playing.

Mr. Crane's own ideals may thus be set down in his own words :—

> Acting is an objective art essentially, and we have to make our impression as quickly and as forcibly as we can. To this end let us take all that the painter and the designer of costumes can give us. Nevertheless, as an actor, I am not inclined to rate scenery or costume above acting. The play, and by the play I mean the acting as well, is the thing. But neither do I underrate the importance of all legitimate adjuncts to the actor's art. I think, for instance, that we can never treat Shakespeare too well or bestow too much pains on the embellishment of his plays, remembering always that a play must never be turned into a spectacle or the text sacrificed to the stage carpenter.

As far as the recent past, the present and the immediate future are concerned, Mr. Crane can be identified only with the play and the part of "David Harum." Never before has he been able to get, as the French say, so thoroughly within the skin of a character. In make-up, in action, in manner and in voice, he visualizes the man, so that he really lives for the time-being.

Mr. Crane is still in his prime, and the coming years will undoubtdly continue him in public favor.

AN ELEVATOR CUPID

By CARROLL WATSON RANKIN

THE inhabitants were chary of entrusting themselves to the elevator in the Bailey Building, for it was connected with an electric motor of such unstable character that the initiated had lost all confidence in it as a means of transportation.

Katherine, however, was not an inhabitant. In her own town elevators pursued the even tenor of their way without vagaries of any sort; so, when her business with the photographer on the top floor was completed, the young woman, with every reason to expect a swift and uneventful journey to the street, stepped confidently into the elevator.

At the fourth floor the elevator stopped to admit a second passenger, a man named Westcott. Westcott differed from Katherine in that he entered the cage-like apartment with a full knowledge of its treacherous tendencies, but Westcott was that morning in a frame of mind to court disaster. He assured himself as he stepped in that it was a matter of complete indifference to him whether the elevator shot suddenly upward and crashed through the skylight or dropped without warning into the basement.

The elevator, however, did neither of these things. Under the guidance of a chubby, blue-eyed youth, it pursued its downward career until it reached the space between the first and second floors; there it stopped.

At sight of her fellow-passenger Katherine had turned pink with embarrassment. The man had muttered something under his breath and bowed frigidly; for, before courting disaster, he had courted Katherine—apparently it had amounted to the same thing. They had parted forever only the evening before, and the ring she had worn for three months was at that moment in Westcott's trousers pocket, where he had thrust it savagely at the end of their quarrel.

"Why are we stopping here?" asked Katherine, turning to the elevator boy of cherubic countenance.

"'Cause we can't go on," returned the boy, producing a bag of peanuts and a dime novel, and proceeding to make himself comfortable. "The blamed power's off."

"Has it ever—does it often go off like this?"

"Oh, yes," replied the boy, cheerfully. "There's nothin' to be scared of. Sometimes she runs all right for as much as a week; then, again, she won't budge for six or seven hours at a stretch."

"Six or seven hours!" gasped Katherine.

"Yop," replied the boy, settling himself more comfortably on his stool. "Once it was longer, but gin'rally they get her goin' in an hour or two. There's no danger at all, Miss."

The boy gently discouraged further conversation by burying himself in his book. Katherine moved to the end of the long, leather-covered seat. Westcott, at the extreme other end, stared gloomily at the wall.

Katherine looked at her watch; it was already past luncheon time, and she had been too miserable to eat much breakfast. Still—she brightened at the thought—she should not starve, for she had with her a box of chocolates she was taking home to her sister's children.

She looked at her watch again. Only four more minutes had passed, but the pangs of hunger were becoming unendurable. The chubby boy munched peanuts with apparently no thought of his fellow-sufferers. Katherine untied the pink string that bound the candy-box, unfolded the paper, lifted the lid and ate a chocolate.

When she had eaten three she glanced at Westcott. He was still gazing at the wall. The walls in elevator shafts are seldom interesting; this one was tinted a bilious green—a color that Westcott abhorred.

"How he must hate me," thought Katherine, eating another chocolate, "when he'd rather look at a wall like that than at me. I wonder what I ought to do? If we were utter strangers, cast away on a desert isle, and he had one biscuit and three drops of water, I should think him horrid if he didn't offer me half. I suppose I ought to offer him some of these chocolates, even if we're not on speaking terms."

Katherine, sitting very straight, and with her eyes straight ahead, pushed the box along the seat. Westcott paid no attention.

"Will you have a chocolate?" asked Katherine, somewhat unsteadily.

Westcott was so sure that he was dream-

ing that he did not make any answer.

"The lady spoke to you," prompted the elevator boy.

Westcott looked inquiringly at Katherine.

"Will you—will you have a chocolate?"

"No, thank you," replied Westcott, returning to the contemplation of the green wall.

There was another long pause. The neglected box remained half way between the suspended passengers.

"I think you're very—ungentlemanly," said Katherine, at length.

"So you said last night," responded Wescott, coldly.

"You're more so to-day!"

"How so?"

"You—you know I'm too polite to eat those chocolates and let you go hungry—and I'm fairly *starving!*"

Westcott, with an air of exaggerated politeness, took a chocolate and ate it, with his eyes fixed unsociably upon the green wall. He dared not trust himself to look at Katherine. Katherine nibbled a bonbon, waited in silence for ten minutes, and again offered the box to Westcott, who gravely helped himself. This operation was repeated until only one remained in the box. The remaining one was heart-shaped.

"It's a heart!" exclaimed the elevator boy, who had read too many dime novels not to recognize an interesting situation when he was face to face with one, and who was unable to contain himself longer. "You'll have to toss up for it, I guess. It *is* a heart, ain't it?"

"Why, so it is," replied Katherine. "Will you have it, Bobs—pardon me—Mr. Westcott?"

Westcott shot a quick glance at Katherine, who had gradually moved two feet away from the end of the leather-covered bench, and was consequently that much closer to the man she had jilted the previous evening.

"Do I understand that you are offering me a heart?" asked Westcott.

"It's your turn," said Katherine, flushing a beautiful crimson.

"Westcott took something that glittered from his pocket, laid it in the box beside the chocolate heart, and pushed the box toward Katherine.

"Do we trade even?"

"Do we trade even?" he asked, with his eyes on Katherine's.

The elevator boy, agog with excitement, retired discreetly but with reluctance to the pages of his novel, but not before he had recognized in the glittering object a ring.

And when he looked again the box contained two hands, although only one was visible; the man was no longer gazing at the wall.

The hand of the indicator above the boy's head was leaping from number to number in a curious fashion, sounds of ringing bells and impatient voices drifted from the elevator shaft; but the man and the maid paid no heed.

Then the boy moved the lever slowly, even reluctantly, and the elevator dropped gently to the ground floor.

"Oh!" exclaimed Katherine, drawing her hand gently from Westcott's and giving a long sigh. "We're actually down."

"Yop," beamed the boy, "and you might have been down fifteen minutes ago just as well as not; but I seen how things was goin', and I thought I'd help 'em along."

"You shall come to the wedding, Cupid," said Westcott, slipping a heavy coin into the cherubic boy's hand. And he added, as they stepped out of the elevator on to the solid ground, "if I ever own an elevator you shall run it."

At two thousand feet above the earth

HOT-AIR BALLOONING

By OTTO VON BARGEN

THE smoke balloon ascension, with parachute drop, is a usual feature at country fairs and at the open-air resorts in cities, though it is probably more in vogue on the Pacific Coast and Middle West than in the East. These balloons are generally made by the aeronaut himself from white anchor sheeting. The balloon should be constructed so that when inflated it is a perfect sphere, with the exception of the extension at the bottom for the opening. A balloon forty feet high, which is the common size, should be about thirty-five feet in diameter at the equator. The material is cut in strips fifty-six feet long and four feet nine inches across at a point five feet above the center of strip, and narrowing to one foot six inches at the bottom. There are twenty-four such strips. These, when united, will give a pear-shaped balloon with a hole in the bottom ten feet across.

A hot-air balloon of this size should lift a weight of about 250 pounds to a height of 2,000 feet. This allows 150 pounds for the aeronaut and about 100 pounds for the parachute, trapeze and tipping-bag.

The parachute is made of the same material as the balloon. It has usually thirty-two lines twenty feet long, which are brought together at the steel ring from which the hickory trapeze hangs. Its spread in descending, if it is to carry a 150 pound man, should be about twenty-two feet. If the parachute is too small, the aeronaut will drop too fast; if too large his weight will not be sufficient to keep it spread out taut in dropping.

The method of inflating the balloon is simple. A trench four or five feet deep and twenty-five to thirty feet long is dug in the ground. Sheet-iron is laid over this, except for about four or five feet at each end, and covered with earth, thus forming a tunnel. One end of this tunnel is built up with sheet-iron in a circular shape, about four feet above the level of the ground, making a sort of short smoke stack. The balloon is suspended over this by a line which is run through the ring at the top of the balloon and is stretched between two uprights. The bottom of the balloon is drawn around this stack and the anchor-lines fastened to the stakes in the ground. A fire is then started at the other end of the tunnel by means of kindling-wood

the aeronaut is in his element.

soaked with coal-oil. The coal-oil is then thrown on by the cupful at intervals, the flame being regulated by the quantity applied. A short while after the blaze is started the balloon begins to bulge out. Even after becoming apparently full, the fire is kept on for a few minutes so as to make the bag tight. Until the balloon is inflated nothing is attached to it. The parachute and ropes having been examined are then tied to the riding-lines, the supporting rope is run through the ring, the signal is given, the anchor-lines slipped from their fastenings and away goes the balloon, first starting slowly and then gradually gaining speed. The aeronaut being at the end of the rope attached to the parachute and to one side of the balloon, naturally causes the balloon to swing from side to side, but it soon straightens out and rises rapidly.

Above the parachute is the sliding-knife, operated by a line running to the aeronaut below. When the balloon is at its highest, which is usually about 2,000 feet, he pulls this line, cutting the parachute loose. Then the drop begins, first quickly and then gently as the parachute spreads and catches the air. The balloon is provided with a tipping sand-bag. This is secured to a cord leading to the top of the balloon, and as soon as it is relieved of the weight of the aeronaut and parachute, this is sufficient to invert the balloon, and the smoke and hot-air escape. Even without the bag the balloon would not drift far, as it would cool quickly in the upper air and descend in a few minutes.

On a calm day, when the landing is in a clear place, with the balloon and all apparatus in perfect condition, there is very little danger of an accident; but in windy weather it is different. At such a time there is the danger while descending of being blown against houses, trees, poles or anything adjoining the grounds. Many accidents have resulted from defects in the apparatus. Should the parachute not open at the critical moment the aeronaut would be dashed to death, but that particular accident is not likely to happen.

The landing with the parachute is always attended with more or less danger. If the aeronaut, while landing, sees he is going to strike any obstruction, he may, by swinging, regulate his fall to a small extent, sufficient, for instance, to clear a pole or small tree; but he may descend alongside a high building which he cannot reach, but which prevents his parachute from spreading out fully, causing him to fall faster than is safe. The series of photographs above were taken by a camera fastened to the tail of a kite.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF BARNEY O'TOOLE

By HARRY IRVING GREENE

"TIS a foine day," said O'Toole, depositing his dinner pail upon the end of a tie.

"It be," said Kelly.

"A gran', foine day, with a divil a rag of a cloud in sight nor a whiff of air asthir, an' the sun as broight as the bottum av a new tin buckit."

"Tis thrue," nodded Casey, "tis thrue."

"Mooch remindin' me av a day Oi saw wanst which was ivry bit the same, savin' tother wan was cloudy, wid the wind a-wailin' loike a banshee an' the sun as rid as Casey's nose, whin yez cud see ut betune the clouds, which was not at all, at all."

"Ye lie, ye Dootchmon," yelled Casey. "Me noose is not rid. Tis but a pale pink."

"So it be, sor, so it be. But Oi was spakin' av a happenin'. Twas down behint the Iverglades it occurred." O'Toole paused, then continued thoughtfully. "O'll till yez about ut as Oi ate wan av thim harrud boiled eggs of yours, Misther Casey. Foine cooks may the Frinch be—an' bad luck to thim—but divil the frog ater iver lived cud boil an egg wid the grace and aligance av yer own Misthress Casey, as Oi am forivir a-tellin' iverybody."

"An' what's thim Iverglades, Barney?"

"Thim Iverglades—thim's what Saint Pathrick—dape riverince to his sowl—driv all the shnakes an' toads and crapein' things from ould Oireland—an' blissed be ivry lad an' lass an' bog on ut, sez Oi, savin' an' ixciptin' the O'Rourkes, the Hooligans, the Callahans, the Feeleys, the Cantys, the Sullivans, and the loikes av thim."

Casey drew forth a black dudeen and edged a trifle nearer' "An' whut happint behint the Iverglades, Barney O'Toole?" he inquired, tapping the "heel" of the bowl upon the rail. O'Toole, having finished his egg, rasped his mouth clean with the file-like back of his hand.

"Twas whin Oi was constructhin' a raleroad; a rale, iligant raleroad in thim parts. Tis there yit—tin moiles av rust an' a franchise. It begins at the back dure av Larry Hooley's shabeen, progrisses the length av a rope beyont where Brady's cow sthuck in the muck, and inds up forninst a stoomp. Niver will I forgit ut."

"Tis well worth remimberin', Oi have small doubt. With dape respect shall Oi listen," said Rooney, producing his tobacco pouch. O'Toole caught the movement with the tail of his eye.

"Tis rare truth ye have spoken, Pat Rooney o' the ould Dublin family av the Rooneys, for niver agin will yez hear such a tale, modest mon though Oi be who spakes it. Thot be foine 'baccy ye uses, Misther Rooney, an' twas but yister ave Oi tould Carney there was not

anither tarrier on the wurrks but yer own swate silf as cud tell the shmoke av a burnin' Cudy 'baccy plantation from a bog fire in Tipperary."

"Hilp yoursilf," said Rooney, tossing him the pouch. "Oi wud hear your sthory."

"Twas behint the Iverglades." O'Toole spoke slowly and with thought-corrugated forehead. "An twas the strangist soight iver beholden by praste or divil. Have ye the loikes av a match, Tim Kelly?"

"Oi have—wan," responded Kelly reluctantly.

"Tis plinty. An' may the day niver come whin ye have not anither an' plinty of dry 'baccy to burn with ut." Slowly the puffs of smoke came from O'Toole's mouth, and upon his brow satisfaction rested.

"Ye mintioned a sthory, Oi belave," ventured Kelly, as the silence grew apace at their pipes. Rooney was the one to break the silence.

"Tis most entrancin'. Loike Father Rafferty, Oi wud ask ye to tell ut agin, especially the last ind av ut. The furst parrt ye moight lave out. 'Twas behint the Iverglades."

"It wor, it wor, Pat Rooney. With the wind a-wailin' loike a banshee and the sun a pale pink, loike Casey's nose. 'Go ye down the thrack about the half av a moile and fetch back me toime book, Barney O'Toole,' says the boss. 'I lift ut upon a stoomp, an' if it is not upon thot one it is upon anither wan. An' moind ye, if ye are gone a second beyont tin minutes, Oi'll dock yez toime as short as the tail av a Quane's steeplechaser.' So away Oi wint, right fut, left fut, an' sure enough prisently Oi comes to a stoomp a-stickin' up as sthrait as" (O'Toole's eyes searched the circle) "as sthrait as thot stogie a-winkin' at

"'Twas whin Oi was constructhin a raleroad."

O Toole aroused himself with a start.

"Yis, a most wonderful sthory, to be sure, to be sure. Niver happened such a soight before nor since. An' whin I tould the same to Father Lafferty, ould mon though he be, he sthood up as sthrait as the gineral av an army. 'Barney O'Toole,' says he, layin' his hand upon me shoulder,. 'Me eyes are dim wid age an' badly do Oi nade thim, yit gladly would I give the whole av wan an' the half of the ither to have beholden ut. It was wonderful.'

"'It wor, yer riverence,' sez Oi.

"'Till me agin wanst more,' sez he.

"'Oi will,' sez Oi. An' sure enough Oi did."

Again silence fell. O'Toole slowly nudging a toad along with the toe of his boot was apparently lost in profound reflection. His companions solemnly eyed him as they sucked me from Terry McCabe's pockut. Tis mony a day since Oi've hild as foine a lookin' stogie as thot betune me teeth, Terry McCabe."

"Take ut, thin," said McCabe, "for Oi wud hear the ind av ut, if ind it has. But Oi'm fearin' tis loike the tail of Rogan's pig, which same grew round an' round in a circle an' had nayther beginnin' nor ind. Oi'm robbed, but take ut."

"Oi will, Mither McCabe Oi will. An' may stogies rain upon yez from the clouds an' impty bottles fall upon your inimies. An' as Oi warrum me toes forninst the sthove this very noight, with this iligant stogie in the lift corner of me mouth, may happiness be wid ye, Terry McCabe. An' may yez childer become polacemin an' jootices av the pace, an' —tis bruk—, ye Jew bog throtter, bad luck to yez and' thim that come after yez. Tis bruk to flinders an' av no more use than a cork an'

no bottle. An' will ye knew it all the toime, for niver lived a McCabe but wud ate his own false teeth before he died to kape thim from ithers. Black sorrow—"

"Twas behint the Iverglades," interrupted Rooney.

"It wor. But look as Oi moight, nayther hide nor hair of the toime book cud me eyes rist upon. 'Harrud luck be yer forchin, Barney O'Toole,' Oi tills myself, an' twas just thin me eyes fell upon the most woonderful soight iver happined since the Ascinsion av our blissed Saviour."

O'Toole's voibe grew husky and he ceased speaking. ' Yis, yis," came from every side.

O'Toole's hand sought his throat. "Tis overcome Oi am by the ricolliction and me throat is crackit by dhryness. But tis the ind oi a flask that I see prothrudin' from Carney's hip pockut, an ixperience tills me tis not filled wid wather. Now, av I cud wet me lips—"

"Giue him wan sphoonful, Carney," said Rooney. "Niver must he iscape wid his sthory."

"Oi will," sighed Corney, "yit will Oi also kape a hould on the bottle mysilf for the privintion of accidints."

Regretfully O'Toole allowed his lips to be forced from the neck of the flask by the slow but determined hand of Carney. "Tis gran' midicine for the stoomach, thot," he said fervently. May yez flask niver be empty, Carney, me boy, nor Oi lose yer frindship. Now will Oi finish me sthory wid gratitood. An' just thin—" A shrill whistle split the air, and Barney, looking much astonished, slowly arose. "Dom thot whistle," he exclaimed indignantly. "Tis wan o'clock alriddy."

Priscilla at the Play.

By

GEORGE TAGGART.

Priscilla saw the play, the other day,
And whispered to me afterward that he
Who strove his best the hero's part to play
Somehow reminded her of humble me.

And so, last night, I went that play to see,
To view myself as she had; but, alas!
The man who played the hero seemed to me
A singularly comprehensive ass.

Now, if that I Priscilla's mind might read,
Should not such reading most offensive be?
I shall not try. I'll rest content, indeed,
Because, at least, Priscilla thought of me.

MEN, WOMEN & BOOKS

THE recent death of Frank Norris, at the age of thirty-two, has ended the career of one of the most promising of the younger generation of American novelists. The amount and quality of his work was already remarkable and had made him well known. His work was interesting, too, because it showed not only great ability, but also a steady growth and improvement that promised still better things to come. At the time of his death he was preparing to take passage in one of the numerous tramp steamships that carry wheat from the Pacific Coast to the Mediterranean, in order to collect material for his next book, the third volume of his Trilogy, "The Epic of the Wheat."

Mr. Norris was born in Chicago, but spent most of his boyhood in California. He studied for a while in Europe and then entered the University of California, after which he went to Harvard and graduated there with the class of '95. He was for a while sub-editor on the San Francisco *Wave*, and during that time wrote his first book, "McTeague." In 1895 he went to South Africa as war correspondent, and later on to Cuba, during the Spanish war. The second volume of his wheat stories, which is called "The Pit," will be published before long.

Frank Norris.

Alfred Henry Lewis dedicates his new volume, "Wolfville Nights," to Colonel Sterrett, who figured so largely in "Wolfville Days," in this way:—

"Do I pass through the Fifth Avenue Hotel on my way to the Hoffman, the vandyked dispenser leans pleasantly across his counter to ask with deepest interest: 'Do you hear from the Old Man now?' Or am I belated in Shanley's, a beaming ring of waiters—if it be not an hour overrun of custom—will half-circle my table, and the boldest, 'Pat,' will question timidly, yet with a kindly Galway warmth: 'How's the Old Man?' Old Man! That is your title: at once dignified and affectionate; and by it you come often to be referred to along Broadway these ten years after its conference. But wherefore extend ourselves regretfully? We may meet again; the game is not played out. Pending such bright chance, I dedicate this book to you. It is the most of honor that lies in my mean power. And in so doing I am almost moved to say, as said Goldsmith of Johnson in his offering of 'She Stoops to Conquer:' 'By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean to so much compliment you as myself. It may do me some honor to inform the public that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them that the greatest wit may be found in a character without impairing the most unaffected piety.' I repeat, I am all but moved to write these lines of you. It would tell my case at least; and while description might limp in so far as

you lack somewhat of that snuffle of 'true piety' so often engaging the Johnsonian nose, you make up the defect with possession of a wider philosophy, a better humor and a brighter, quicker wit than visited or dwelt beneath the candle-scorched wig of our old bully lexicographer."

Robert Barr is another popular writer who has not been represented by a new novel during 1902. He has written one called "Over the Border," in his "Tekla" manner, and it is to appear serially in a large number of important American newspapers during the spring of 1903, and subsequently in book form.

Mr. Barr has apparently the distinction of having prepared and circulated the most original prospectus of a magazine that has ever come to the notice of Englishmen. It is written in the first person and is wholly frank and confidential, with a strong tinge of "American" humor. He writes:—

Mr. Howells' latest photograph.

"I have bought the *Idler*, and I hope everyone else in England will do the same. It will cost you a simple sixpence; I paid a great deal more. . .

"I have no prejudice against a great name, indeed, if I wished to flaunt a resplendent reputation on the pages of the *Idler*, all I should have to do would be to write the whole magazine myself. But I am a cautious editor. When formerly connected with this magazine I was under the painful necessity of rejecting three of my own essays in fiction. They were not up to the mark. R. B. the author cannot delude R. B. the editor. At present I am using his literary talents for the writing of my circulars, and if he shows capacity I may print one of his articles in the magazine. Modern literature has proved that authors make the best advertisers."

In classifying living authors, it has been proposed to divide them into annuals, semi-annuals, quarterlies and biennials. Mr. William Dean Howells has just maintained his right to membership in the semi-annual class by publishing a new volume of comment and reminiscence called "Literature and Life." The chapter that will be most interesting to young literary people is the one on "The Man of Letters as a Man of Business." It is not just the kind of literary advice contained in Mr. Ford's "The Literary Shop," but still, whatever Mr. Howells says on this particular subject will be listened to most attentively by all authors.

The Persian headpiece for MEN, WOMEN AND BOOKS this month reproduces one of Albert D. Blachfield's humorous and decorative designs for J. A. Mitchell's satire, "The Last American."

Charles Marriott, whose novel, "Love With Honor," has just been published, is an Englishman, whose natural taste for letters has asserted itself in spite of circumstances. Born at Bristol in 1869, his family was originally a Flemish one, and it may have been from his ancestors he imbibed a taste for things nautical. Indeed, but for defective eyesight a naval career had been decided for him. On leaving school, however, he worked for two years in a London art-school, and then used his artistic training in traveling as a photographer through various parts of England. In his new novel the hero is a photographer.

The American girl is not the only person who is attractive in a calendar. Two of the best-known women illustrators of the present time, Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green and Miss Jessie Wilcox Smith, have combined to make a series of drawings in their most characteristic and charming manner, for a "Child's Calendar" for 1903. There are seven drawings in all—two of them are repro-

Charles Marriott.

duced in black and white on this page and the preceding —which in their originality and broad, harmonious effects of color, have a refreshing sense of vigor and a decorative value that is a pleasant contrast to the ordinary conventional record of months and days. Miss Smith, who not long ago was awarded the George W. Childs gold medal at the school of design in Philadelphia, is at present working on some designs for a child's story for LESLIE'S MONTHLY.

In most of the English and Scottish reviews of Charles Reginald Sherlock's novel, "Your Uncle Lew," just published in England by Hutchinson & Co., allusion is made to the story of the Cardiff Giant, but in such a way as to leave the impression that it is part of the fiction which the author invented. It seems to have been forgotten over there that the Cardiff Giant was a stern reality, so stern, in fact, that at the time of its exhumation in Onondaga County, New York, thirty odd years ago, it virtually hoaxed the whole country.

Oddly enough, the English edition of Mr. Sherlock's novel containing an exposure of the monumental fraud has been immediately followed by an article in the *Century* Magazine covering practically the same ground, from the pen of no less a person than Andrew D. White, Minister to Germany, who tells with great gusto how he, alone among most of his fellow citizens in Syracuse, set his face resolutely against acceptance of the discovery, either as a petrifaction or a piece of Phœnician statuary.

Nathaniel Stephenson, who has just written a new novel, "The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton," is a native of Cincinnati, where, in a rambling old house he has lived from childhood up. He knows his town and the country round it in its history, its legend and its present conditions, and has made that part of the world the center of his stories. His first novel, "They that Took the Sword," was a story of the Civil War as it touched that city and its people. His new novel depicts a type of successful American business man and the social evolution of his beautiful and ambitious wife.

Nathaniel Stephenson.

The real heroine of "Mary had a Little Lamb" died at the age of eighty-three on December 11, 1889, and was buried in the famous Mount Auburn Cemetery, where lies the poet Longfellow. In 1835 she was married to Columbus Tyler, and subsequently she spent thirty-five years as a matron of a retreat for the insane, where her kind heart and good nature were called upon daily to minister to suffering people.

The latter part of her life was spent in Somerville, near Boston.

The original Mary of the little lamb.

The portrait of the "real Mary" in her old age that we are able to print in connection with this information, is taken from "The True Story of the Real Mary and the Real Lamb, as told by Fannie M. Dickerson and Mary Herself," and will have a strong interest for all those familiar with the famous rhymes—and who is not?

An amusing occurrence following upon the publication of this little volume is the expression of resentment by the English press because America has claimed Mary for her own, the implication being that she was, or ought to have been, an English girl! The proof of her identity, however, is overwhelming as presented in "The True Story," which is accompanied by affidavits and by reproductions of photographs of Mary's home, and of the various scenes near the school-house where the lamb went to school.

A thorough knowledge of the mechanical side of book-making does not seem to disqualify a man for success in the literary branch of that industry. W. D. Orcutt, the general manager of the University Press, of Cambridge, Mass., has just written a volume of attractive fairy tales. They are fairy tales

in spirit, and yet possessed besides of that distinct educational value which modern story writers for the young use in place of the old-fashioned "moral" of a generation ago. The book itself is charmingly gotten up.

The younger generation of travelers are beginning to force their way to the front and to carry on the work of opening up those few countries of the world which are still unknown to geographers and publishers. "Through Hidden China," by Francis H. Nichols, is the latest record of a trip through the heart of the Boxer country; through two of the oldest provinces of China, from Pekin, the modern capital, to Sian, which was the capital of the country 2,000 years before the Christian era, at the time, according to Biblical chronology, of the birth of the patriarch Abraham. This is one of the first traveler's reports since the great Boxer uprising stimulated our interest in the northern regions of China. The modern traveler writes with his camera fully as much as with his pen, and it is the illustrations in this, as in most modern books of travel, that are the most interesting part of the work.

Francis H. Nichols.

We give on this page, in reduced size, a facsimile of one of the most interesting title-pages in existence—that of the first book by Alexandre Dumas, père, entitled "Nouvelles Contemporaines." Only four (or six) copies of this book were sold, and one of these is now in the possession of Robert Garnett, Esq., who permitted Harry A. Spurr to reproduce it among other interesting Dumas material in his "Life and Writings of Alexandre Dumas," just published.

Dumas referred to the tales in his first volume in the following words:—

"The first of these stories was entitled 'Laurette,' the second 'Blanche de Beaulieu,' and the name of the third I have utterly forgotten."

The book was dedicated to the author's mother in "Homage—love—gratitude."

Some of the stories were utilized by Dumas in his subsequent work, a characteristic proceeding on the part of this astonishing writer.

Mr. William MacLeod Raine, the author of "A Daughter of Raasay," is probably the youngest man who ever had a public debate with the late President McKinley.

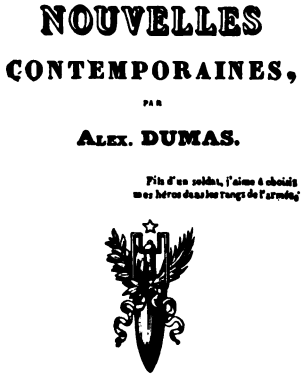
Major McKinley had been nominated for Governor of Ohio and was stumping the state. He was scheduled to appear at Oberlin, where Mr. Raine at this time was an undergraduate and a strong Democrat. As it happened, he had been preparing for a political debate before his society.

The College Republican Club was at the station in force to meet Mr. McKinley, and Professor James Monroe, for many years a colleague of Mr. McKinley's in the House, entertained the honored guest at dinner.

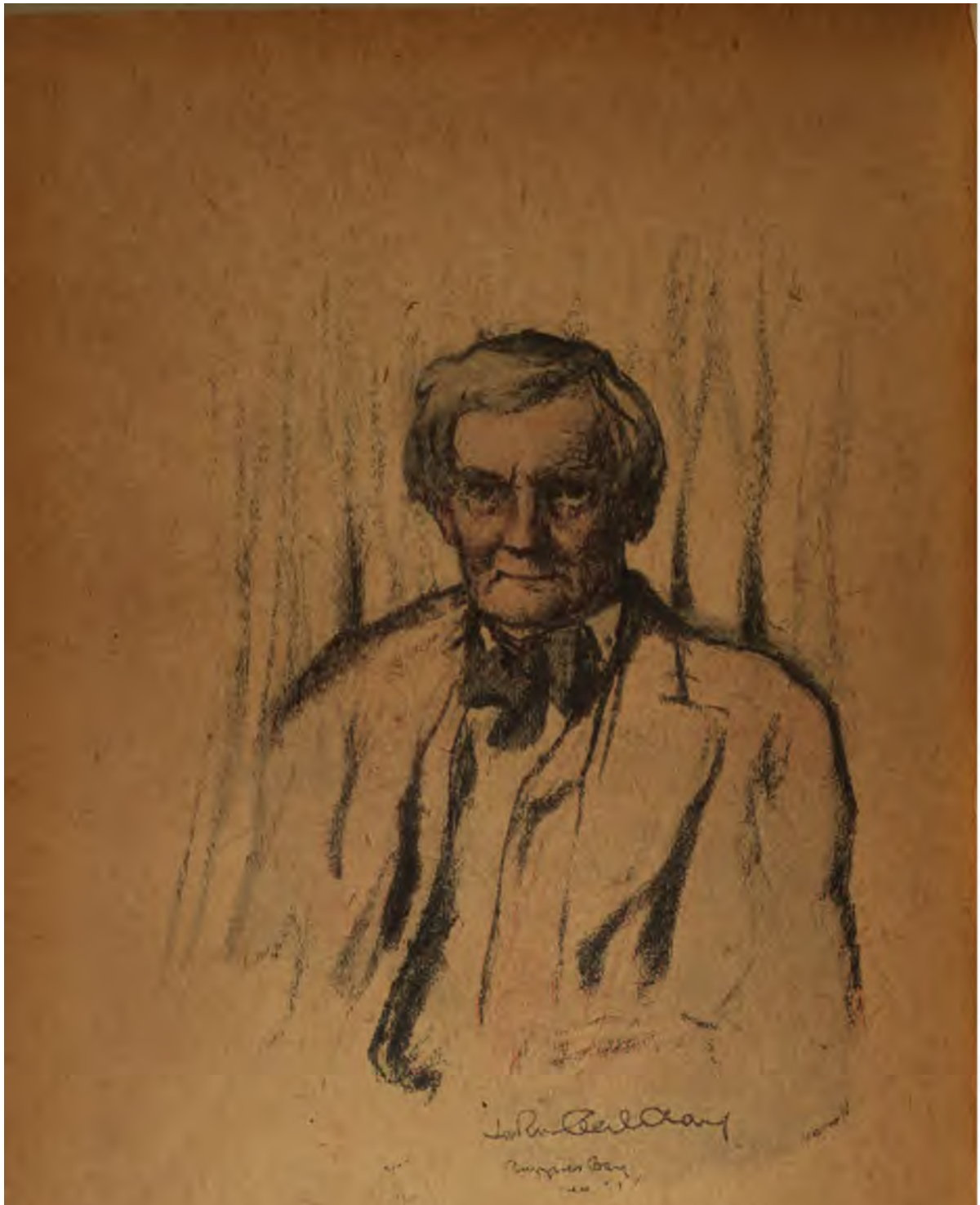
Meanwhile two long, double lines of young men faced each other and stretched from the house of Professor Monroe to the college chapel.

"Billie" Raine and a chum vaulted across a back fence, came quietly round the corner of the professor's house, and stepped in between the waiting lines. They were both clad in dignified afternoon attire: frock coat, high hat and funereal gravity they wore. Naturally they were mistaken for the candidate and his host. A cheer was raised, rolled down the line and came echoing back from the great crowd.

The two lads moved down the line bowing from right to left urbanely. Cheers, groans, cat-calls greeted them; but never a sign of levity appeared on the two wooden faces with the stereotyped smiles. From the steps of the chapel they stood bowing to the crowd, which, after the manner of college youths, gave them much ironic advice. The inevitable happened. Somebody called for a speech. "Speech, Billie, speech!" the crowd demanded. Young Raine had audacity enough to sink a three-decker, and he relieved himself of the debate which was burdening his mind. He began with chaff, but presently drifted into a political philippic. "The distinguished gentleman who will follow me" became presently "My honorable opponent," and all the arguments learnt for his debating society were shouted out to the crowd. Shortly afterward the appearance of Major McKinley and his host brought the speech to an untimely close, after which the Major occupied the platform in defense of the policy which had been assailed. Major McKinley himself enjoyed the episode as much as anybody.



Title page of Dumas' first book.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

American Stage Series

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Drawn from life at Buzzards Bay, Mass., by John Cecil Clay.

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THE CRUSADE OF THE DOUKHOBORS

THE STORY OF A MODERN PILGRIMAGE

By JOHN RIDINGTON

The author of this article has lived among the Doukhobors for weeks at a time, sharing their food and lodging, and on the occasion of their memorable pilgrimage he walked in the procession for four days. Of his thorough knowledge of what he describes the article itself is the best possible proof.—*The Editors.*

TILL two or three years ago, the wondrous West of Canada was a *terra incognita* to nearly all Americans. Their general conception of it coincided almost exactly with that of the French Louis who, when told that Montcalm had been defeated by Wolfe, and that the Union Jack waved where for a century had floated the fleur-de-lis, consoled himself for the loss of half a continent by saying, "It is but a few acres of snow." But in recent years it has been discovered that no country in the world offers such rewards for agricultural effort as the Fertile Belt of the Canadian West, and in consequence there have flocked thither, not only British and American farmer-immigrants, but settlers from almost every European nation. It is a land of radiant skies and far horizons—of league-long furrows and illimitable pastures, and is rapidly realizing its inevitable destiny as one of the world's great granaries.

Among the cosmopolitan elements that have peopled this fertile region are the Doukhobors, or "Spirit Wrestlers" from the cis and trans-Caucasian provinces of Russia, who arrived in a body seventy-five hundred strong, four years ago. The religious beliefs of these people had for two centuries subjected them to much oppression in their native land. Their property had been ruinously taxed and frequently confiscated, their leaders condemned to the Siberian mines, their women outraged, and they and their families driven, at the point of Cossack lances, to perish in the depth of winter on the snowy slopes of the Steppes. Like the Quakers, they were men of peace. War they considered a crime, and their refusal to do military service in a country where conscription is compulsory constituted their chief offense in the eyes of the Russian government. Grafted on their religion is a social system altogether

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A week before the pilgrimage, the Doukhobors of the village of Terpennie, bought a carload of flour for $615 at Yorkton. After dragging it home they left it, together with 4,000 bushels of wheat, 2,200 bushels of potatoes, and 1,800 cabbages, in order to look for Jesus without "taking thought for the morrow."

The town of Yorkton. The procession crossed the open ground at the right of the picture, and it was just in front of the Hudson Bay Company's store in the center that Corporal Junget waited for them.

unique. They are Communists. Their social unit is not the individual, but the village, which holds all property, incurs all liabilities, pays all debts, and divides pro rata among its residents the proceeds of their joint labor.

Because of the identity of many of their beliefs, wealthy members of the Society of Friends in America and England interested themselves in these persecuted people, and contributed a fund of $185,000 to enable them to emigrate. The United States and the Argentine Confederation tried to secure them as settlers, but they decided to come to the Dominion, where three tracts of land were set apart for them by the government—at Swan River, Yorkton and Rosthern, in the Northwest Territories.

For two years the material progress of the Doukhobors was almost phenomenal. Perhaps no class of settlers that ever came to Canada has accomplished more in the same space of time than have the "Disciples of the Universal Brotherhood." But last year there commenced an agitation that culminated in a movement without a parallel in history since the time of the Crusades. The people of one community went in a body to visit those of another, and at these gatherings—which sometimes lasted for weeks—protracted religious discussions took place. The whole body would then march to another community, where similar conferences were held, till all the settlements in Swan River and Yorkton were visited. The result was the evolution of many new and much more stringent doctrines and practices. They believed the second appearance of the Saviour on earth to be imminent. They had long been strict vegetarians in diet, but the list of proscribed articles of food was now greatly increased. Milk and butter they no longer used, nor would they eat anything having an animal origin, howsoever remote. Things they had themselves made were the only articles they professed to be able to conscientiously use, and even these were not permitted to have iron or steel in their construction, those metals being produced at too great a cost to human life. All forms of animal life they regarded as being the peculiar property of God—"the sheep are Mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills," they said. Hence they regarded it as sinful to use horses as beasts of draught or burden, or to utilize animal products to any degree. The only exception made was with regard to clipped wool. They would no longer wear leather boots or fur coats, rubber being substituted for the one, and felt for the other. They tore from their caps the leather peaks, and from their Bibles the leather covers. They cut from their clothing the metal buttons, using in their stead little wooden bars. All their agricultural work they endeavored to do without horses or oxen. The women, to the number of

fifteen or twenty, would harness themselves to the plow, and this season's crop was put in either by this means or by the still slower labor of the spade. It is a usual sight to see half a dozen Doukhobors hauling a heavy farm wagon containing their supplies from any of the little towns with which they trade. Their stock, more than five hundred head, they turned adrift, "so they might have freeness," they said.

Sociological theories equally radical were adopted. Government in any form the Doukhobors held to be a wrongful interposition between man and his Creator, to whom alone he was responsible. Hence they refused to register births, marriages and deaths, or in any way conform to the requirements of Canadian law. And lastly, they decided on a grand pilgrimage of evangelization, walking from town to town like the apostles of old to let all men know that the kingdom of Heaven was at hand and that the Son of God would presently appear to rule as King over a regenerated humanity.

The Doukhobor method of plowing.

While the causes underlying the strange outbreak were numerous and obscure, it seems certain that it was fomented, fostered and organized by the head men of the various villages, in order to provoke an open breach between their followers and the government. The perpetuation of communistic practices meant a continuance of the headmen's influence, which would be correspondingly diminished as the Doukhobors assimilated Canadian customs and asserted the rights of the individual as against those of the Brotherhood. The headmen desired to be deported "to some warm country where there is no law," and in the ill-regulated but sincere fervor of their people they saw a weapon ready to their hand. They hoped to compel the government either to compromise by allowing them immunity from the control of law, or that they would be given transportation to some other land where such immunity could be guaranteed them.

Whatever were the motives prompting the movement, it is certain that to

A prosperous family dressed in the clothing woven by themselves on primitive looms.

the number of 1,700 they gathered at Fort Pelly, midway between Swan River and Yorkton, toward the end of October. It is doubtful if the Republic or the Dominion could at any time have shown a more picturesque gathering. The men are magnificent specimens of humanity, tall, deep-chested, massive, slow of movement and of speech. Their attire is as characteristic as their religion. The coats have wide, flaring skirts, and are reminiscent of the attire of the Dandies and Beau Brummel, except that they are closely pleated at the back. Heavy black felted cloaks, reaching almost to the feet, protected them from rain or cold. On their feet many wore a sort of moccasin, skilfully made by themselves from binder twine. In point of good looks or physique the women are by no means tne equals of the men, being as a rule short and shapeless, with flat, expressionless faces, and figures resembling ill-tied-up bundles. But in the mass they presented a very attractive appearance by reason of the brilliant hues of their clothing. Their costumes were startling contrasts in color, vivid reds, greens, blues, yellows and purples predominating, and giving the impression of a huge flower parterre.

Before leaving Fort Pelly a final conference was held, at which it was revealed to the leaders that the Saviour would personally meet the pilgrims while they were on their tour of evangelization. At the little country town of York-

Photograph by our correspondent.

A typical group of women.

A group of pilgrims. Notice the scarfs bought at Yorkton before the pilgrimage, and the bags or packages made from oatmeal sacks in which they carried rose-fruit and meal.

ton, fifty miles away, the Divine presence would be manifested, and the reign of peace and worldwide brotherhood would begin.

And so the march on Yorkton began. The procession moved slowly because of the number of children and of sick and feeble folk. Ten or twelve miles daily was all it covered. Ahead strode a gigantic Doukhobor, black-browed and bearded, a very Boanerges. He was the blacksmith of one of the villages, and believed himself to be the second John the Baptist. He had discarded all footwear and tramped quite barefoot. He was clad in a dirty white felt gaberdine reaching almost to the feet, and around one sleeve was tied a red bandanna. Occasionally he would fling his arms toward Heaven with a wild cry, or throw himself on the ground in an agony of adoration and self-abasement. Behind him straggled the long line of pilgrims, stretching along two miles or more of the winding prairie trail. Ever and anon would rise the wailing notes of their recessional, its weird minor cadences and plaintive harmonies swelling high above the irregular shuffling tramp of hundreds of feet. In the cavalcade were eleven rude litters, made of the stems of young trees and hung with blanketing, in which were borne the sick and the infirm.

Of food there was hardly any in the pilgrim army, though in the villages there was abundance of both grain and vegetables. In consequence, the march had hardly begun before Famine commenced pursuit. The second day out from Fort Pelly saw the Spirit Wrestlers plucking the dried fruit of the wild rose bushes and peeling the trunks of young trees to eat the tender inner bark. Of money, with which to purchase supplies, they had none. It had all been given away in the belief that it was an invention of the devil for the capturing of the souls of men. But a crowd of two thousand people in the vicinity of Fort Pelly would have been hungry had they all been millionaires, for the place is fifty miles from a railroad and situated in a very sparsely settled country.

At a clump of trees a mile away from Yorkton the conference was at last held, the deliberations lasting several hours. It was late in the afternoon when the pilgrims arrived, and while light lasted they were ranging the neighborhood, picking the dried fruit of the rose bushes—almost their sole means of sustenance. The short winter day slowly deepened to dark. In the western sky the sun had sunk in a riot of multicolored glory. From flaming orange and fiery crimson the clouds had faded to dusky purple-grays. By the time the conference commenced the Heavens had cleared and arched over the vast expanse of prairie a dome of deepest blue, blazing with stars that glittered

like diamond dust. Southward could be seen the lights of Yorkton, its grain elevators rising dim and angular above the house line. Trees and grass were encrusted with hoar frost that gleamed cold in the light of a waning moon. The ruddy flicker of a huge fire lit up a scene which to depict needed the brush of a Rembrandt or a Doré—the earnest faces glowing with spiritual light, the picturesque and brightly-colored garb, the tiers of figures stretching back to the mysterious night, across whom glanced the fitful flame-light, throwing them by turns into red relief or deepest gloom. In the center of the throng stood the commanding figure of the government representative. For four hours he vainly expostulated and reasoned with the pilgrim leaders. He might as well have talked to stone walls. Too ignorant to be moved by argument, too resolved to be influenced by persuasion, they opposed a stolid but inflexible purpose to all that could be said. When warned of the peril of traveling shelterless over the prairie at the beginning of the winter season, they said that there would be no winter this year—that God would arrest the course of the seasons, as he did that of the sun and moon for Joshua. Yet already the nights were bitter if the days were bright. Women insufficiently clothed were clasping to their breasts their little ones in the vain attempt to keep them warm at the very moment their leaders were expressing these convictions. A baby had been born since the pilgrims left Fort Pelly—born in a heap of straw in the open field.. Infant and mother were carried together in one of the improvised litters during the day, and set down near the fire at night. Its weak cries could be heard during the pauses of Mr. Speers' address.

The conference ended as it was bound to end—in a stronger determination than ever on the part of the pilgrims to pursue their design despite all opposition. On the part of the government, it was realized that suasion could accomplish nothing, and that henceforth the discipline of circumstances and the power of law could alone break up the agitation.

Early in the following day the pilgrim army marched into Yorkton. In solid formation, about fifteen abreast, they came slowly down the broad road, chanting their favorite hymn from the eighth chapter of Romans. When fairly on the streets of the little village the song ceased, and in absolute silence

Copyright.

The line of march. From a picture taken for Leslie's Monthly after several days of endeavor by a photographer traveling on foot with the pilgrims.

they swept impressively along. The only representative in Yorkton of the majesty of the law was a solitary corporal of the Northwest Mounted Police—that splendidly efficient body of men charged with the maintenance of order among the Indians of the Territories. He sat his horse, motionless as an equestrian statue, his scarlet tunic and jaunty yellow cap making a vivid spot of color against the dull-colored buildings. When the advance guard came abreast of him he wheeled, and, placing himself at the head of the procession, led them across the track to the Immigration Hall. There the pilgrims formed up, bared their heads, and raised again their devotional hymn. The wooden sidewalks were lined with hundreds of farmers and citizens, but none made the slightest attempt by word or act to molest the visitors.

Photograph by our correspondent.

Wasyl Konkin, the preacher.

When the service was concluded the pilgrims disbanded to purchase the necessaries for their journey. That afternoon the merchants of the little town sold more than $2,000 worth of goods to the Disciples of the Universal Brotherhood, cloth caps, woolen scarfs and mitts, rubber boots and heavy underclothing being the principal articles purchased.

While the Doukhobors were shopping the government officials were thinking. The instincts of common humanity urged them to prevent at all hazards a thousand helpless, hungry and ill-clad women and children starting on a pilgrimage they knew not whither, at the beginning of a Canadian winter. Of legal right to detain them the government had not a shadow. But it was felt that while any course of action was open to criticism, to allow them to depart unhindered would be a crime. Preparations were therefore made to house and shelter the women and children, by force if necessary.

When the pilgrims assembled late in the afternoon for their evening meal of bread and apples, provided by the officials, they were told that the men might, if they persisted, travel to find the Lord, but that the women and children would be taken care of by the government in Yorkton till their return.

Clamor followed the announcement, the women protesting they would follow their husbands, fathers and brothers, in spite of all attempts to restrain them. But they were given no option. Mr. Speers took one arm of the woman nearest him and a local minister the other, and led her into the hall. Many fought strenuously and had to be carried, kicking and screaming, into the building, but after two hundred had thus been housed, the rest followed quietly. Guards were placed at the doors, and it was felt that the most immediate phase of this unprecedented situation was, temporarily at least, settled.

Measures were next taken to supply these enforced guests with food. Every oven in the town was soon baking bread. Barrels of apples were bought by the dozen and boxes of crackers by the gross. But the women refused to eat. For three or four days many of them had partaken of nothing but rose fruit.

Several swooned from weakness and exhaustion, but still on recovery resolutely put away from them any form of nourishment. The famished little children would have devoured the food greedily, but it was taken away from them by their own mothers, who chided them and slapped them gently, with tears meanwhile raining down their hunger-wasted cheeks, for thus imperiling their eternal happiness. For two days some of the more obdurate held out. It was largely owing to the unwearied efforts of the citizen's wives that the women at last consented to partake of food.

A visit at night to any of the shelters was a sight long to be remembered. In the main room of the Immigration Hall were crowded more than two hundred women and children. They lay on the floor, huddled so close that it was difficult to avoid treading on them—decrepit crones of seventy, mothers with babes at the breast, little children and young girls, stretched in every conceivable attitude in which repose is possible. Over in one corner might be seen a score of young women singing their weird chants. In another part of the room a dozen or more women were seated in parallel lines, engaged in repeating alternately favorite passages of scripture. Dotted throughout the room were standing figures, with heads bowed and hands crossed meekly on the breast, engaged in silent prayer. Here could be seen a mother trying to hush a sick child, lest the officials should discover it was ill and restore the little one's health at eternal cost to its soul. At the door stood the soldierly figure of one of the Mounted Police, while to and fro went the "specials," distributing bread and apples to all who needed them. From the room above came the maniac cries of a demented woman, who in her saner intervals proclaimed that she was to become the mother of the Lord. It was a scene almost unbelievable, unrealizable, and savored more of the fourteenth century than the dawn of the twentieth.

While events were thus progressing in the shelters, the men pilgrims, some six hundred in number, had started on their "walk to Jesus." On the night that they had been separated from the women and children they had camped a mile from Yorkton. They had submitted to the detention of their women folks without protest or resistance. Early on the following morning they paraded the town, singing their dirge-like hymns. It was hoped that perhaps some show of force would drive them back to their villages, and the Mounted Police, now augmented to some eight or ten, attempted to compel

Photograph by our correspondent.

The Doukhobor "John the Baptist," the only portrait of this picturesque character extant.

them to go north. The effort was utterly futile. They "bunched up," to use a western phrase, like a herd of cattle, and would rather be ridden down and trampled to death than driven toward their villages. Many extended their arms and opened their coats. "Kill us," cried one in his broken English, "shoot us; Doukhobor no fight. Police shoot, we see Jesus soon." With men so bent on earning the crown of martyrdom, any such measure of force as would be tolerated by an enlightened public opinion was wholly inadequate, and the attempt at compulsion was at once abandoned.

The final preparations for their march were made by the pilgrims early in the afternoon, and by two o'clock the six hundred were marching east. They followed the line of the northwestern branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which runs from Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, to Yorkton. They walked slowly, averaging no more than eighteen miles daily. Wherever they walked the narrow buggy trail had spread out to a breadth of thirty feet. The withered yellow grass was beaten down almost flat. On the trail itself, and for two yards on either side, not a blade of vegetable life was to be seen. For days afterwards the print of naked feet could be seen in the dust, not yet blown over and obliterated by the wind. This was the spoor of the pilgrims—a track hundreds of miles long—a Via Dolorosa in very truth.

Pathetic and tragic incidents were of almost hourly occurrence in the little village of Yorkton that week. Scores came under my personal observation. The day after the pilgrims left for the east five young men arrived, and set out to overtake the main body. Deaf to either arguments or persuasion, two of them literally left their parents, and one his wife and baby child, to "journey for Jesus." I shall not readily forget seeing the old father and mother watching their boy marching stolidly down the railroad track; nor the sight of the young wife holding the baby up to catch a last glimpse of its father. The woman stood, ungainly of form and gaudy of dress, saying not a word, though her eyes rained tears, but the wee thing's gestures and vain attemps to attract its father back were pitiable. Overhead the sky was banked with heavy clouds. A drizzle of rain was falling, but a bar of saffron-colored light could be seen along the horizon, and toward this the man set his face. He passed between the elevators and down the track till he disappeared from view behind a train of box cars. The woman sat down on a packing-case. Some one gave the child a soda biscuit, and in a moment it had forgotten its grief and was munching contentedly. But a glance at the woman s face, set in stony, hopeless misery, showed that nothing that the "New Life" all of them were seeking could give, would compensate for the sorrowful bitterness of that hour of bereavement. "He that will not leave wife or father or mother because of Me, is not worthy of Me," saith the Scripture. Hundreds of men that week literally obeyed the text, at the cost of such a rending of the deepest fibers of being as only themselves and their Creator can know.

This case has its counterpart in another. A man had been working on the railway. He came home after a three months' absence to find that his wife had joined the pilgrims. He found her at Yorkton. They had not been married many weeks. He besought her to come home, but the girl's mother appealed to her daughter not to imperil her soul by turning back from the Divine revelation. The wife—she was little more than seventeen—was torn between love of her husband and fear of the wrath of the Almighty. The latter prevailed, God being backed up by the mother-in-law. But the tender yearning and dumb distress of the young husband would have moved the very Fates to pity.

After the second day of the men's pilgrimage the weather, which had been unusually mild for the season, became very cold. In the belief that summer would be continuous, and finding that their blankets and heavy felt cloaks impeded their progress, many had flung them aside, leaving them on the prairie. The "cold snap" there-

fore found the pilgrims utterly unprepared for its severity. Fur and skin are essential for keeping out the cold of a Manitoba winter, and, unprovided with these, the hardships endured by the pilgrims were extreme. On the third day, to add to their miseries, snow fell.

For ten days the seekers for the new light plodded to the east. Neither hunger nor exposure could daunt their determination. Thirty returned to their villages at various points in their journey, but fifty others came from distant points to take their places. At Millwood, three days after leaving Yorkton, they expected the Saviour to reveal Himself, and when He failed to appear they were confident they would meet Him in Winnipeg. The strain of long-continued religious excitement, combined with insufficient nourishment, made many of them subject to hallucination. "John the Baptist" would frequently cry aloud and leap and clutch at the air. "I see Him!" he would scream in an agony. "I see Jesus, my brothers. He is here. You will see Him soon." At every such outbreak a paroxysm of emotion would sweep like a wave down the long procession. Three or four were so weakened that they had to be carried on litters. One man went wildly insane. He would often break away from his caretakers, run screaming across the prairie, then fling up his arms, give a great cry, and fall headlong. His pursuers would pounce upon him and lift him to his feet, the poor maniac struggling mightily, crying with a voice that had in it the tones of terror and animal fear. Presently he would become quiet, his hoarse and agonized shoutings dying away to heart-breaking moans.

Photograph by our correspondent.

A mid-day meal. There were three rows of two hundred persons each.

One day's journey differed little from another. Soon after the winter dawn had broken the pilgrims would drag their half-frozen bodies from wherever

they had flung themselves to rest, eat whatever remained of the food given them by the people of the villages they had passed yesterday, and resume their eastward march. Many of the more exhausted had to be supported on either side by their stronger friends. The procession straggled far on either side of the prairie trail, gathering rose fruit or frozen berries. At noon they would arrive at a country village—half a dozen stores and a few residences grouped about two or three grain elevators. Before entering it the pilgrims would form up in a compact body and march in singing. In the open square in front of the railway station they would group themselves, and ask the citizens if they wished to hear the new evangel. Then one of them, who spoke fair English—Wasyl Konkin by name—would speak briefly, telling his hearers that they were going to meet the Lord, and inviting them to join in the search. He would beseech them to abstain from flesh-eating, from smoking, profanity, stimulants, and the greed for wealth. Then another hymn would be sung, and the pilgrims would disperse for an hour to beg food. This secured, they would congregate in an open space and have their midday meal.

This was one of the most interesting episodes of the day. The pilgrims would spread blankets in three long parallel lines on the ground. To a dozen or twenty would be assigned the duty of distributing the food. This consisted of bread, apples, dry oatmeal and potatoes, with carrots and onions as relishes. The oatmeal would be poured from the sacks on to the blankets in little heaps about five or six feet apart, and from these each pilgrim would help himself to handfuls. The tops of soda-cracker boxes would be converted into substitutes for spoons by some of the more fastidious, but in the majority of cases such artificial aids to feeding were altogether dispensed with. After the meal the superfluous food would be carefully gathered up, and then the pilgrims, with faces whitened in patches by the oatmeal flour, repaired to the village pumps to quench their thirst.

The start for the afternoon journey was usually made before two o'clock. About a mile from the village the procession would halt and hold a brief but impressive service, concluding by bowing their foreheads three times to the snowy ground. Then till five o'clock they marched east. Just before dusk camp for the night would be made. A few would obtain shelter in the outbuildings of neighboring farm-houses. More would creep into the heaps of threshed straw that in the autumn are to be found everywhere in the Fertile Belt. But the great majority would sleep on the snow-covered prairie, with nothing but the sky for a coverlet. Sheaves of long grass would be gathered and spread on the snow, and on these the pilgrims would lie, huddled together for warmth. The nipping, eager air of the Northwest chilled them to the bone. Often snow would fall in the night and cover the sleepers with a mantle pure as the purposes of their great majority. When, owing to the intense cold—on one night I slept with them the thermometer stood at nine degrees below zero—sleep was impossible, they would tramp around in the darkness, and thus pass the hours till the lemon-colored bar along the eastern skyline brightened and broadened into another day.

Ten days after leaving Yorkton—on Saturday, November 8th—the pilgrim army reached Minnedosa, a pretty town nestling between the high banks of the Saskatchewan. Here were enacted the final scenes of this unique and pathetic crusade.

It was bitterly cold, and the town authorities permitted the pilgrims to use the skating rink for the night. The authorities had determined to send them back to their villages and, while the Searchers slept, completed their arrangements for their entertainment and deportation. Strong fences were erected, forming an alley between the rink and the track, a distance of about a hundred yards, and guards posted at the doors to prevent any exit.

In the early morning, Mr. Speers went into the building and told the occupants that they were to be taken back to their homes. He asked them to return

quietly, as it was impossible for them to continue their wanderings in the winter season in their ill-fed and ill-clad condition. Their wives and children were waiting for them, he said. Resistance, he pointed out, would be useless, as an ample force of police were present. "So now, come right on to the cars. Follow me," he concluded. Nobody stirred, though an angry hum ran through the hundreds of entrapped fanatics. For a moment or two they hesitated, then a rush was made for the door. Two or three hundred broke out, but they found themselves between the two parallel fences that ran like a cattle-chute up to the specially chartered train. The police hustled and pushed them along, carrying by main force the more refractory. The pilgrims did not actively resist—that would have been a violation of their religious code—but they very effectively opposed the dead weight of their bodies to the efforts of those who sought to entrain them. A hundred of them locked their arms, refusing to budge, and had to be separated by main force. They clutched vigorously to the rails of the platform, and in a few cases their hands had to be clubbed before they would release their hold. But in forty minutes the whole six hundred were safely locked in the train and the next morning arrived at Yorkton.

No resistance was offered when the ex-pilgrims were told that they were to tramp to their villages. The spirit of the Searchers seemed crushed. Escorted by a half dozen police, they walked wearily back over the same trail they had trod with such high hopes of meeting the Messiah but two weeks before.

This, then, was the end. Had God forgotten His people? Would He not remember those who had forsaken all to follow Him, who had turned their backs on plenty and endured hunger and hardship for the love of His appearing? Might He not even yet come, strong as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners? With eyes dimmed with watching they looked across the snowy prairie for Him who once came in poverty, to return in majesty and glory.

But He came not, and in sorrow and silence they returned to their villages.

And thus ended the latest of the Crusades.

This house at Yorkton is a fair type of the Doukhobor dwelling. The walls are plastered with mud and the interior washed with calcined limestone.

JUST A MOTH—

by

Frank Gassaway

THE spacious billiard-room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel was crowded with the usual contingent of guests and men-about-town, and resounded with the click of the balls and the voices of the coatless and cuffless players—for the evening was warm—as they sipped their juleps, chalked their cues and bent over the tables.

In adjoining arm-chairs of the row that extends around the walls sat two well-dressed and prosperous-looking gentlemen. Both on the sunny side of sixty, both placidly smoking and watching the game at the table directly before them with a sort of abstracted interest, it was easy to designate them as traveling business men intent upon killing an hour or two before bedtime.

As one of these onlookers gave a critically approving nod as a difficult massé shot was executed by a player, his neighbor said: "That was well done, eh? I know nothing of the game myself."

"Fairly," replied the other, courteously offering a fresh cigar to the first speaker, "I am something of a judge, although I have not touched a cue for nearly thirty years. In fact, I was a professional player once, but—excuse me," and suddenly rising he approached the billiard table. Hovering over it was a moth, evidently consumed with a desire to become a burnt offering to the gas jets above. With considerable trouble, and gravely ignoring the astonishment of the players, the elderly gentleman caught the insect and carrying it gently to the window, put it out.

As he returned to his seat his neighbor, who had taken him for a hard-headed bank president at the very least, said with a puzzled look: "Did I understand you were a professional billiard player once?"

"Yes," replied the other, solemnly. "That was a long time ago, thank Heaven! The last game I played was with Death for an opponent. And it was through no skill or merit of mine that I am here to tell the tale."

The listener glanced at the insect deliverer curiously, but there was no suggestion of an unbalanced mind in the shrewd but frank and kindly face of the speaker.

"I'm sure it must be a story worth the telling. I presume you are, like myself, a traveler, with some idle moments on your hands. Would you mind?"

"Well, no," said the ex-billiardist, glancing thoughtfully about the room, "though perhaps it were better I told it to some of the young fellows I see here. I shall have to begin a long ways off, however. But first,"—and taking out his case he exchanged cards with his auditor, "let me say that my name is Strong—John Strong, of Chicago. My father was the owner, thirty years ago, of a large draying business in that city. But he had over-speculated in real estate—in the direction the city didn't seem to want to go at that time—and when he died on the heels of his bankruptcy I found myself called home from college and practically turned adrift on my own resources.

"These were small, indeed. A fair education, considerable proficiency in pole-vaulting and baseball, the college championship at billiards, and a few hundreds left from the sale of my father's business, made a scanty aggregate for a start in life.

"Perhaps I was too sensitive and easily disheartened by my repeated failures to obtain employment, but the result was that I turned instinctively to the one thing I really did well—billiards was a passion with me—and tried to console

myself with the idea that, if good for nothing else, I might one day achieve fame and fortune as a professional billiard player. I was soured and bitter, as you can see.

"Now, I suppose that two out of every three young men pass through the billiard fever, and most of them recover from it without ever realizing the fact that great players, like poets, are born, not made.

"Enthusiasm, steady practice, and an expenditure of two or three thousand dollars may produce a more or less clever player, but to become a Schaffer, a Slosson, or an Ives, requires an inborn gift in the same sense that a sculptor does, or a painter.

"I didn't know all this then, and though I more than held my own with the local experts, and even took the state championship for a season, there was little profit in my playing.

"Billiards were in great vogue then, you must remember, and a 'Tournament' made almost as much excitement as football does now. But I was always making matches with some of the second-rate professionals just a little better than myself, and each game I lost brought me a peg further down in reputation and resources.

"Every now and then I would make a spasmodic struggle to break away from the miserable life I was leading, but even the few old friends of my father turned away from the now well-known habitue of saloons with the stereotyped cold, 'Will let you know if anything turns up.' It was too late.

"And so things went from bad to worse until, after three years of that sort of thing, I knew there was no more wretched, shabby, hopeless being in all the land than I. Everything that made life worth living had dropped away from me—health—ambition—self-respect—even hope.

"Sometimes I made a few dollars acting as 'marker,' or by assisting at the bars. Sometimes I was a night watchman, or swept saloon floors for my bare food.

"And at this sorry pass, to add the finishing touch to everything, I fell in love.

"It would seem that Fate had done its very worst without this cruel climax, but so it was, all the same.

"There was a large, cheap restaurant where I took my scanty meals, when I took any, and its cashier was simply the daintiest, prettiest little girl I had ever seen. She was so demure and businesslike that I never supposed she even noticed me when she turned her big, soft, brown eyes in my direction, though I simply couldn't help staring at her with every other mouthful.

"It was easy to see that she was both well-born and well-bred, and it was wonderful to behold the tact with which she turned aside or ignored the compliments and advances of some of the bolder men customers.

"There was one, especially a southside gambler, whose leers and familiarities as he paid his checks had often made me feel like kicking him. One night as I passed out I saw this tough character lurking about the window, and I could not restrain an impulse to watch his movements.

"He followed the girl when the place closed, and in a dark street near her home—she lived in a distant part of the city—he suddenly caught up with her and put his arm about her waist.

"I wasn't very much in training then, but I hadn't forgotten all of my college sparring lessons, and—well, I had him 'out,' as they say nowadays, and senseless in ten seconds.

"'Thank you, Mr. Strong,' she said when I left her at her door. 'Come around to see me to-morrow evening and I will *begin* to thank you.'

"That was how it began. How a girl like that could ever come to care for a hopeless, spiritless wreck such as I was, I have never been able to understand. I suppose there is a special angel up above to engineer such miracles as that.

"In a week I was in love for good and all. I had no right to be, but I was perfectly honest with Kit—her name was Kitty Oakes—and told her the whole truth. And it staggered me the way she made little of my miserable condition, and insisted that I was sure to find good employment in time. She braced me up and comforted me in

many ways, and made me understand why Heaven had put good, true-hearted women into this world.

"Anyhow, she gave me a little new courage to keep up the hard fight, and many a night I could barely drag one foot after another so tired I was in chasing every chance of work I saw advertised in the newspapers.

"But Kitty's mother—she was a widow who had lost everything by the failure of one of the big insurance companies—had other views, and soon gave me to understand that my visits were unwelcome.

"But she had to work just as hard as Kit to keep the wolf from their door, and, naturally, she looked to her daughter, with her beauty and attractiveness, to better her condition—and I didn't blame her in the least.

"After that I ceased calling, though I walked home with Kit every night after her work was done.

"One evening I told her I had at last been promised a job the next day, and she was so happy over the news that when the next day came and I found once more that the place had been given to a stronger and less shabby man than myself, I broke down completely. I felt that the end had come at last—there was no use struggling any longer.

"I hadn't the heart to see Kit that night, but instead walked down to that horrible stream, the Chicago river, and sat half the night staring at its foul and murky waters. I knew then that my life was but a question of hours.

"It was late when I turned to go to my bed in the loft of a livery stable, where one of the hostlers had allowed me to sleep. I had eaten nothing that day, and now a fever that of late had troubled me gave place to a sickening chill, and my teeth chattered as I slunk along Madison Street.

"I was wondering whether the best way out of it all were not through the City Hospital, when I felt my arms grasped on both sides, and before I understood what had happened I was pushed into and through a fashionable restaurant by two men. They took me to a private room, where, as drinks and a good supper were being ordered by them, I recognized one of the pair as Steve Bolton, then the sporting man *par excellence* of the Middle West.

"He was what would be called a 'plunger' nowadays. A backer of big fights—a man who would bet twenty thousand on a racehorse. He was as shrewd, however, as he was bold, and had made a fortune on the turf and off. A good part of his success he owed to the fact that he was known as an absolutely 'square' sport, as the larger betting men usually are, I think. His word was as good as a bond, and his mere nod a sufficient guarantee to a bookmaker for a wager of any size.

"As I began eating with as little show of eagerness as possible, and staring at the two men as in a dream, Bolton said: 'Been looking for you all day, Strong. Got a good thing for you, my lad.'

"'For me?' I mumbled. 'Yes. There's a young swell here who inherited a big fortune recently. He's an amateur billiardist—one of those tony East-side club fellows, you know. Plays a first-class gentleman's game, and thinks he knows it all. Now he's got it into his head that he wants to beat a professional—they all get that notion some time, as you've probably noticed—and I always try to accommodate 'em. I told him about you, ex-state champion, and all that, and it seems he saw you play at the big tournament a year ago—time that Louisville man beat you so badly, you remember. So he bit, and I made a match between you—five hundred points, three-ball game, for $5,000 a side. A little easy money, don't you see?'

"'No, I don't see,' I replied bitterly. 'I couldn't beat a hayseeder now.'

"'What drivel!' said Bolton. 'You know what these gentlemen amateurs are. This one plays the usual sky-rocket game, with a 'phenomenal' run now and then when everything is going his way. But put him in a match, with a big stake up and a big crowd looking on, and he'll go all to pieces the very first miss he makes.'

"I shook my head. 'Better pay forfeit and call it off. You'd only lose your money.'

"'You haven't lost your touch, have you?'

"'Worse than that,' I answered. 'I'm broken down. Gone all to nothing.'

"'Oh, pshaw! You've lost a match or two since I was here last, I suppose,' said Bolton, 'and you're down on your luck, eh? All the same you ought to beat this fellow in a walk. Now, look here, I'll grub-stake you, give you money to practice with for a week, and—well—$500 when you win. How's that?'

"I shook my head again. I would have given a year's life for such a chance once, but now—

"'This chap's club friends have no end of money, too,' went on the big sporting man, 'and I can get on about twenty thousand more in side bets at even money, or better. It's too good a thing to let slip.'

"'Twenty-five thousand, and I get five hundred,' I said, more by way of hiding my misery than anything else. 'What's to prevent my saying yes to you and then seeing Red Murphy?'

"Now, Murphy was an equally noted betting man, but with this difference. While Bolton was ranked as 'square,' Murphy was notorious as the crookedest of 'crooks.' The sort of operator who bribes the favorite in a prize-fight to throw the match, or a jockey to pull a horse. He was an adept at what is known as the 'double cross.' Of course, I had no intention of playing unfairly, for, whatever else I had done, I had never done that.

"Just the same, however, Bolton heard my silly speech with unruffled composure, as though such things were merely a part of the game. Then he looked at his thus far silent partner inquiringly, and the latter said:—

"'The boy's right, pard. It isn't business to try to pull off twenty-five thousand on a percentage like that. Let him have the swell's part of the stake. That'll hold him level.'

"'It's a go,' finally assented Bolton, 'we'll clean up over twenty thousand even at that.'

"And the upshot was that, in spite of my gloomy protests, they insisted on taking all the risks, and I agreed to play. I suppose, too, that I was so utterly undone, so starved in both mind and body, that the thought of even a few days' plenty and comfort was a temptation impossible for me to resist.

"So for the next week I tried to build myself up and to practice, though it was easy to see what a mere remnant of my old skill and confidence remained.

"But I kept away from Kitty, just the same. I knew that just as soon as the game was over I should carry out my fixed resolve, and meanwhile I would rather she'd think I had left the city

Drawn by Howard Giles.

She turned her big brown eyes in my direction.

without a word than have her anxious eyes read in mine the thing that was to come.

"And when, after what seemed an eternity of waiting, the night of the match arrived and I went to the crowded hall, I stood outside and read with grim irony my name printed for the last time in big letters on the posters at the door, and that John Strong, the ex-champion, would play the concluding event with an 'Unknown Amateur.'

"It would be several hours before our turn came, and so, with something of the feeling one has in attending a funeral, I walked out and paused before the house in which I was born. I tried to recall each room as I had last seen it, and to place in them my father's kindly face, and the gentle, though dimmer, vision of my mother's.

"Then, pursuing the same train of thought, I kept on until I passed the great yard and stables my father had once owned. Just then a man came out of the old office and began tacking a notice on its door. I read that the widow of the just deceased owner wished to dispose of the business, stock, drays, etc., for forty-five hundred dollars, as she was about leaving the city.

"Oddly enough the smallness of the sum irritated me. I had heard that the old business had greatly run down through the neglect of the last owner, but I knew enough about it—it was about all I did know in a business way—to be sure that at the worst it should pay a clear profit of a hundred a week. Its purchaser would get back his outlay in a single year I mused, and I was glad my father was not alive to see such a sorry outcome of his years of labor.

"When I reached the hall again they were calling my name, and my opponent was being loudly cheered by the crowd of club men present as he took off his coat and removed his collar and cuffs. He was a handsome, dashing-looking man-about-town, several years my senior, but looking half my age, for as I passed a mirror it reflected what seemed an emaciated old man, with haggard face, white lips and dark-ringed eyes that glowed like a panther's in the night.

"We 'banked' for the lead off.

"Certain as the outcome seemed I had hoped, somehow, to have the first innings. I must have had a forlorn idea that if by any lucky chance I could make a fair run at the very start it might impair his nerve, and give me at least that advantage.

"But Fate was not done with me yet. His ball stopped just a shade nearer the rail than mine and he began the game.

"He was an excellent player of the brilliant, mercurial type. Every hazardous shot he made—and out of pure bravado he took unnecessary chances more than once—seemed but to increase his effectiveness. To add to this he was marvelously lucky, and luck is something no skill can discount. When he finally missed he had scored 105, a run worthy of one of the crack professionals, and he was loudly cheered by the audience.

"I think the fever must have come back on me just then, for it took the last ounce of my will power to rise to my feet and begin to play. I missed at the twenty-eighth shot and sat down with a pitiful smile at Bolton, as though to say, 'You see how it is.'

"The 'Unknown' ran sixty and then I forty. Then he miscued after a few points and sat down laughing, as though it made little difference with the result, anyway.

"This was a bit of luck that once I would have used to good purpose. But my cue shook in my hand like a leaf in the wind. The chill had come now, and, though I clenched my teeth in an agony of effort to steady my muscles, I missed at the third stroke—an easy one, too.

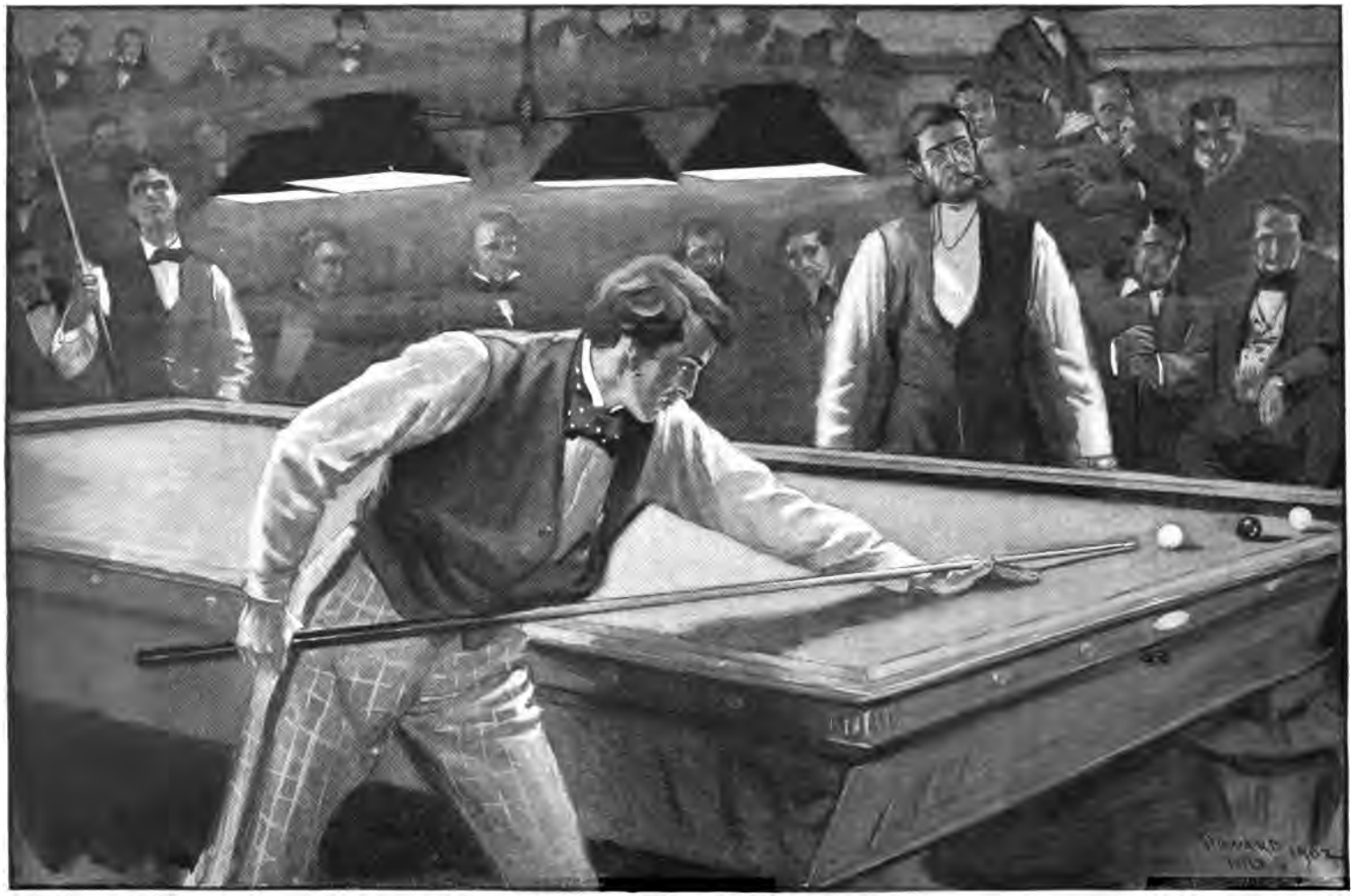
"This was the last straw. I staggered somehow to my seat, and gripped my cue with all my failing strength to prevent sinking to the floor.

"My opponent, his cue guided by Fortune herself, began playing again. I sat numbed and dazed—my eyes swam. Now and then the table seemed to stretch out an interminable green plain before me. The balls became giant boulders disturbed by an earthquake.

"After a while my sight cleared and I

Drawn by Howard Giles.

"495—player up!"



I played on and on. *Drawn by Howard Giles.*

looked about with that perfunctory, impersonal interest in trivial things condemned men are said to exhibit. I wondered if the clock on the wall opposite was correct and how many ticks of its minute hand I had yet to live. I watched the mercilessly perfect execution of my antagonist with the critical approval of a mere spectator, and wondered what his inlaid cue cost. I noticed that Bolton leaned wearily back in his chair, his face as imperturbable as ever, but with a hardening of the lines under his white mustache.

"Once I felt a vague resentment because the referee and several others glanced at me so curiously. The steady monotone of the marker sounded like distant machinery. Why did he take the trouble—it was all over.

"Suddenly a tremendous cheer aroused me.

"'495—player up!'

"I looked stolidly at the score board. Yes, he had but five more points to go. I over four hundred.

"There was no use in my rising to continue the farce. Even Bolton would not think it worth while. At my first miss, and I must miss many times in making that many, my opponent would go out. Besides, my cue and both my arms had long since turned to lead. What was the use?

"'Player up!'

"Just then I noticed a miller moth that had been tempting destruction at one of the lights fall on the table before me. One of its wings bore a black smudge where the gas had singed it.

"I don't know how the idea came into my benumbed mind, but somehow I wanted to feel that my last act on earth had been a kind one, if only to an insect.

"And so, catching the little creature as it tried to flutter into danger again, I carried it through the astonished crowd and put it out of the open window.

"As I came back a sudden feeling of peace, of almost happiness, possessed me. The icy coldness had gone. My hand was firm.

"I picked up my cue. I would finish the game and meet defeat—and what came after—like a true soldier, and with a smile.

"The balls were in good position, and after a few shots I had them wedged together in the jaw of the table—there was no 'balk line' rule in those days. I was in a sort of a trance, and I played on and on. Still the balls remained immovable and frozen together in the corner, and I passed backward and forward caroming on them with a gossamer lightness of touch and the mechanical precision of a piston rod. I felt no personal interest in what I was doing—my thoughts were far away.

"But still, through my absorption, now and then came a vague perception that I was 'nursing' with an inspired delicacy and execution I had never possessed in my best days. I forgot where I was, an illusion that was aided by the complete silence that now possessed the spectators.

"A tremendous roar recalled me to earth.

"'*495—and tie!*' repeated the marker, as the applause ceased.

"But for that sudden shock I must surely have run out the score, and won, in another minute.

"As it was I stared, paralyzed, at the score board and gasped for breath!

"Yes, it was true. I had accomplished an almost incredible feat. The scores were tied!

"The object balls were still jammed together in the corner, and even a schoolboy ought to make the remaining five points that would win me the game—life—everything.

"And yet was I equal to even that, with my heart hammering like a sledge on an anvil, my eyes swimming and my hands shaking with the inrush of that sudden hope?

"'Steady, my lad!'

"It was Bolton's voice, and I noticed, as he leaned eagerly forward, that a drop of red from his bitten lip tinged the white edge of his mustache.

"Three times I placed my cue on the table, and three times drew it back with quivering hands. As though some hint of the tragedy that lay underneath had reached it, the audience grew still as death.

"At the fourth effort I delivered the stroke.

"'*496!*'

"Then, bracing myself desperately against the table, I played again.

"'*497!*'

"With hands that twitched as with palsy I chalked my cue to gain time, and muttered something that I hope—I believe—was a prayer.

"'*498!*'

"'*499!*'

"But I had moved the nearer of the object balls a hair's-breadth too much, and although the two staunch little globes that had stood my friends all through that miraculous run were still faithfully clinging side by side, this time it needed a still finer touch to make that last—all vital—shot.

"I had made the like a thousand times, but never with this awful handicap of hope and terror.

"The referee bent over the table, his face but a few inches above the balls, and shading his eyes with his hand.

"As I leaned over my cue I gazed at the ball nearest me with my whole soul in my eyes. I knew I must touch its crimson side like a thistledown only. And as I stared there suddenly looked from its polished surface as from a mirror—you may believe it or not—Kitty's face!

"Her great luminous eyes were fixed on mine, and her red lips were pouted as in a kiss, just where the cue ball must touch as it passed.

"And it did touch them as with a feather's tip, and then tiptoed on and stopped just as the further ball stirred with the soft impact.

"'*500—and game!*'

"But I did not hear the cheers as I reached down and lifted Kitty's ball from the table. Crushed between it and its fellow was that same little flame-scorched moth. It had returned unnoticed and repaid its debt a thousand-fold. For it was its little body that had glued the balls together during all that fabulous run.

"I don't know what happened then, for the room turned black and the table seemed to rise and strike me in the face. When I came to, half an hour afterward, I was lying on a lounge in a back room with my face and hair dripping with ice water. At my side sat Bolton, smoking impatiently, and holding a large notebook in his hand.

"'All right now, Jack? Glad to hear it, as I've got a barrel of bets to collect to-night. There's your share,' and he counted down on my chest ten five hundred dollar greenbacks.

"I clutched the notes feverishly and thrust the hand holding them into the bosom of my shirt. With the other I threw my coat around me and somehow got to my loft, where I fell asleep, clutching my winnings with an iron grip.

"It was noon when I awoke, but in another hour I walked out of the draying office with a bill of sale of the property in my hand. In still another, attired in a decent suit, the inside pocket of which contained a plain gold ring, I stood at my sweetheart's door, for it was her weekly afternoon off.

"Mrs. Oakes drew herself up as she answered my knock—

"'I thought you understood, Mr. Strong—'

"'Not a bit of it,' I cried jubilantly, thrusting the precious document into her hand. 'That was the *other* Mr. Strong. This one is the solvent and respected owner of the Chicago Draying Company.'

"The next minute I was inside, with Kitty's head on my shoulder, and the tears running down both our faces as I told my wondrous story.

"You may be sure the draying business didn't lack pushing after that. It grew like a green bay tree. In fact, I'm afraid I'm a sort of small 'trust' myself, nowadays."

"And little Kitty?"

"Well, I've got out a pocket edition of Kitty since then, and I believe there's a pretty carefully revised reprint of John Strong, Jr., around as well. As for the original Kitty—she rides in her own carriage now, though her friends are a good deal puzzled by the device on its panels."

"Your coat of arms, eh?"

"Not exactly—though I suppose it might stand for that."

"What is it?"

"*Just a moth.*"

A Chinese Fete.

THE CHINAMAN IN THE UNITED STATES

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

IN 1847, a few Chinamen living in Australia were the first of their race to hear that gold abounded in California. In less than a year after the first company of Chinamen had reached the gold fields thousands of the race were working at the mines for $3 a day. To this day the Chinaman calls California *Kum Shon*, or Gold Mountain. In 1852 more than 20,000 yellow men came to California, some of whom engaged in gold digging with great success; but the white men drove them away from every rich claim or robbed them of the gold they had actually extracted from the soil. This brutal treatment disheartened the Chinamen, and in 1867, when the era of railroad construction set in, nearly all of them left the mines to work on the railroads. Thus, though gold was the magnet that drew the first Chinese to California, it was their employment as railroad builders that was responsible for the very large numbers that came later. The work was hard and the pay was small, as compared with the gains of gold-mining, but the railway laborers were in less danger of being robbed or murdered and, furthermore, they were sure of their wages.

When Chinamen who had made money returned to their native land, the imagination of their fellow-countrymen was fired by the sight of their wealth, and in 1868 a great rush of immigrants began. It was estimated that at the end of that year there were at least 150,000 Cantonese Chinamen in California, of whom 30,090 were in San Francisco. Chinese provision merchants, employment agents and labor

An Oriental cradle.

contractors were found all over California. Chinese immigration into California reached its height in 1879, when there were 250,000 in the State. As a natural consequence competition began to reduce wages, and there was much suffering among the immigrants. Many committed suicide and many others just managed to get back to China. Up to this time the Chinese knew nothing of the Eastern States, but supposed that California was the United States and San Francisco the capital of the country. The work on the Union Pacific Railroad made them acquainted with many other States. About 1872 or 1873 several hundred Chinamen were employed in the shoe factories of North Adams, Mass., and others in a cutlery factory of Western Pennsylvania. In 1875, 156 expert Chinese laundry-men were taken to Belleville, N. J., by an American contractor. Then for the first time the Chinese began to learn something of the vast extent and wealth of the United States, and to perceive that one business offered them particularly good opportunities — the laundry business. After their contracts with the factory-owners had expired, instead of returning to China, they opened wash-houses with the money saved from their wages. These laundry-men made money, and, when they had saved enough, returned to China and inspired other Chinamen to follow their example. Thus gradually the Chinaman has made the laundry his exclusive province. It has been estimated that ninety per cent of the Chinamen in the Eastern States and about twenty per cent of those in the Western are laundry-men.

On the Pacific Coast, owing to the scarcity of white laborers and the high wages demanded by them, the Chinese are employed as cooks, domestic servants, gardeners, fruit-pickers, and in many other capacities. Some who have learned English are clerks in banks and importing houses that do business with Chinamen. They also manufacture shoes, cigars, brooms, and do sewing-machine work of various kinds. Being patient, industrious, frugal and temperate, they are valuable laborers, and for these very reasons incur the hatred of the white men, who raise against them the cry of "Cheap Labor." The Chinaman has always been and still is very unpopular among the lower class of white work-people, who feel endangered by his competition and chagrined at the tenacity with which he retains his own habits and customs, refusing to adopt, except to a quite limited extent, American ideas and manners. The Chinese consider that their civilization is the standard civilization of the Orient as the English is of the West, and that their merchants are the most active and energetic in Asia. They think their own social laws quite equal to those of any race and their dress more sensible and comfortable. Hence they show no

Littl ladies of quality.

...ucks, and many other ...dainties by the Chinese ...rticles, on account of ...heavy import duties, are ...no Chinaman considers a menu complete without them. The Chinese merchants export from the United States woolen cloth, flannel, cotton goods, petroleum, ginseng, and many other articles. Shoes and cigars

Imported under false pretenses and held in slavery.

In the fashionable quarter of Chinatown.

ness dull, borrow money and journey to a foreign land in the hope of bettering their lot.

A large proportion of the Chinese in the United States were brought here under contract, their expenses being paid in consideration of an agreement to repay the money advanced. Each large group of emigrants is united in a guild or mutual aid society, with a tong, or hall, as headquarters. The Chinamen in San Francisco have six such unions called the Six Companies, which take charge of the emigrants on their arrival, find lodging and work for them, care for the poor and sick, and send back the bones of the dead to China for permanent burial. Nowadays most of those who come to California from China have friends or relatives with whom they can stay, and from whom they receive such help as they may need. The Companies defend the rights of their countrymen in the law courts and settle differences that may arise between them. They also maintain to a large extent the ancestral worship of idols, every Company having a Joss House or temple. Since the establishment of a Chinese Consulate in San Francisco, the Companies have lost some of their power and importance.

Even to-day, however, no Chinaman may go back to his native country without a permit from his Company showing that he is not trying to evade payment of his debts or of his subscriptions to the Company. The Companies have a large income, which serves to support the idolatrous worship of the Josses and to enrich the leaders. Chinese who become Christians, being unable conscientiously to continue paying dues to the Companies, sever their connection with them and form Christian associations, which prevent any interference with their members when they wish to return home.

Of the Chinamen in the United States perhaps one-twentieth are merchants, who deal chiefly in Chinese products, such as ducks' feet, stuffed with chicken liver wrapped in entrails, dried oysters, shad preserved in oil, pork cured in sugar, dried cabbages, salted turnips,

ancient eggs of ducks, and many other things esteemed dainties by the Chinese palate. These articles, on account of the freight and heavy import duties, are very costly, but no Chinaman considers a menu complete without them. The Chinese merchants export from the United States woolen cloth, flannel, cotton goods, petroleum, ginseng, and many other articles. Shoes and cigars

Imported under false pretenses and held in slavery.

are extensively manufactured by the Chinese, the number of cigarmakers being estimated at several thousands.

Though many Chinamen are scattered about the suburbs of western towns as cooks, household servants or laundry-men, and many others live on ranches or orchards, most of them congregate together as much as possible. In many western cities there is a quarter called "Chinatown," the houses of which, crowded like rabbit-warrens with yellow humanity, wear a squalid, tumble-down, greasy, forlorn air, and are pervaded by a curious, indefinable smell, which is everywhere perceptible and often overpowering. The streets of a Chinese quarter swarm with men, women and children; the shops are adorned with gaudy gilt signs and lanterns of various shapes, sizes and colors. Here and there a blank wall is covered with notices on bright red paper with black letters, which are read

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The cobbler and his shop.

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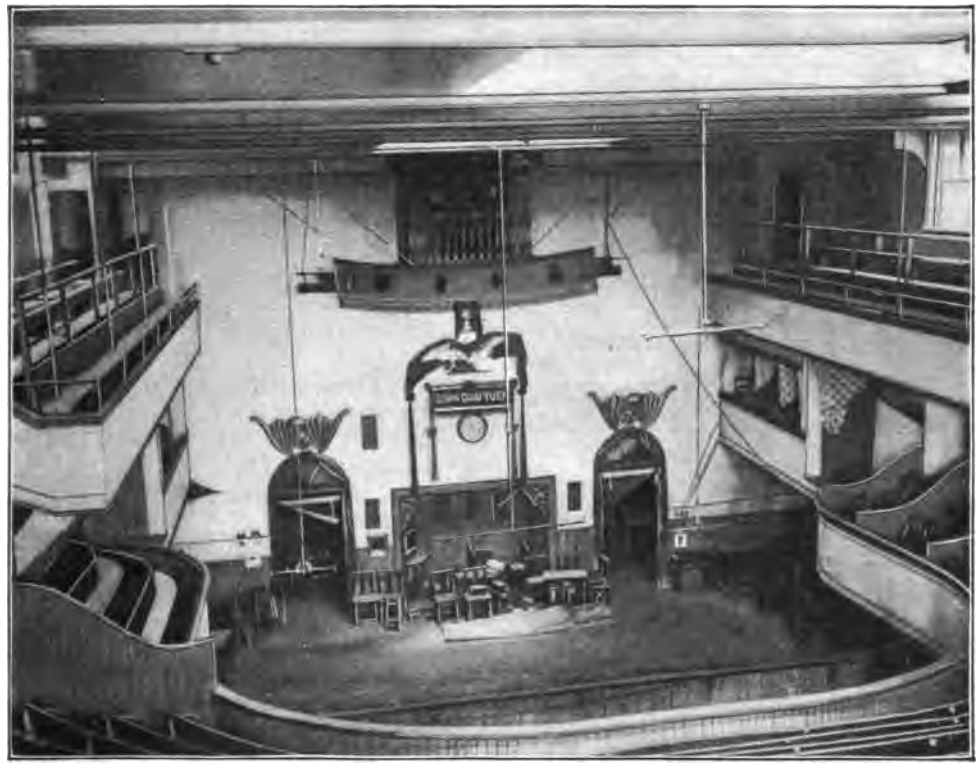
The five idols in the Holy of Holies in the Joss Temple of Lung Jong, San Francisco.



A Chinese Theater. Here plays last for days, and entr'actes are over night.

The real "Yellow Journal." Thirteen thousand characters and one compositor.

with much apparent interest by the Chinamen. On the sidewalks in the front of the stores are stalls, where fruit, vegetables and edibles of unfamiliar and unprepossessing appearance are exposed for sale. In the doorways and corners tailors and cobblers ply their trades. A fortune-teller sits at a little table, on the wall behind which a large notice sets forth his powers and pretentions.

The proprietor of a drug store is frequently a physician, wearing large-rimmed spectacles and assuming a mysterious air. Among his curative agents are powdered beetles, cock-roaches, skins of caterpillars, snakes' bones, lizards, deer-horns and the blood of toads. The drug ginseng is found in every store, and is believed to be a preservative of youth.

The restaurants occupy the upper floors of three-storied buildings, and are distinguished by gaily painted and gilded balconies, adorned with rows of great lanterns. The rooms are decorated with handsome Chinese furniture and elaborately carved screens. Here the rich Chinamen give big dinners with many courses and musical accompaniments. The eating-houses for poor Chinamen are chiefly in cellars, and are rudely furnished. The merchants have their own kitchens, and eat their meals at the back of their shops, helping themselves from a large dish placed in the center of the small table, and using chop-sticks.

It has been said, and with truth, that the Chinaman in the United States does not even change his tailor or his barber. Through the windows of the barbers' shops you may see Chinamen having their heads and foreheads shaved, their scanty beards trimmed, their queues combed and braided with silk to increase the length, and other toilet operations performed, such as pounding the back, cleaning the eye-balls, and scraping the ears. The queue is universally worn in China, having been introduced by the Tartars as a badge of subjection when they conquered China, and having since

The apothecary deals in powdered beetles, snake-bones, lizards, toad's-blood, and other tonics.

become merely a national custom. Some Chinamen in the United States dispense with the queue, but let it grow again when they are about to visit their native land. When at work the queue is often coiled on the top of the head. The Chinaman ordinarily dresses in dark, wide and rather short pantaloons, with a dark blue, collarless blouse, having sleeves so long they have to be turned back at the wrist so as to form a broad cuff. He wears thick-soled Chinese shoes of white leather, with embroidered tips, and a skull-cap of black satin, with a colored silk button at the top. Often he wears trousers of dark cloth, made in the American style, and a soft felt hat, black, and with a moderately-wide flat rim. When he takes his walks abroad his pig-tail hangs down his back, making his blouse unpleasantly greasy between the shoulder-blades. The higher-class Chinaman wears silk pantaloons, often of a lavender shade, fastened at the ankles with tapes, a silk blouse and a handsome skirt cut open at the sides. The silks are either plain or figured, and are of fine quality. The characteristic detail of the Chinese dress is that the shirt is worn outside the trousers and has no collar. The blouse is fastened in front with loops over tiny metal buttons. A few Chinamen, born and educated in the United States, have no pig-tail, and wear garments like those of an ordinary American. The women wear a blouse and wide pantaloons of a shiny black material, with bands of colored embroidery round the bottoms of the pantaloons and the flowing sleeves of the blouse. Their hair is plastered close to the head and ornamented with artificial flowers.

When a Chinaman dies his body is dressed in his best clothes and laid on the coffin; pigs roasted whole and other viands are spread out to feed the spirits of the dead, and in many cases mourners are hired to chant the praises of the deceased. When the ceremony is over the body is placed in the coffin, and the procession moves out to the cemetery. Children dressed in white often walk barefooted behind the c

of their father or mother. Strips of brown paper pierced with holes are scattered along the road to keep off any bad spirits that may be hovering near.

The Chinaman, though hard-working and frugal in the highest degree, is rarely free from the vices of gambling and opium-smoking. In a city there is an exodus of Chinese house-servants every night from the suburbs to the Chinese quarter, and if one happens to be out late one will certainly see Chinamen stealing quietly to their employers' homes after a night of gambling and dissipation. But in the morning the inscrutable Oriental will be ready with breakfast just as usual. In the country, if a place is too small to have a special quarter set aside for the yellow man, the laundries serve as club-rooms, where they smoke and chat volubly about Heaven knows what.

The Chinese are idolators, and have temples containing the images of noble characters, whom they ask to present their petitions to the Great Being "Shing," who dwells somewhere in the sky. Roasted pigs, chickens and sweetmeats are presented to the "Joss," in whose honor candles are lighted, incense and joss sticks burned. The worshipper kneels and touches the floor with his head as he utters his prayer.

In every Chinese quarter are underground opium dens, to which narrow flights of tottering stairs lead. They are deathly still, and the atmosphere reeks with the fumes of the drug. Each smoker lies on a rude couch, with the materials for smoking on a small table at his side. These consist of the pipe, a vessel containing the opium, which is a dark viscid liquid, an iron point, and a small lamp. The smoker dips the point into the opium, and, taking up a globule of it, holds it in the flame, turning it over and over; at the right moment he transfers it to the tiny pipe bowl, draws one or two deep inhalations, and sinks back upon his bunk. Every lodging-house, restaurant and guild-hall supplies facilities for indulgence in the drug. The Chinaman's favorite drink is tea, though he has a

The funeral of a Chinaman in America has a cosmopolitan aspect.

Copyright, Charles Wichener.

A teller of Chinese fortunes.

spirit called "Samshoo," which is distilled from rice, and drunk from small cups hardly larger than thimbles. In its effect on a community opium-smoking is less harmful than strong drink, for it does not incite to violence and crime, but the continued use of it saps a man's energy and vitality. The opium-smoker is apt to become listless and indolent; he loses his appetite for food and his taste for hard work, spends most of his time on the opium couch, and at last falls completely under the tyranny of the drug. The amount regularly imported and paying duty at the Custom house has amounted to 120,000 pounds in the year, to say nothing of that which is smuggled in.

The Chinese have many societies and trades-unions, as of cigarmakers, laundry-men, shoemakers, sewing-machine workers, shirtmakers, etc. These unions regulate wages, settle disputes between employer and employee, protect their members against injustice on the part of white men, and provide them with work. Though at first there was no restriction at all with regard to a Chinaman coming into the United States, the Geary law, enacted in 1892, forbids all but merchants, officials, students, teachers and travelers to enter the country. Under this exclusion act the Chinese suffer very serious hardships, for on landing in the United States they are penned up like sheep in a shed on a wharf for days, until each can find the two white witnesses necessary to prove his right to land.

Under the operation of the exclusion act the number of Chinese immigrants will be materially reduced, and, as many of the Chinamen already in the country will die here or return to China after making competencies or fortunes, the Chinese in the United States will gradually almost disappear.

There is so little real commingling of the Chinese with their white neighbors that each learns scarcely anything from the other. Occasionally a Chinaman is found who wears his hair short, dresses like an American and speaks English well, but how far the Americanizing process has really affected his mind and heart is hard to say. He is probably only a clever, tricky and unscrupulous yellow man, pretending to be white for his own profit.

The temporary graves on American soil.

THE ADVENTURER IN SPAIN*

By S. R. CROCKETT

The "Adventurer in Spain" is Mr. Crockett himself, and the adventures, which will appear serially in this magazine, are experiences of his own and of the acquaintances he makes. Each adventure is entirely complete in itself, and may be read without reference to what precedes or follows. The occasional photographs which are sprinkled through the story were taken for this magazine by the author on his travels.—*The Editors.*

THE ADVENTURE OF DONNA ISADRA.

S I saw it then, the little graveyard of the ancient Abbey of San Severino lay flooded with sunlight, dreaming in the mellow afternoon languor. But under the shadow of the cloister wall there was still a blue swathe of coolness. For the high airs of the central chain visited it on their road across to the Canigou, and in particular stirred the yellow lily heads which were ranked thickly about one grave, with a faint, continuous rustling. Beside it sat Donna Isadra.

My instinct was to withdraw softly, but the movement of her hands stopped me. She stretched them out over the low grassy mound with a little pathetic movement, at once wistful and unconscious, which I had never seen except in the dying or those in the grasp of mortal weakness. I ought to have gone away, yet I could not choose but look.

She murmured something in a caressing tone, of which I could only distinguish the words "Speak to me!" The girl was making an appeal to some one unseen—present indeed to her mind and perhaps to her eye-sight, but to all the rest of the world, laid at rest under that green sod.

I turned and was moving away on tiptoe. But, even as I did so, Don Emmanuel appeared from the abbey chapel by some door which I could not see, and, going up to his daughter, he touched her with gentleness on the shoulder. I think I have never seen so wrapt a face as she raised to him. It was like that of an angel on a rood-screen, and shining all over with fulfilled and heavenly desire.

"He has spoken—he has answered!" she said, nodding joyously to her father. And what made the look of happiness on the girl's worn face more remarkable—the tears were still running freely down her cheeks. They fell upon her father's hand, and he let them abide there. I slipped quietly away, but as I went I could hear him coaxing her to return to her chamber out of the heat of the sun.

"Yes, I can go now," she said, laughing a little, "he has not forgotten Isadra!"

I affected not to observe the pair, and drawing out my note-book made bold to sketch the complicated leer of a fallen gargoyle. But as soon as she saw me Donna Isadra left her father's hand, and running across the grass she touched my arm, saying, "He also did that! He is his countryman. Perhaps he knew my Don Richard Vincent, this English stranger?"

"No, no, my daughter," said Don Emmanuel, following her with the gentlest expostulation, "it was all long ago—"

"Long ago!" cried the girl, flashing out at him almost angrily, "why, he has just spoken to me! There! Where the lilies are yellow!"

She pointed back to the entrance to the graveyard with one hand, grasping my arm meantime with the other. "Come with me and you shall hear for yourself," she said, "come Englishman. He will not speak before—*him* (pointing to her father) because he never liked my Don Richard. Ah—stand back from me—off—off! Had it not been for you, he might have been stand-

* Copyright, 1903, by S. R. Crockett.

ing beside me in the dear, warm flesh instead of lying yonder—dead!"

Then it was pitiful to see the stern old man trying to take her hand with soft murmurs of deprecation, like one who pleads with a sick child.

"Come," she said, without taking any notice of him, but still smiling at me and laying her thin fingers on my sleeve, "come. I bid you. He will speak to you. He speaks most in the morning, very early, when the mists are on the hills! And when he is most pleased with me—when I am happy and content to go on waiting—then, ah! then, he will speak to me at any hour of the day. But it is not often like that. For I fret—I weary—I am not good. And then he is silent. He will not speak. He is angry with his Isadra!"

I looked up at Don Emmanuel, and through the bitter pain on the old man's face I could see his signal to me. "Yes," it said, "go—do not cross her!"

So I went with the woman whom God had stricken, I knew not how. Her father followed heavily after, his haggard face bent on the ground. But she stopped him imperiously at the gate.

"No farther," she said, "stand back! Once already have you sent him away. That is enough ill to do for one day, surely—*man that was my father!*"

We walked across a space of grass dazzling in the sunshine. In the midst the girl gave a little cry, and running, she flung herself down on the tomb. Her hands were clasped in an ecstasy.

"He is pleased with me to-day," she said, in a low, strained voice, like one who fears to wake a patient sick unto death, "he called even before I came near. It is because he has something to say in his own tongue—something that I could not understand—though he began to teach me English. Yes—" (she turned quick as some feline creature to me), "*I can spikk Engliss. I lova you witha my heart, Deek, mine Deek!*"

She laughed merrily and clapped her hands at her success and at my aston-

Photograph by the author.

The mellow languor of the afternoon.

Photograph by the author.

Under the shadow of the cloister wall.

ishment. Then she spoke again in her own tongue.

"I have not forgotten—no, Isadra has not forgotten one word he ever said. But his own language! He loves that! Listen, I bid you!"

And pulling me down to my knees, she signed that I too must hearken, watching me all the time with the most pathetic anxiety in her face.

"You hear his voice?" she repeated, all her soul in her words. I nodded. Then an air of infinite relief came over her face. "And they say it is fantasy—that no one can hear him but Isadra! Carmen sometimes says she hears, but then when I ask her she cannot tell me what he says. Perhaps because he speaks English when she comes near. But you hear—you understand! You are of his nation. What does 'Dick mine' say?"

"He says, 'I love Isadra!'" I answered.

She nodded gaily, "I know—I know—but the rest? Quick, tell me the rest!"

"'I shall love Isadra for ever!' That is what he says," I continued. And I do not think I lied.

She cast one searching, wistful glance up at my face, and then rising, clasped her hands as she had done upon entering.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, "that is what he always used to tell me! But afterwards he says other things. Listen, he is speaking again."

But I heard only the rustle of the hill-wind among the daffodils. I had no interpretation. The girl turned to me again. Twenty years seemed taken from her age. She looked over her shoulder to see if Don Emmanuel was within hearing distance, and then she began to speak in my ear hastily and confidentially.

"You think it strange that he whispers, but that is because he only wishes to be heard by those he loves—those who trust him. They do not believe—*these*."

With a large gesture of contempt she took in the buildings of San Severino and all their inhabitants. Then with another quick change of mood she sat

down and pulled a piece of embroidery out of her pocket.

"Ivy leaves, you see," she said, "you can guess why. He used to bring me one every time he came, to wear in my hair. They did not fade like flowers or change with the seasons. 'They are like my love for you!' he said. And he spoke truth. So I have planted them beside his grave, and they do not change. The lilies alter, but not they. So when I need company I bring my work, and we sit and gossip like two friends—he under and I above. That is sweet, when death itself does not alter love. Is it so in your country?"

But I had no words to answer her with.

"They think I am mad," she went on, smiling, "he thinks so—Don Emmanuel—they all think so. This is because they are afraid of the dead. They are afraid to die. Thrice blessed Maria, if they but knew—*Life, not Death, is the thing to be feared*—to have to go on living when you pray for death! Why should I be afraid of 'Dick mine' *now*, when I loved him so much alive—*before—that—happened—which—happened?*"

The last words were spoken slow and distinct, like the tolling of a passing bell.

At the porch, withdrawn into a little recess, Don Emmanuel was waiting for me. His fine, large-featured forth-looking face appeared drawn and well-nigh desperate. The pain of his soul had marked it deep and large. Upon the instant I resolved what I must do. A stranger should not intermeddle with the grief of such a household. For there is no sorrow like that when a beloved object turns without cause from its own. And here, for aught I knew, there might be cause enough.

To my surprise it was Don Emmanuel who began to speak of that which had taken place within the cemetery. His mood, his very manner was altered, from those of the dignified patriarch of the house. He spoke hastily, almost as it were, in deprecation of any harsh judgment on my part.

Photograph by the author.

Back to the entrance of the graveyard.

"I thank you, sir," he said, "for your forbearance in thus humoring the delusion of my unhappy daughter. Heretic or not, what you do to help her will be reckoned to you for righteousness. Of that make no doubt. Since you have thus, by no fault of your own (or of mine) been brought into our sorrow, I judge it necessary that you should know the truth."

"Don Emmanuel," I said hastily, "I beg that you will not feel compelled to tell me anything whatever. I will immediately take my departure. I am a wanderer, and I can only hope that you will forgive my unintentional intrusion and accept a thousand thanks for your most gracious hospitalities!"

"Ill merited are your thanks as yet," said the old man, "but I beg that you will continue to accept of the poor cheer which San Severino can offer in these degenerate days. It is but little that Emmanuel Sebastian can do for his guest now. But I tell you plainly, if Isadra, my daughter, is of the mind to give vent to her troubles by talking

with you—by speaking of—the man whose love has brought her thus low—it may be the happiest day that hath dawned, not only for her brethren in the hall, but for me, her father, who now pleads with you—being ashamed to beg so much from a stranger."

Thus talking we passed out of the great gate of the monastery, our feet following a well-trodden path through a dell where the wild thyme scented every yard with its fragrance, mingling with the blown resin-tang of the pine needles on either side. In a little while the path began to mount steeply, then it turned sharply round a pinnacle of rock, and lo! beneath us lay stretched out a long pass, almost a defile, cleft through the heart of the mountains towards Andorra, the snow-capped summits of the Eastern Pyrenees and the triple crests of the Canigou guarding it, one on either side.

Mechanically Don Emmanuel sat down, and then rising hastily again he offered me the seat on the smooth slab of stone, which, as I perceived from scratchings upon it and the hard-trodden look of the earth all about, had long served as a look-out post.

"This was the beginning of our sorrow," he said, looking away into the distance through the haze which surrounded him. "In the last years of the war, when Carlos, our king, was once more betrayed by his own, this, our Isadra, my daugher, was merry and young even as is Carmen, her sister, this day. But, to these old eyes at least, far more beautiful than Carmen (a good girl and a golden) will ever claim to be. And many were they who thought so.

"But our Isadra cared for none of these, neither for king nor princes. Scarcely would she wave her hand to them. For we of the north are not as the men of the south, who shut up their women-folk. Only, be it said, the maid had four brothers—and a father. There was no fear.

"Nor was there—from without. But I had forgotten that a woman's heart is always taken from within. There is a traitor who unbars the door and lets in the foe. Which thing not fathers nor many brethren standing about can prevent.

"And so it was with Isadra.

"For when the days were full, came an Englishman, one Richard Vincent, young, good to look upon, bold, too, standing in fear of nothing.

"He was excellent family, this Englishman, and came with recommendations from the highest quarters. He was ready with his tongue, too, and with his pen; had been in Spanish America and spoke our Castilian with the South American accent—but as all now know, to the best purposes for himself.

"So it chanced that while Don Carlos

Photograph by the author.

Mechanically Don Emmanuel sat down.

abode at San Severino, and Don Jaime, of Parma, came daily from the camps, going to and fro, this Don Richard Vincent, the Englishman, used our house as his own, and—what none had ever done before—cast the glamour of love upon the young maid, Isadra."

Don Emmanuel thought a while, and I began to fear that he did not mean to tell me any more.

"But to give the dog his due," he went on at last, hastily, like one who has won a victory over himself, "in love the Englishman was true—yes, steel true, and I blame not any woman for thinking so. Only toward men and to the salt he ate, was he false.

"Briefly, it came to this. There was a leakage somewhere of the secrets of the king. His plans were betrayed to his enemies. Did we make a march, lo! we were forestalled, and the troops fell into an ambush. Our convoys of ammunition were captured in the passes. Our smugglers were waylaid. Our hidden guns fell into the hands of an enemy so crass, that we knew well they could never have found them out for themselves. And all this befel not once, nor twice—no, nor a hundred times.

"Till one day the king, and he who was far wiser than the king even Don Jaime of Parma the king's brother-in-law, came to me to take my council.

"'It is among your own folk that the matter lies,' I said, 'among these incomers who are more to you than any score of faithful subjects. The traitor is one of them! Go find him for your selves!'

"Then said Don Jaime: 'Let us watch those who go out from us with despatches—to General Elio at Jaca, and to the army before Bilboa. For since no more than one in six of our messengers ever returns, and but one in three ever delivers his despatches, it is possible that some, mistaking the camp, may deliver them instead to the Alfonsist generals.'

"And one morning very early, lying out on the shoulder of the hill where it slopes down to Poblet, I saw one that had been a follower of our camp. He walked furtively, and ever as he went he twisted his neck to see behind him. So I knew the man and summoned him to stop. But at the first sound of my voice, he ran. For the fear of guilt was on him. Now, I was lying prone, with my rifle sighted on a rock a hundred yards ahead of him, which I knew he must needs pass. And as he went by the bullet overtook him and he fell on his face.

"But the despatches which were found upon him were written in the handwriting of Richard Vincent, the Englishman, and in his language. There was the list of our forces, their dispositions, together with the plans which had been decided upon only the night before in the king's tent. And that which would prove whether the Englishman was a traitor or no, an appointment for that very night within the ruins of Poblet with an Alfonsist officer. Now, with a Spaniard, the writing in a man's own style and rubication would have proved that man's innocence. For at such a time no man of sense would sign a letter to his own mother, save with a name agreed upon and that not his own—by no means his own. But with the English, one cannot tell what they will do. Now in this I was unlucky. The messenger being dead, there was none from whom to demand explanation.

"And so that night we watched within the ruin which thirty years before the reds had made of Poblet, my eldest son Matthew and I, Emmanuel Sebastian. You know Poblet—yes? Well, then we lay behind the great retablo, looking out through the broken porch into the court where the roses blow all the summer long, and along the dark arcades where the monks walked, clad in white, each with four quarterings proven upon his shield on the refectory wall.

"But all that was long past, and Matthew and I lay silent, with the lizards creeping cold and furtive over us, so still we were.

"Half an hour from midnight there entered an officer in the blouse of a laborer. From the direction of Montblanch he came where the Alfonsist army lay. But we knew by the setting of his shoulders, the drilled look, who

Drawn by Cal San Ora. *Half-tone plate engraved by George M. Lewis.*

"He fought like the Seven Sons of Aymon."

he was. Then after waiting an hour for him there came another, proud, without disguise even, as I had seen him at the assaulting of Pamplona. And when the moonlight shone on his face—lo! it was this our Englishman, the favorite of the King Don Carlos, our sometime guest of San Severino.

"And at the moment I heard Matthew stirring by my shoulder. I knew that he would shoot. Also that if he shot he would slay. So I whispered to him, 'Hold, take the other, the Alfonsist! For he might escape on trial, being in uniform and not within our lines. But the Englishman shall die in any case. Therefore let us capture him alive. There are many secrets under his boina!'

"So having shot the Alfonsist almost at point-blank, we sprang upon the Englishman, and, if we had not first clubbed him in the first surprise with the butts of our rifles, the two of us together had not been able to take him. For, indeed he fought like the Seven Sons of Aymon!

"But at the end of five minutes we held him, thong-tied hand and foot, and at our mercy. Then I set myself to question him before we slew him. Nor did he deny. Only he asked for time to settle his affairs before he died.

"Then we put it to him why he had come among us to betray us. And he smiled and said, 'It was an order. It was necessary for someone to go. How could I command another to do that which I dared not do myself?'

"After some while he asked a question which made me think.

"'And what, pray you, sirs,' he said, 'is your own practice? Don Carlos hath (or rather had, for I found out most of their names) spies in the camp of the Nationalists. It is a necessity in all wars—the highest game to play and—the highest stakes for the loser. Well, I have lost. Fear not that I will pay my reckoning. Deliver me to the Don Carlos, that I may die. But first, as ye have in you the hearts of men, let me go for a day that I may do justly by the woman who loves me. *Don Emmanuel, I am trysted to be wed tomorrow!*'

"Then Matthew cried out with a laugh, 'A likely thing that we should let you go. You have deceived us too long. What security have we that we would ever set eyes again upon you?'

"Quoth this Don Richard, 'You have only my word and the honor of an Englishman!' And with that he turned to me and said, 'You, Don Emmanuel, know that I speak truth. If I say that I will be in this place the day after to-morrow at this time, you will find me here ready to pay the penalty. For myself I do not ask the reprieve, but for a woman. I have a priest engaged to marry us, and it will lie on your souls through eternity if through you I keep not my word to the woman who trusted me. Let it be your own case, Don Emmanuel. If this thing were to do—if you yourself were the man, would you not ask so much grace, that the sin of treachery might not blast your soul through all eternity?'

"'Yes,' I answered him, 'I would ask!'

"'And having passed your word, would you not return—even if it were to death?'

"'If I once passed my word, I would return!' I answered him.

"'Then can you not believe it of another;' he cried, 'are you the only true man, whose word is dearer to him than his life?'

"So I believed Don Richard, though a traitor and a spy, and bade Matthew unloose him.

"The Englishman rose, shook himself and said, 'I thank you, señor. Your confidence shall not be violated. I will be at your service by this hour to-morrow, if there is any reliance to be placed in horse flesh. See to it that you have enough officers to constitute a court-martial and a good enough file of marksmen to give me a soldier's send-off! It will not take long. I have played for my life and lost it. But for the grace you have done me, I promise that you, Don Emmanuel, shall have cause to be thankful all your days!'

"And so, with a wave of his hand he was gone, looking, I admit it, very gallant in the moonlight—a man to take any woman's fancy.

"So, leaving me at Poblet, Matthew started out for Monistra, where there was a camp of our Carlistas, to bring back the officers for the court-martial. Also I wished to send in the despatches which we had captured. For that we two should shoot the man, though a traitor, to my mind savored too much of murder.

"So Matthew being gone and Poblet very quiet, save for the jackdaws among the pinnacles and the great 'crabra' wasps booming from crevice to crevice — I had much time to bethink me. I thought of the young Englishman and of the woman he had gone to marry. To wed and then to leave her, rather—to return here to die a traitor's death. Surely it had been better to die once and be done with it. Yet I could conceive of honor which bound him to keep his word—to stake all on the one final favor which we had permitted to him.

"Would he come back? Almost I hoped that he would not. The King's service? Well, that was a great matter, certainly, yet for once it seemed a thing less than this traitor's life. Why, I said to myself, should I make of a woman a wife one day and a widow the next?

"And had it been possible I would even have recalled Matthew, but by this time he was far on his road to Monistra. Invention had gone from me. I could think of nothing to save the man's life during all those hours I spent in the silence of the [illegible]

"I thought of the [illegible] waking up with his bride—the great [illegible] them. I thought of the girl's (some man's daughter) trusting face. I thought of the parting—the farewell kiss—the first to the wife new made *the last also!*

Photograph by the author.

"There passed me two priests: a young and an old"

"'Some man's daughter,' I repeated over and over to myself, 'some mother's child! Or, perhaps, like my own, motherless.' Which led me to think of Isadra, and I gave thanks to Mary, the blessed mother, that, circled by her brethren and abiding in the home, she had grown up free and heart whole, careless of men, till the day when, with her father's blessing and her brothers' approval, she should wed the man given to her for her mate.

"As the hours went on I grew more and more resolved that I would stop the Englishman, free him from his oath, and bid him go his way. Why should his blood be on my hands? His treachery to the King was discovered. Well, he would do no more harm. And as for the example, what was that to a maid wife mourning alone for a dead bridegroom?

"So in this access of weakness a sudden fear came upon me that Matthew would return sooner than we had agreed upon. I stole down the avenue in the deepest shadow of [illegible] the broken statues of the martyrs and [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] there passed me two priests, a young and an old [illegible]

[illegible]

none, laughing aloud and clapping each other on the back, very jovial about something.

"Then came by a herdsman driving a bunch of cattle. From the little Espluga hill I could see very far, and, even in the moonlight, I thought I would be able to distinguish Matthew and his Carlistas, as well as the Englishman riding back alone to take his deserts, according to his word.

"And I, Emmanuel Sebastian, that am a true Carlist, and have bled for the cause in three wars, I prayed that he might not come. Aye, shame on me, I promised gifts to our Lady of Montserrat if she would aid him to escape the penalty of his treachery. For I said, 'Surely if every one of us were dealt with according to his sins, who would be left to fight either for King or Pretender?'

"Once beyond Espluga I heard a noise, a sound as of many guns going off in the distance, and the crying of men fighting and encouraging each the other. But I thought little enough of that, for Espluga is ever a turbulent town, and the folk of it take to their knives and muskets as naturally as priests pouch their altar dues.

"So in the declining day, a ruddy orange haze settling slowly in a pool in the west, the sun egg-shaped and red as blood in the center, halving, quartering, and then winking out, I lay among the Moorish figs and waited.

"And again I bethought me of the woman, by this time a happy wife, and my heart melted within me. For the old, and those who have suffered much, are kinder to the young than the young are to each other.

"Yet the plain, far as I could see it, lay deserted, pallid under the moon. In Espluga at my feet the noise sank, and the lights of the supper fires flickered red at the open doors.

"But neither did Matthew's cavalcade arrive across the steep sierra from Monistra, nor yet the single horseman appear out of the north to keep his word and receive his doom. Then came a strange sense of disappointment over me. I feared that the Englishman had not spoken the truth—that he had been twice a traitor. I was in a strait betwixt two and knew not what to think. I wanted him not to die, yet I wished he would come to prove his faith to his word.

"But at the hour after the midnight I saw the soldiers coming, and among them they carried one or two wounded. But I saw nothing of Matthew. So fearing for my son, and being convinced that the Englishman would not return, I went quickly back to Poblet.

"It was one Ezkerra, a Basque, who met me in the gate, very angry that the traitor had been let go free. 'And see you,' he cried, that which your weakness hath done to you and to the cause. As we returned, passing by Martorell, between that and the Alfonsist camp at Montblanch, there fell on us an ambush, doubtless set by your traitor Englishman. And had it not been for one, a good Carlista and brave soldier, who is now with us wounded, we had all been slain. He was traveling our way and helped us to beat off the brigands. But as it is, Matthew, your son, fell at the first fire, and if he be not dead he remains a prisoner in the hands of the enemy.'

"Then there came upon me deep anger and sorrow for what I had brought on our house.

"'God do so to me and more,' I cried, 'if I have not the blood of this double traitor for the life of my son!'

"Then Colonel Ezkerra, the Basque, took me aside and said: 'Fear not, we will have him yet. Even if he reach the camp of the Alfonsists, still—God is gracious—there are good men with sharp knives that will reach a spy even there. The like has been done aforetime. For treachery is an ill trade. It prospers not for many days together.'

"Also Ezkerra said, taking me by the arm: 'They will not slay your son, even if he be taken. There are too many hostages of theirs in our hands. It is not as in the first war, when no quarter was given. The world has wagged someway since then! So I leave you Don Matthew in the hand of God, and come and look at the two wounded Carrigas of Puymorens, and to the brave man who succored us.

Drawn by Cal San Ora. *Half-tone plate engraved by George M. Lewis.*

"I loved to see them together, these two kings of mine."

They have sore need of your skill.'

"So I went in and in the cloister arches they were laid arow. The morning was spewing up out of the East when I got the bullet out of the shoulder of Juan Carriga of Puymorens, a miller with the meal-dust yet in the crinkles of his broad countenance. He fainted with pain, but Ezkerra threw water upon him as I lifted the now useless lantern and blew out the candle. I passed to the next straw couch. But he who lay beside him was past aid of man. He was shot through the lungs and had not long to live. The first level streak of sunshine that came through an eastern wicket, fell upon his face.

"*It was the Englishman, Richard Vincent.*

"And when he saw me, he smiled and spoke haltingly—as those speak who instead of air, breathe their own life-blood.

"'I am—a—little—late, Don Emmanuel,' he gasped, still, however, smiling, 'but the delay was none of my fault. There will be no court-martial. Certain brigand countrymen of yours saved you the trouble. But a dozen bullets from a firing party could not have done the business more cleanly.'

"Then for a time I could not speak. For this marvel almost came between me and my reason.

"Then he said again: 'Once—you—granted me a prayer. Do this also for me, Don Emmanuel. Carry me out that I may not die within walls!'

"So we carried him out, the basque colonel bearing up his feet and I his head. And when we laid him down he held out his hand and said these words: '*Farewell! God go with you, my father. Kiss my wife, Isadra—little Isadra, to whom I kept my promise!*'

"And so, still smiling at my astonishment, the Englishman died—my son, the husband of my daughter. And 'fore God, when I saw him lying cold, traitor though he was, I had rather it had been Matthew, whose whistle you hear upon the hill yonder. For my daughter had wedded a strong man of his word, though a heretic. The Son of Mary of Sorrows give his soul ease from his sins! Such shall not dwell forever remote from God's grace, whatever the priests may say!"

Then, light as a snowflake that settles on a dyke, ready to be blown further upon the least waft of air, Donna Isadra stole upon us.

"I have heard, my father," she said, looking upon him as she had not done before, "it is as I thought—as I knew. One day you would do him justice—poor 'Dick Mine.' There was none so true—none so faithful. That which he said he did, though he died for it. My father gives thanks for his son—loves him more than the sons born of his flesh! Ah, these are good words for Isadra to hear—late in the speaking, but good—good! Now I will love you once again, my father!"

And with the light of a new happiness flashing in her eyes, she threw herself impulsively on Don Emmanuel's neck.

"And now go, my father," she said "I will tell the Englishman the thing which befell me—as one cannot tell it even to a father. For he is of his people. He hath heard 'Dick Mine' speak in his own tongue—aye, and interpreted to me the very words he said."

Without a murmur Don Emmanuel rose and went up the path, his face greatly lightened of its pain.

"Ah," said Donna Isadra, smiling with the far-away, half-shy, half-covert look of those whom God hath touched, "you recline on the rough hill-carpet just as he did to a marvel. We of the country—we sit or we stand, but you English cast yourselves down, caring nought at all for dignity and very little for snakes. It is good to see once more—very good. But I must hasten. I have much to tell—things that others not of his race may not hear. May I speak French with you? Then the herdsmen will not understand if any chance to come this way.

"My brothers call Don Richard, my husband, a traitor. But men who are traitors deal not with women as he dealt with me. They hold not their plighted word at the cost of their lives. Don Richard was within his duty.

From the beginning he was of the army of General Prim—his father a friend of the Dictator's. They had met in England, and Don Richard came with the Count of Reus to Spain. After a time it became necessary to find out the strength and intentions of the enemy. So he came. Who but he could have ventured? The Carlistas would conceal nothing from an Englishman, rich, ignorant, careless, debonair! Who was to know (what I knew) that his mother was of Spanish blood, and his father an officer in De Lacy's English Legion?

"Well, he came amongst us. He spoke to me as others spoke, but without flattery. And at first I answered him like the others, scornfully and lightly, even as Carmen, my sister, does to-day, who is but a child. So was I a child. But from the first I knew when his eyes were on mine—aye, even when I was not looking—I knew.

"And I—I watched for him as he rode out by the king. I loved to see them together—these two kings of mine. And once when Don Jaime of Parma spake apart with me after the foolish manner of the Italians (I thinking that he spake kindly, being but a child) Don Richard was very angry. And like an Englishman he would have stricken Don Jaime with his fist on the spot, which would have been death to smite the king's brother. But little Don Richard cared. And Don Jaime, though he was a prince, cried out that the Englishman was right, and asked my pardon courteously for I knew not what. Scorn or slight I felt none—understood none—being (as I say) but a child.

"But after that Don Richard chid me, saying that I was to bide by my father or my brethren.

"And when I cast it up to him how, in that case, he had no right to speak to me, he answered only, 'If I had my way, pretty Isadra, I would be more to you than father and many brethren!'

"So with these words he left me. And I pondered long upon them.

"Thus it was, as I think, that I first began to think about Don Richard. And, as it were in spite of myself, my heart began to go out to his—little by little, but surely. For he never made love to me with night singings and honeyed words as the manner of our country is, but ever in the English earnest way of which I at least proved the power. For, as he well knew, he walked each day with death as with a familiar friend, not knowing the hour when discovery might come. Therefore he husbanded his time, and spoke straight words, such as women love.

"Then one day as he went out to battle, he told me that he loved me—plainly, he told me, and that he might never come back. Whereat I cried, and he comforted me. And in the comforting a new thing was born in my heart—this love of mine that shall never die.

"Ah, señor, there are things that one cannot tell in words. But those who know, know. And those who know not, will never understand.

"And though he is dead and only comes to me in whisperings, and though I cannot feel his arms about me any more, I am not all sorry. I have loved and been loved again. What more is the life of any woman!"

She seemed to lose herself in reverie. I did not interrupt with any word of mine. I wished the current of her thought to run clear. When she spoke again it was in lighter vein.

"Ah, that first night he taught me English," she sighed the words. "Ah, I had heard it was hard to learn, yet I found it not so. He was a good teacher, 'Dick Mine'—so good indeed that I asked him (being fretful) whether ever he had taught his English to any other girl before. But at that he stopped my mouth. But I held him to the question and made him answer, ere I set him free.

"Yes, thus it was. I do not forget. When I did my lesson well he rewarded me. And when I could not say a word rightly, he punished me. And strange—you will not understand—the reward and the punishment were one. *So—zat—ees—why—I—speaks—ze—English—with—a—good—accent.*

"But one day he told me he must soon depart. The very thought struck me to the heart, as a knife strikes. I

Drawn by Cal San Ora. *Half-tone plate engraved by George M. Lewis.*

"Go with God, Dick mine."

could not lose him now. So I plead with him to take me with him. But, because his work was dangerous and must be done alone, that could not be.

"'Nevertheless,' said he, 'in two days I will return and we shall be married. Father Jerome, who came with me from Bayona, will do it for my sake. I had occasion to lay him under an obligation.'

"So at that I clapped my hands with content. I was so young I thought all would be well then. And his going did not seem to be hard at all. For come what would, I should have a part in him that none could take away from me. And all the time he was gone I said to myself 'Isadra's husband,' instead of 'Dick Mine' as before. Over and over I said it. It was sweet to say.

"And I spoiled many leaves of paper with scribbling 'Isadra Vincent' upon it, as he had told me was the English of married folk. Yes, I wrote it once on the leaf of my Missal and had to tear it out lest my father or my brethren should see. And I have thought since that perhaps all the evil which befell might come from that. Yet perhaps not—we were born fated, he and I, that was all.

"Two days he was gone. And when on the third he came back, he was gay of mood and merry of heart. But now it seems, looking back, that there was a look of secret weariness on his face. But then I minded nothing at all, save that I waited for the hour. And father Jerome brought two friends of his for witnesses, holy men, and to write things in a book, that all might be properly done. And Father Jerome gave consent in name of my father because he was absent. So all was done rightly and I was his—he mine. Wonderful it was to think upon!

"But now I know that when God gives such happiness as he gave then to me, he gives it not for long—lest men and women should not be happy in his Paradise, having tasted a sweeter here on earth. Yet it returns in dreams, and I pray to Mary the mother that what the priest says may not be true—that in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage! But perhaps God will be kinder to those whose happiness in each other was but as the clapping of hands together, a moment and no more.

"For the next day, lo! my husband must leave, and I abide alone looking after him down the long, lonely valley. He gave me his papers, all that concerned himself alone. He told me also that there were some in England who would be kind to me for his sake, if ever I wanted kindness. And when I demurred to take the papers, he bade me then to have no fear. They were all mine, and not another's. For was not I all he had ever loved—all he had in the world to love? A sweet thing that to keep always as the heart's last message!

"And when he was gone, there came no sadness over me, no fear, no premonition. For all the time could I not feel his ring (it had been his mother's he said) on its little golden chain about my neck? Often I ran to my chamber to try it on my marriage finger—to make sure I was indeed a wife!

"And once in the heart of the night, very far away I heard my husband's voice saying in English, 'Good-night, little Isadra!' Just as he used to do.

"'Go with God, Dick Mine!' I answered, before I thought, even as he had taught me to say.

"And I held out my arms to him in the darkness.

"So he went with God. That was his good-night. And the morning has not broken for Isadra yet. But come it will. He said so. And now I must go back to him. He has been long alone, and he wearies quickly for me. But—you have brought me good luck, for he is ready to talk to-day. Sometimes he is sad and silent and then Isadra too sits sadly. And, señor, do not be too sorry. There are many that are far sadder than I and 'Dick Mine.' What is it that old Father Jerome says when he comes, putting his hand on my head? I do not know the Latin words, but it means, 'In death not divided!' Now hear me speak the English. Do not I speak it well? *'Good-a-night! Good-a-bye! Go you also with God!'*"

[The second adventure in this monthly will be that of "The Midnight Freetraders."]

Drawn by Cal San Ora. *Half-tone plate engraved by George M. Lewis.*

"Go with God, Dick mine."

The Pettison Firsts

By Marion Hill

Rex.

THE little Pettison twins sat in the nursery eating the daily morning orange. It was an inevitable and impressive function and deserves to be capitalized, THE DAILY MORNING ORANGE.

It was not given to them as a treat but to aid digestion, and they were told to take only the juice and on no account the pulp. As a consequence the twins loathed juice and hankered for pulp. This latter they had to chew well and keep for maternal inspection to back up their guarantee that they had not swallowed it. So afraid were they that any might get away from them that they deposited each mouthful in their tiny hands, and heroically held on to the disconsolate wads. The whole performance was a mighty horror to them.

"What's this we're doing?" demanded Regina, calling a halt on her chewing long enough to fire her sulky question at her brother. She wore a scowl an inch thick.

"What's what?" counterdemanded Rex, also chewing, also sulky, though to a lesser degree, for he had certain resources of the mind that his sister lacked. She lived always in the horrible present, while he sometimes harked back to the softened past. "What's what?"

"*This?*" and she very viciously exaggerated her jaw movement.

"Ah-h-h," purred Rex, the joy of definite occupation clearing the sulkiness from his face. He obligingly angled in his memory, a remarkably retentive one, and soon fished forth his word,—

"Masticating."

"Humph," grunted Regina, deepening her scowl as she ruminatingly chewed up the word with her pulp.

Their mother was bringing up these, her first offspring, according to the most beautiful, cast-iron theories, and "baby-talk" had been sternly tabooed from the very beginning; it therefore behooved Regina to draw often upon her brother for what she forgot. Mentally he was a wonder, not so much in the realm of pure thought, perhaps, as in the lower plane of abstract memorizing; what he heard once was his forever, and he could always repeat it verbatim with an air of wisdom, whether he understood it or not.

The orange thankfully finished, both

With Drawings by Jessie Wilcox Smith

children sat looking at the cup-like rinds of the despised and wholesome fruit.

"What do they look like to you?" asked Rex, thoughtfully.

Not being any more desperately imaginative than he was, she did not answer prettily that they looked like "golden boats" or "fairy hats," or even "cute little doll dishes." She dispassionately surveyed them and delivered herself of this cautious verdict:—

"They look like orange peel."

Rex cast her a glance of grudging admiration. He liked an orderly mind, though it gave him extra trouble now and then.

"What picture do they look like?" he patiently amended.

Thus kindly steered, Regina at once arrived at the right place.

"Look like the picture of the toy scales in last Sunday's paper."

"Let's make some."

They proceeded with as much calmness and method as if they had been planning the thing for weeks. From his pockets the boy took a knife and two pencils with which he set up the T-frame for his scales, and the girl pulled out enough hair from her tow-colored braids to serve as string to suspend the cups of peel. They soon had their weighing machine going at full blast, using orange pits for weights and bits of pulp for merchandise.

They were having a good time, a matter so difficult of accomplishment with them that it is a pity they should have been disturbed. But they were.

Their mother—a pretty young woman always neatly dressed and finished off with an extremely high white collar, no matter what the heat, the cold or state of affairs—entered the room with a smile on her face and a watch in her hand. The smile was as much a thing of winding up as was the watch, for Mrs. Pettison was governed utterly by a book she possessed on "Ideal Motherhood," and it advocated constant smiling at children as the surest and purest means of making the little ones "radiant." Nature had not disposed the twins to "radiate" sufficiently, and consequently Mrs. Pettison smiled at them most painstakingly. But Mrs. Pettison was not discouraged. She was a member of The Mothers' League, and the leagued mothers all testified that since the abolishment of spanking, these saner and sweeter methods are slow in effect and require patient repetition.

Regina.

"Oh, why does the fun you're out of sound so much funnier than when you're in it?"

Therefore, whenever Mrs. Pettison looked upon her offspring, whether in love or in war, she beamed beautifully, as now.

"Come, come, children," she gurgled, "put away that nonsense and take your nap. *All* GOOD little boys and girls take a nap before dinner." The emphasis upon "good" was deliciously lilting. Her voice ran up and down several hills of glee.

But the twins remained stolid and refused to be unworthily cajoled.

"Oh, we do not have to sleep to-day, do we—not to-day?" wailed Regina, in the voice of one who was being drawn and quartered.

"Why not to-day?" still smiling.

"Why, I thought that as you and Pa were go—"

"I and *who?*"

"You and Pa were—"

"*Who?*"

Such a nice wide smile went with

this word that Regina knew something serious was the matter, so she gazed at Rex for help. He very kindly mouthed something which enabled her to proceed.

"You and Pa*pá*," she said, giving a violent French accent to the paternal title.

"Ah!"

"That as you and Pa*pá* were going away on the train to watch Uncle Edward die, perhaps we might stay up."

"We do not go away until this evening. Moreover, with good old Catherine in the kitchen, and a trained nurse (whom I am looking for every minute), to attend to you children and the baby, I expect the household affairs to go on to-day and every day exactly as they do while I am here. So run away to sleep, both of you."

Gloomily, Regina wandered to her mother's side and deposited in the maternal palm her damp and clammy wad of orange pulp.

"It is well—masticated," she said, wearily.

Rex followed suit.

"I masticated, too."

Hand in hand, they turned away.

"Remember, no talking," called their mother after them, and they could feel her smile playing up and down their backs.

It being a rule in the Pettison family that children should make some sort of a vocal response to every remark made to them, the twins chorused vaguely, "Yes, Mamma," and continued their wretched way to the bedroom.

They shut the shutters, pulled down the blinds and then disposed themselves upon their separate cot beds.

They were obedient children, but still more were they literal; and as to them the forbidden "talking" meant conversing in the natural voice, they therefore exchanged thought in sibilant whispers with consciences free of offense.

"Do you hear that Rexie?" came purling from Regina in a most pianissimo plaint, as she referred to some cheerful sounds which floated in from the happy outside; "do you hear that sort of thumpety-lick, thumpety-lick? That's Hattie Carse and her new cousin with the skipping rope. They are jumping pepper-salt-mustard-vinegar. There! She's missed on vinegar. Vinegar's awful easy. I can go to vinegar any time I want. Dear me, if I was only out there I'd show them!"

She tossed miserably on the bed and tugged at her braids, veritable life lines in time of trouble.

Rex, short-haired, saved himself from insanity by exercising his legs. He kicked—not with passion, not with pain, nor with pleasure. He simply and rhythmically kicked. Once, a fascinating rattle from the street petrified his legs high in air, like two fence posts, as he hissed, breathlessly:—

"Just listen, Regina. There is Harry Mason's hook-and-ladder wagon. I wonder if he's asked the Pratt boy to play fire with him instead of waiting for me? We'd built a little house of logs in the empty lot and were going to set it afire and then put it out. If they do it without me, I'll—I'll—I don't know what. Oh, gee! oh, gee!"

"Why is 'gee' a bad word?" demanded his sister, propping herself upon an elbow and hoping for the worst. But a burst of boyish laughter from outside so distracted Rex that he could but wail:—

"Oh, why does the fun you're out of sound so much funnier than when you're in it?"

"Because it is funnier!" settled Regina, going to the heart of the matter like a true woman. "Oh, why do we have to sleep in the day time?"

"We don't sleep," observed Rex, who was never too agonized to be precise.

"Is there any way to make you sleep when you can't?"

"Count sheep going over a gate. They have to jump pretty high, and get down soft on the other side. Start in."

A long silence; then, in a wailing whisper:—

"All my sheep have gone over, Rexie!"

"So've mine."

"And have you gone to sleep?"

"I'm widerer awake than ever—wide awaker—widerer awaker."

"So'm I," said Regina, heartlessly uninterested in the er-problem which was racking her brother's brain, and out of which he rescued himself by announcing in a relieved tone:—

"Wider awake."

They wriggled through the rest of the wretched hour as best they might, until their mother came in with watch, smile and cheerful bangs of shutters, and regulated another form of diversion for them.

"Jump up, little sleepy-heads! Jump up! It is time now for you to play."

There was no jump in them. The word play coming from its present source held no promise of skipping rope or fire patrol. This the twins well knew. They rolled to the edges of their cots and dropped to the floor, where, with the air of martyrs, they took off their shoes and stockings. Then they picked a bare-footed and precarious way down stairs to the front yard, and among the hidden "prickers" of a fair-appearing lawn, until they reached an irrelevant sand-pile which disfigured one corner of it. Upon this they ensconsed themselves, sitting in silence, prodding their sulky little toes into the dirt and permitting the sun to beat upon their sulky little heads. The thought of an hour of this hilarity was stamped in anguish upon their countenances.

While they were in the height of their enjoyment a young woman opened the garden gate and started up the path to the house. She stopped when she saw the children. She wore glasses, carried a dress-suit case, and when she spoke it was in the tone of one who held her business to be important. It was Miss Cumby, the trained nurse. The knowledge that she was worth twenty dollars a week increased her natural force of character.

"Is this Mrs. Pettison's?" she demanded crisply.

"Yes," snarled Regina. Regina had had all that she could stand.

"And we are the twins," supplemented Rex, to forestall a question always sure to be asked.

"Oh, you are the twins, are you?" said Miss Cumby, as she kept her gaze glued to Rex's face, fascinated by its misery, and never so much as included Regina by the turn of an eye. Rex, who was as modest as literal, felt impelled to decline some of the honor, and so said, drearily:—

"No, I'm only one of them."

"And I'm the other," groaned Regina.

"Indeed? And why are you so unhappy?"

"Dunno."

"Is there anything the matter?"

Regina rolled her eyes at Rex.

"No, I think not," he answered dubiously. "Except sitting here."

"Why do you sit here, then?"

No answer.

"What in the world are you doing?"

"Playing," snapped Regina, and her tone fully suggested "you idiot!"

"Ah, it is pleasant to be bare-footed, is it not?"

"No," firmly remarked Rex.

"It's just as nasty as nasty!" growled Regina.

"Then what do you go that way for?"

Regina had a hazy knowledge, but, as usual, she had lost her grip on the words, so she prodded Rex with her elbow as a signal for him to go ahead.

He angled again in his memory and eventually got it all out.

"The earth has electricity in it. Electricity is good for boys and girls, but it can't bore through boots, so we go barefoot. Then we get sunlight and fresh air and electricity, and it all does us good."

"Without doubt, without doubt," asserted Miss Cumby, nodding professionally. She went on to the front door, and the twins surveyed each other long and commiseratingly.

Rex trotted out his new possession. "The household affairs," he said, thoughtfully parroting his mother's words, "*will* go on just the same."

"I guess yes."

They "played" for half an hour more, and then Miss Cumby, in complete uniform, even to the white cap, bore down upon them. In her hands she carried two tea-cups.

The sun beat down upon their sulky little heads.

"It's the hot water!" hissed Rex, melodramatically.

His sister nodded, ejaculating under her breath, "Well, of all the funny dresses!"

"Here is your hot water, children," said Miss Cumby, smiling carefully in accordance with recent instructions. "Your Ma sent it out to you."

"Our Mamma," sighed Rex, correctively.

"She said you must be thirsty."

"We are," scowled Regina, "but not for hot sloppiness!"

This struck Rex as being the cleverest kind of repartee, and he began an enchanted giggle, which was frozen dead at its birth.

"Little girl," rasped Miss Cumby, smiling fiercely, "hot water is better for you than cold. Either drink it or do not drink it. There is no necessity for being unladylike and impertinent."

Regina curled up like a crushed caterpillar. She had tried the new nurse and had been downed. Rex, visibly impressed, thought it safer to declare himself at once upon the side of the newcomer, which he did by saying reproachfully:—

"I'm surprised at you, Regina. Cold water is bad. It hurts the digestion and lowers the—lowers the—"

"Temperature!" chirped Regina, quite cheered by this, a rare proficiency.

"Temperature! I remember it from 'temper.' Hot water gives you 'temper' and cold water gives you temperature—"

"And lowers the temperature of the stomach. Oh, Regina (this with rapturous abandon), do you remember the *heavenly* time when we were on the train and had to drink ice-water from that thing in the corner?"

Regina answered by gasping like a trout and clapping both hands upon her abdomen.

Miss Cumby glared at her new charges as if she considered them a bit uncanny, and, concluding that decision was a trump card to play, said briefly, "Lunch!" and led the way to the table.

The Pettison meals were marvelous. Everything was so hygienic that it was horrible.

To-day's menu consisted of bran gruel, with gluten bread. Next came graham monstrosities labeled "gems," and certainly as hard. Oatmeal tea helped to wash these down. As entrees came soft-boiled eggs, so soft that their hatching qualities were quite unimpaired. Dessert was in the form of tapioca pudding, made without eggs, milk or sugar.

The method which ordered the table reigned serene throughout the house. Even the hurried packing made necessary by a peremptory summoning to the bedside of a dying relative was accomplished decently and in due time, so that when Mr. Pettison arrived from the office his grip was in readiness for him, his household was running smoothly, and warranted so to run for a week or more, and his wife was hatted and cloaked for the journey.

Mr. Pettison was an old young man with a weakness for gray suits all the year round. He was a trifle undersized, and consequently wore his hair very pompadour indeed. In public he was a gray nonentity. At home he was a god-like genius.

Even the fact of its being as late as seventeen minutes to train time did not cripple his executive powers.

"Has the baby had her crying spell this afternoon?" he demanded of Miss Cumby.

"Oh, no, sir. She is sleeping quietly."

"I'm sorry. Crying is a baby's exercise. It develops the lungs and establishes a good heart action. Wake her up, if you please, and let her have a cry."

"Very well, sir."

"You know how much she weighs?"

"Twelve pounds, five ounces."

"If we are not back by the end of the week weigh her again and send us the result. A normal baby should gain at least four ounces a week. Sometimes ours does and sometimes she does not. We are dissatisfied with her growth. You have been told about the preparing of her food?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the sterilizing of her bottles?"

"Mis' Petl'son! we suttinly ben havin' the time!"

"Yes, sir."

"And you understand that she must never be fed oftener than once every three hours?"

"Yes, sir. You may depend upon me to attend to everything."

Miss Cumby looked so capable, not to say superior, that Mr. Pettison omitted further directions and saying, "Come along, Mrs. Pettison," exactly as if, instead of being poised for flight, she was clinging to the perch, he grabbed up the grips and they were off.

Miss Cumby's letter was sent at the end of the first week. In it she reported a fair amount of success; praised the efficiency of Catherine; admitted the obedience of the twins; confessed that they lacked much of the required radiancy, being very melancholy of countenance and unenthusiastic about their play; regretted that the baby had gained only three and three-quarters of the normal four ounces; chronicled that she had waked it daily for its dole of crying; told that she had refrained from giving it food any oftener than once in three hours; charged them to have no uneasiness about the household; asked after the lingering relative, and signed herself theirs respectfully.

It was a comfortable letter, and made things easier for Mr. and Mrs. Pettison during their enforced absence. At the end of the second week they heard nothing at all. Then they telegraphed, but received no reply. Pitying their frantic demands, the hotel clerk made a more thorough search through his pigeon-holes and apologetically produced a letter which had followed the first by twelve hours. It was from Catherine's sister. Miss Cumby had fallen downstairs, fractured her thigh and had been removed in an ambulance. The fright had given Catherine nervous prostration and symptoms of brain fever, so that she had been taken to her own home. In the meanwhile old Celia, the colored wash woman, had undertaken to look after the children, and would Mr. and Mrs. Pettison please come home immediately.

Immediately, and more than a week had already passed!

Fatherhood and motherhood the world over will sympathize with the distracted pair during their return journey. Never before had the train stopped so often or so long in getting to their town. Never before had the street cars crawled so shamefully in covering the distance from the depot to their street. Never before had their feet been so tardy in getting from the street corner to their own front door. Even the key stuck.

They entered and paused. The house now reverberated. It sounded like a kindergarten at a cakewalk. Following the shouts, the Pettisons tore to the kitchen. Celia was there with the baby. Celia bellowing, the baby cooing. As for the twins, they were "radiating" in perpetual grins and shouts of laughter. There, also, were six or seven colored men and women sitting around sociably upon the chairs, tables, gas range and ice-box, and all talking together. These latter at once took an unobtrusive departure.

"Whee-e-e, Maw!" yelled Rex, tugging at her skirts.

"Whoopee-ee, Paw!" screamed Regina, striving to shin up the paternal leg.

Then, both together, "Look at baby. Look at little toddy-wiggle making goo-goo eyes!"

"Haw! haw! haw! Mis' Pett'son!" boomed Celia in echoing guffaws. "We suttinly ben havin' the time! Mighty glad yo' had yo' visit out. Knowed yo' could trust ole Celia, didn' yo'? Well, I raikon!"

She was vigoronsly shaking hands with her patrons. She only needed one to hold the baby, so ample was her generous black form that, wherever she pressed the lucky, comfortable infant, there was a bulgy soft shelf for it.

"What has happened? How have you got along? Tell us everything," gasped the Pettisons.

"Oh, g'way, Mis' Pett'son! G'wan upstairs an' tek yo' things offen yo', an' I'll mek a cup o' tea—fust. Hyar! yo' two chilluns, leave yo' Paw and Maw be twel they git they breff. Chase yo'sefs! G'wan! How offen yo' want me to tell yo' the same thing twice? Chase!"

Grinning and obedient, the twins "chased," and virtually the mother

and father did the same. Celia seemed to be in command, and things appeared to be in safe and sound order—and, after all, why shouldn't they take their traveling garments off and know the comfort of some home-made tea?

Half an hour later, after a hurried inspection of the house, which satisfied them that everything was more than ordinarily beaming and blissful, the Pettisons called Celia into the sitting-room to have her explain her methods of obtaining such desirable results.

"Did the older children take their daily nap, Celia?"

"Yas'm. Oh, yas'm." Celia's replies were rich and unctuous.

"They took their nap without trouble?"

"No trubble 't all. Yas'm."

"I am agreeably surprised. How did you manage it?"

"*I* din' manage hit, Mis' Pett'son. Dey manage hit dey own sels. Dey tore an' rampage 'roun' so consid'rubble dat dey' jes' nachelly drap mos' anywheres and go sleep."

"What? With no regularity of time or place?"

"Oh, yas'm. De reg'larty was suttinly 'markable. De time was alluz meal time an' de place was unner de dinin' room table."

Mrs. Pettison bit her lip and looked worried. "Dear me, how terribly unmethodical! What exercise tired them out so completely?"

"I raikon 't was playin' in dat dere hummock o' dirt."

"Strange! They are not always as keen about that as I would like."

"Yas'm. Yo' kaint put a pot on a col' stove an' say, 'Now, bile.' Yo' has ter mek a fire unner hit; an' chilluns kain't pley less dey wukkin.' So I tell um how pity 't was dey parents won't let um move dat dirt over t'other side de yard; an', toreckly dey hear dat, dey start smack in to do hit, an' dey jes' shovel and' putter in dat dirt twel domesday, 'less I call um in to eat."

"Ah, about their eating—were you particular about their food and was their appetite good?"

"Scan'lous good. It shore kep' me on de jump scoopin' up de pickles for um' and puttin' sugar on dey braid an' butter."

"Oh, Celia! *Celia!*" cried Mrs. Pettison, in dismay.

"Yas'm," grinned Celia, taking Mrs. Pettison's expression to be the amazement of too much pleasure.

Discreetly dropping the unlucky food question, Mrs. Pettison took the safer ground of praising Celia for her beneficent effect upon the twins' usual gloom, and asked her what sunshine she employed to bring about the sweet result.

"I done tole um dat ef dey kep' a-goin' 'roun' *me* lak dey had de stummickache, I'd jes' nachelly fray de hides offen um," said Celia, rolling her eyes fiercely, like a tragedy queen. "Co'se, Mis' Pett'son, yo' unnerstan', I was on'y talkin' in parables, but de parables wukked an' dey cheered up amazin'. Dey done lose dat colicky look right off."

Here Mr. Pettison broke in explosively. He had been weighing the "toddy-wiggle."

"She has gained over a pound!" he cried, with incredulous glee.

"Dat all?" mourned Celia. "Humph! Po' lil' lamb ac' jes' lak she half starve when I tek hol' of her. So I fill her up good. Ever' time she open her lil' mouf I done stick in a bottle. Dey ent been a cheep outen her."

"You did not make her wait three hours between feedings?" gasped the mother in a frenzy.

"Don' yo' frazzle yo'sef, Mis' Pett'son," said Celia, soothingly, "I din' mek her wait three minute ef she ac' lack she want some mo'."

"Goodness gracious me, woman!" burst in Mr. Pettison. "How in the world did the little one digest so much? Did you wake her up to cry?"

Celia thought she detected sarcasm and rolled her eyes at him reproachfully. "'Deed I 's'nt no sech a fool, Mr. Pett'son. What yo' tek me for?"

"And the bottles—the bottles!" interrogated Mrs. Pettison, feverishly. "Did you sterilize them twice daily, Celia?"

"Celia looked badly stumped.

"Stai'lize? How dat—I ent know 'bout dat wo'd 'stai'lize.'"

"It means to boil—to make surgi-

cally clean. Do not say that you neglected to clean them."

"Clean um?" said Celia, bellowing in her relief. "Co'se I clean um! Ent goin' to give no baby alive dirty bottles to feed outen!"

"But *how* did you clean them? What was your process?"

"I processed same lak I wash anything. I swish um 'roun' good in a mess o' soapsuds. Den I rensh um. Den I stick um on nails in de fence to dry in de sun."

"On rusty nails?"

Celia looked for the first time worried and at fault. "I ent know yo' want um stuck on rusty nails, Mis' Pett'son," she said, apologetically. "No one done tol' me dat."

"Oh, I did not—I did not!" wailed Mrs. Pettison, wringing her hands.

Celia cheered again and bellowed. "Den jes' yo' quit yo' worritin' Mis' Pett'son. Yo' might know I'd wash um right!"

"It can't be helped, Celia; you did your best. But to sterilize a thing you have to boil it."

"Humph! Stai'lize mean bile?"

"Yes. We boil every single thing the baby puts into her mouth—twice a day."

Celia's eyes bulged.

"Yo' bile dat lil' lamb's fingers twicer day? Oh, g'way, Mis' Pett'son, yo' sholy foolin'?"

Mrs. Pettison's bewildered eyes followed Celia's to the sofa, where the youngest Pettison lay serenely sucking her hand.

The Pettisons looked helplessly at each other and gave the whole thing up.

They paid Celia liberally—liberally enough to venture to ask her to go at once. She agreed, highly pleased that her methods had been worth such big money.

"An' I'll come again an' he'p yo' out, Mis' Pett'son, toreckly yo' send for me. Yas'm. Good-by. I'se goin' home now to stai'lize my ole man a dish o' stew. Yas'm. Good-by."

Mrs. Pettison tottered to the bookcase and hunted around for "Ideal Motherhood." She felt that she could not find it a minute too soon.

HOW JERRY McLEAN DELIVERED THE GOODS

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER,

Author of "Calumet K," "Roger Drake, Captain of Industry," Etc.

THE young man who had just entered the office handed his card to the boy who guarded the gate. "Take that to Mr. Mark, will you?" he said, pleasantly. Then he pulled up the most comfortable chair the corner of the outer office afforded, and sat down to wait.

Presently the boy came back. "See you by-and-by," he remarked. The young man nodded, and taking from his pocket a leather-bound catalogue with The National Rubber Belting Co., and below, Jeremiah McLean, stamped upon the cover in gilt letters, he began figuring upon one of the blank leaves with a finely-pointed, hard lead pencil. Every little while he would glance up, then turn back to his figuring again.

Jerry McLean was facing a critical half hour, a half hour in which he stood a chance to win a great prize—for Jerry—but an equally good, or perhaps a better, chance not to win it. If you had seen him just then, industriously figuring away, his hat on the back of his head, and a morsel of Floradora on his lips, or rather, between his teeth, for that was the way he always whistled, you might have supposed him unaware of the importance of the occasion. But you would have been wrong. He and one other were the only two in the whole world who did know.

The other was a girl, who wore, on

the third finger, a diamond ring. It was a modest little stone, but you could not have made her believe that there was a brighter one in the world. And whenever her eyes fell on it she would wonder a little wistfully how long it would be before she could have a plain gold band to wear beside it.

At last the door opened and a thick-necked young man, who was smoking and chewing vigorously at a thick cigar, came out. Jerry McLean made a wry smile when he looked up and recognized him, but he nodded to him pleasantly, and said, "How are you, Hanford?" when he came out of the gate.

She wondered how long it would be.

Half-tone plate engraved by Edward Tyler.

The office boy said, "*You* can go in now." The inflection was not pleasant, but Jerry pocketed his book, discontinued Floradora and with the greatest appearance of satisfaction, strode over to the open door.

When he shut it behind him the man behind the desk looked up, scowled at him and said, with a curious echo of the office boy, "So *you're* here, Mr. McLean?"

"I came," said Jerry naively, "to see about closing up the contract for that belt."

Mark scowled still more deeply. "You needn't have come. I'll notify you if I decide to give you the order."

He began ostentatiously to write, whereupon Jerry, no whit dismayed, pulled up a chair and sat down.

"You two," said Mark, digging his pen viciously into a big potato which served both as wiper and rack, "you two seem to think that all I have to do is to sit around and hear you talk about your belting."

"I'm not—" began Jerry, and then began again. "I'd be sorry to take up too much of your time. And I'm sorry that Hanford has taken up any of it."

"You may well be," observed Mark sardonically. "I think we'll give him the job."

There was clearly no reply to that, so Jerry sat in silence while Mark rummaged through a pigeon-hole and then, pulling out a slip of paper consulted it. "Your sample didn't test near as well as his," he went on, poking the slip back into the pigeon-hole.

"Is that the result," asked McLean leaning forward. "I'd like to see it."

"No, that's not it," said Mark hastily. "What the devil do you want with it? Can't you take my word for it?"

If Mark had been a sensitive man, or if his conscience had not become so used to lies that it regarded them merely as a matter of business, he might have imagined that he saw a flicker of contempt cross the young man's face. But, even if the look had been fixed there, Mark could not have understood it.

"You see, I made a test myself on another piece off the same belt after I

sent that sample around and it showed up wonderfully well. And if Hanford's tested any better, it must be—well, it must be off the end of one of our own rolls, that's all. If you haven't that result here, may I go up to Mr. Waldron to find out just what it was?"

"You go to H—," said Mark. "You're dealing with me, not with Waldron. I don't care for tests. They don't amount to shucks. Your belt is good enough, if it ain't as good as the other. But what interests me is the price."

He swung round in his chair, crossed the room in three strides, and slammed up the window. Then he slammed himself into his chair and pounded the desk with his fist.

"When you figured that price, Mr. McLean, you should have remembered that we've cut our teeth. All of our teeth. If you didn't know that then, you know it now, don't you? Your prices are a farce; a regular damned burlesque."

"How were Hanford's figures?" asked Jerry.

Mark shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, he was wild at first. But he listened to reason. He came down. He came down to a very fair price."

"We're better equipped than Hanford's people are," said Jerry thoughtfully, "and we can get the stuff out a little quicker if you're in a hurry. And I think our belt is a little better. It tests better. Don't you want to tell me just what Hanford's bid was?"

Mark screwed his face into a deeper scowl. "We are in a hurry," he said. "Here's Hanford's bid." He pulled a sheet of paper from under two or three others and looked it over. "Um, um, eighty-one, twelve, seventeen nine six four—" he paused, and then read aloud, "Nineteen thousand nine thirty-three fifty. You can have it at that price to a cent, and not a cent more can you get. Do you want it? Yes or no?"

He tossed the sheet aside and again began writing on his memorandum pad. Jerry scratched his head in unfeigned perplexity. Did he want it! How he wanted it! He wanted, for one thing, to begin doing business with the Great Man who hired Mark to bully and steal and buy and sell for him, for the Great Man used many a mile of belt. And the House had made his getting this one order the condition from which depended their giving him what he had asked for. And what he had asked for would get the girl her ring.

But he could not take it at the price that Mark had read out with such a show of magnanimity. All the profits were wrung out of the job at that figure. It was dry as an old boot leg, and barely big enough to cover the cost. Why had Hanford made an insane bid like that?

But why hadn't Mark snapped it up? Perhaps, after all, that was Mark's bid, not Hanford's. Mark never would have kept Jerry fifteen minutes in his office, lying to him, swearing at him, trying to bully him, if he had meant after all to give Hanford the job. No, it couldn't be Hanford's bid. But Mark said it was, and that came to the same thing.

Not quite; for just as Mark swung round in his chair and growled, "Well, what do you say?" a larking breeze sailed in through the open window, scattered his desk-full of papers all over the room, and sailed out again.

Mark sprang for the one under Jerry's chair, but not so quickly that Jerry hadn't time, without the least appearance of haste, to pick it up, and as he politely handed it back, to drop a brief glance upon it.

It was Hanford's bid, but Hanford had not come down.

"Damn you," said Mark, "mind your own business."

"Sure," said Jerry, good-humoredly, while Mark gathered the papers to his desk again.

"Well," demanded Mark again, "what do you say?"

"We can't do it, Mr. Mark, at that price. I'll have to stick to my old bid."

"Knock off the odd hundreds," said Mark, "and call it twenty-four thousand, even."

"Done," said Jerry.

Mark pushed a bell twice and a stenographer came in quickly. "Na-

tional Belting, twenty-four thousand."

The contract was all drawn but for those two details, and in a minute the man came back with two identical copies. Mark signed one. Jerry read his copy thoroughly (you did that when you dealt with Mark), noted the fact that there was a penalty of five hundred dollars a day after December 20th, and finally wrote at the bottom, "Jeremiah McLean, for the National Rubber Belting Company."

"Call it twenty-four thousand, even."

Then he got up to go. "Have a cigar," said Mark, pointing to three which laid on his desk. Then he smiled for the first time. "Hanford left 'em," he added. It was a good cigar.

It was a rush job, for to manufacture the complete rubber belting outfit for a big grain elevator, very little less than two and a half miles of it, eighty-five thousand pounds of it, is no small undertaking, but, as Jerry said, his House was well equipped to do it. And the manager, being a person of foresight, rushed it faster than to a placid-minded onlooker might have seemed necessary. He knew he was a thousand miles away from the place where the belt must be delivered, he knew the year was drawing down to the thin end of the calendar, when the grain is moving east, blocking up miles and miles of road, and when the weather is a matter to reckon with, and he did not want a casual snowstorm to cost the company all they might have made on the contract. So it came about that on Wednesday evening, December 10th, ten days before it was due at the elevator, Jerry McLean got a telegram that his belting, in two X. Y. Z. cars, numbered 543 and 6,622, had started west. "That cinches it," said Jerry. And next morning,

when Mark telephoned a wholly superfluous reminder of the day the belt was due, Jerry answered with the utmost confidence, "We'll have it there for you, Mr. Mark."

For on that same day it began to snow, great soft flakes near enough to the melting point to stick, and they piled up and packed down, and by Friday morning we little people awoke to find that some Titan child had laid his hand lightly upon us and upon all our little toy activities, and we had to be still. Our ridiculous little locomotives snorted and coughed in vain, our ingenious trolley cars buzzed and vainly lighted up the wintry sky with glaring, green arclights which dripped liquid fire; we clicked frantically little brass keys, and the loose ends of the wires may have sizzled where they lay in the snow; the child was laughing at us. But at last Nature went off to play at something else, and, left to our own devices, we began to bustle around again and set things to rights and to assume our normal proportions as lords of the universe.

One of the first messages to come through after the wires tied up, directed Jerry to drop whatever else he might have in hand, find out in what particular snowbank his cars were buried, and have them dug out and hauled to their destination. So he picked up his bag (it was always packed, just as a fireman is always dressed) and caught the next train east to Buffalo.

At seven o'clock on Saturday morning he walked into the office of the superintendent of transportation and asked where his cars were. The superintendent, who had sat at his desk for twenty-four hours, and who had no time for trifles, answered with more clearness and force than elegance, that he didn't know. He professed equal ignorance as to when, if ever, they would reach Buffalo.

"Where can I find the man who's supposed to know?" asked Jerry.

"Right here," said the superintendent, thumping his chest. "I'm him."

So Jerry retired to the station waiting-room to decide what was to be done about it. He was buried in thought for a few minutes; then he got up with a sigh. It was all too clear. The cars must be found. The railroad people couldn't find them. It was up to him. He consulted a time table, and then strode off to a shoe store a few squares away, where he bought a pair of red-flannel-lined "arctics." He carried them under his arm back to the station, and climbed aboard an east-bound way-train which was just pulling out.

The great X. Y. Z. Railroad was slowly recovering from the paralytic stroke which had fallen upon it. The Red Flyer, proudest boast of their passenger service, had been dug out of the snowbank where it had ignominiously foundered, and, though sadly fallen from its old estate, it plodded up and down as well as it could and everything else got out of its way. The other big through trains were moving along, too, and in between them, whenever and wherever they could be sandwiched, the "accommodations." In every yard, at every siding, scores of laborers were at work with pick and shovel, and switchmen and yardsmen helped in a desperate effort to get perishable freight to rolling again.

But the ordinary freight! That must wait its turn, and when its turn would be nobody, from the superintendent down, knew nor seemed to care. It lay, miles and miles of it, along the sidings, sometimes to be bumped about out of the way by little switch engines looking for cars marked "perishable," but in some places lying undisturbed in mile-long strings, the ice-armor still plating its sides, looking to the uninitiated as though it was meant to stay there all winter.

Jerry's plan was epic in its simplicity. He was going up the line to stop at every siding and look at every car. He would keep on until he got to the other end if necessary, but he would find X. Y. Z. 543 and 6,622. He reckoned, though, that they were probably not very far from Buffalo. They ought to have got within a hundred miles of it before the blizzard stopped them.

The brakeman on the train, to whom Jerry confided his errand, warned him that he would have a tough job, and

The job had just begun.

Jerry had premonitions of his own, but he resolutely buckled on his "arctics" at the first siding and began his quest. By the time he had looked over a quarter-mile of cars, only to learn at last that they were "empties," he felt as though he had done a large, though unrewarded, day's work. When the end of the day mercifully came, and he found there was nothing to be done that night, it seemed a year since he had bought those arctics. A man who leads as active a life as Jerry's is seldom a good walker. He never has time to walk. Jerry came out strong in a half block sprint for a train, but this day's plodding in those infernal arctics had left him lame from neck to heel. He had been cursed and threatened with arrest by indignant yardmen and had had two narrow escapes from death. The last thing he did before he went to bed was to sit down in the office of the Railroad Man's Dollar-a-Day House to write the girl an account of it.

That day was the first. There were four more just like it, except that in the early evening of the fifth day, Wednesday, by lantern light, he found his cars.

It is wonderful how much five days can teach a man, especially when they are as long as those days had been. By Wednesday night Jerry had learned to walk the ties without falling down; he much less frequently came within an ace of being killed by yard locomotives; the switchmen and section hands no longer threatened to arrest him, but treated him as a man and a brother. He had learned something of their speech, for one thing—he could ask a question in a way that didn't irritate them, and he had got something like their point of view.

When he had found his cars the job was just begun. He had three days in which to get them out of the pocket where they had been shunted, out over several hundred miles of slippery, snowy, badly crowded rails, and alongside the Great Man's elevator.

Getting them started was easier than he had anticipated. The Great Man was his trump card; he was a great shipper—he dealt in bulky products, his grain cars were even now taking up half the road, and his name, therefore, was one to conjure with at headquarters. It is true that the Great Man wasn't really concerned in this case at all, or at least not yet. But the cars were consigned to his big new elevator, which everybody knew was a rush job.

So the Great Man's name loomed large and portentous in the telegrams which Jerry McLean sent in to the Superintendent of Transportation at Buffalo, with the result that a special order came back to the conductor of the fast freight, which, at four next morning, was due to thunder through the hamlet where those precious cars of belting had been side-tracked, that he was to stop there and bring 543 and 6,622 along with him.

Jerry's first inclination, in the elation of this victory, was to wait for the Fast Freight, see his cars safely off and ride along home with them in the caboose. But he decided that this would be a "kid trick," so he took the evening accommodation back to Buffalo. As he rode along, however, he began thinking again. The flying snow in the air outside, the rising wind, which whipped and shrieked in a way that the speed of their poor train offered no excuse for, the ominous prophecies of the crew, all helped bring him to the conclusion that his troubles wouldn't be over until he had actually seen the cars under the train shed at the elevator.

So when he got off at Buffalo, instead of engaging a berth in the Limited, he went upstairs to the general offices of the road. West of Buffalo the line has a different management and another name. We may call it the Straight and Easy (in whatever spirit you like). Jerry walked into the Car Service office—this was about one o'clock Thursday morning—showed them his bill of lading, told them when the cars would be in, and said he wanted to go the rest of the way with them in the caboose.

"What do you want to do that for?" asked the car accountant.

"We're cutting it pretty fine," said Jerry. "We only have till Saturday night to get them through."

"The Straight and Easy is run from headquarters," said the accountant, "not from the caboose of a freight train. You couldn't hurry things up any that way. We always know," he continued easily, "exactly where every car is, every minute, day and night, and whether it goes fast or slow doesn't depend on the notion of a train conductor."

"I have just spent five days out on the ties of the X. Y. Z.," said Jerry, "in these beastly arctics, looking for those same cars. The X. Y. Z. had lost 'em, along with about a million others. If you happen to lose 'em I can't afford to spend five more. From now on days cost five hundred dollars apiece."

"Well, you can't go in the caboose," said the accountant.

There was nothing more to be done at that time of night, so Jerry went across the street to the hotel and tumbled into bed. Next morning, after breakfast, he went back to the office, but this time he asked for the General Traffic Manager. He used up fifteen minutes of that official's precious time, but he came out at last with a permit to go through with his cars. He had played his trump card again—the name of the Great Man who must have that belt by midnight on Saturday.

He spent the day, most of it, with a customer, took another one to the theater in the evening, and along about midnight, after a brief interchange of compliments with the yard master, climbed into his caboose and bumped along out of the yard, on what he innocently thought to be the last stage of the journey.

It had been snowing for twenty-four hours, not heavily—it was too cold—but what had fallen was blown by the savage wind over the icy surface of the old snow in billowy drifts. Jerry settled down in a corner of the caboose—he left the fire to the half-frozen crew, whenever they could take advantage of it—pulled his ulster collar about his ears, buckled his arctics around his ankles, and dozed off in the comfortable delusion that this piece of work was done.

With ordinary luck, it ought to be. They had forty-eight hours in which to cover a little more than five hundred miles, and though the Straight and Easy was crowded to the breaking point with traffic, though the train was overloaded and the going heavy, still there was time enough to count in all of that, and a little left for emergencies.

But as it happened, emergency swallowed that little as a small boy bolts his last bite of pie and imperiously demands more. Friday afternoon the conductor came into the caboose with a handful of orders. "We stay here," he said. "Wreck up at Whitestown."

"How long?" asked Jerry.

"Don't know," said the conductor, and throwing himself down on a bunk, instantly went to sleep.

It was midnight before they started on again, and slower and more difficult was what small progress they made. Jerry counted off the miles when it was light enough to see the posts and calculated, again and again, the hours that were left. It was noon Saturday when they plodded into the yards at Harrison City, the beginning of the last division, with a hundred and ten miles still to go.

Well, there they stuck, they and a mile or two more of other through freight, some that had reached Harrison City hours ahead of them and some that had been coming in since. And still it snowed. The road was making a desperate effort to keep even with the storm, and so far it was just succeeding. The wheels were going somehow. The east-bound Limited rolled in, changed engines and went on again. But the plain freight was stuck. For how long? Nobody knew.

Jerry gave up looking at his watch and staring out at the driving snow, and settled down to think. After studying awhile he went out and found the Superintendent of the Express Company, who heard his story and laughed unpleasantly. "Remember, that this is five days before Christmas," he said. "We couldn't think of it."

Jerry nodded and went out. He had just one more chance. It lay with the division superintendent of the railroad.

Jerry went into his office, told where he wanted to go and said he must have a special train.

"The west-bound Limited will be here in ten minutes," said the superintendent. "That'll take you through quicker than a special would."

"All right," said Jerry. "If you'll hook my two freight cars on behind the Limited that'll suit me first rate."

"Freight cars! Did you want a special to haul freight cars?"

So Jerry went ahead and explained. "I don't know," said the superintendent. "I never heard of such a thing. Do you know what it would cost? You'd have to pay—" he checked himself cautiously—"I don't know *what* you'd have to pay."

But on Jerry's insistence, he began a brisk telegraphic conversation with his chief. "We can't do it. We'd get up against the express company. They'd be on our backs in a minute."

"The express company was offered this job and wouldn't take it. And we'll square ourselves with them anyway." And, seeing the issue hanging in doubt, Jerry again got out his trump, the name of the Great Man, who must have his belt before midnight.

So the keys began to rattle again, and at last the superintendent said, "All right, if you'll pay the price. It'll cost you two dollars a mile. That's more than our regular rate," he went on, "but, with the road tied up as it is, it's the best we can do."

"And cheap at that," observed Jerry. "I want a fast schedule."

At six o'clock that evening they started, with a scream and a jerk, to cover that last hundred and ten miles. In the week past Jerry had been measuring miles by the number of times his heavy arctics had to be lifted from one tie to another, and it was only after swaying round the curves and shrieking past way stations for an hour that he fell back into his old way of thinking a mile but little longer than a minute.

He was taken by surprise when, looking out, he began to see signs of their journey's end. Then there was an hour of switching, backing, waiting and starting up again.

And then they rolled into the elevator car shed. Jerry looked at his watch. "It's about ten-thirty, isn't it?" Jerry asked the conductor.

"Ten-twenty-nine," he answered, consulting his own.

Jerry pulled a box of cigars out of his bag and handed it to him. "I wish," he said, "that you'd tell me your name and address. If any question comes up as to just when we delivered the goods, I want to be able to settle it."

(And indeed, when Jerry saw Mark on Monday, Mark began by saying, "Well, you've only one day's penalty to pay." "I came in with those cars," said Jerry. Mark grinned sourly. "Why didn't you say so, then?" he demanded.)

Jerry found the constructor and told him his belt had come. Then he caught a car downtown. He was still in a hurry.

For somebody was waiting for him. He knew that she was watching the hands of the clock getting round toward midnight. He knew she was still confident that he would win in his race with the clock.

She had opened the door for him before he had time to ring the bell. She didn't ask him if he had won.

A little later—a scandalous hour, to be sure—as he sat before the fire, she noticed a look of pain in his face and asked him what it was.

"It may be gout," he said, smiling over the memory of the Railroad Man's Dollar-a-Day House, "but I rather guess it's chilblains. Did you see my arctics?"

The first step is the construction of the coffer dam.

THE GREATEST OF POWER DAMS

By CHARLES E. PARSONS,

Constructing Engineer in Charge of the Work

WHEN the waters of the Niagara River were made to flow over turbines to give electric power and light to the city of Buffalo it was considered a great revolutionary feat of engineering. But at Niagara the dam and the fall were there from the beginning. The power was ready in the rough—it had only to be applied to the machinery. When, however, it was proposed to utilize the speed and force of the Hudson River and to turn them into the power that lights towns, runs street railways and vitalizes factory plants, the problem was a different one. The river was there, but the fall had to be created, and to do this it would be necessary to build one of the largest dams ever constructed. No such barrier, great or small, had ever been placed across a river of a volume and flow equal to that of the Hudson just above Glens Falls, N. Y. The dam was the most critical and interesting feature of the whole enterprise.

When it was decided to build the dam somewhere in the Hudson River valley, surveyors worked up and down the stream for more than a year, while the company purchased water rights and bought great tracts of woodland along the river bank. At length a place for the construction was chosen about eight miles above Glens Falls, where the river flows in a succession of broken rapids through the low, wooded hills. The valley is not particularly narrow there, but the current runs at the rate of ten miles an hour. The wall was to be eighty feet high, and would make a barrier that would back up the water in the river into a lake five miles long and about half a mile wide at its broadest point.

There are not many people living in the valley below, yet the projectors of the enterprise knew that if the dam ever gave way the wall of water, eighty feet high and extending back all those miles, would sweep far out into the plains beyond the hills, and carry such destruction in its way that the memory of the Johnstown flood wood be forgotten beside it; and they planned their construction accordingly. The chosen

spot was ten miles from any town where supplies could be procured, and that made necessary an enormous amount of teaming over bad roads, but there were compensations in the discovery of some excellent quarries of stone close by, together with a good sand pit. The thousands of logs, too, that were needed in the cribbage and other constructive work were close at hand in the woods on the river bank. It was only necessary to hire a small band of expert lumbermen, easily secured in that woody country, and keep them steadily at work in order to have all the timber required. There were more than 30,000 logs used on the work, an item which may give some idea of the scale of the operation.

The coffer dam from the outside. The gap shown in the permanent wall was purposely left there as an outlet for the river.

The construction of the dam was begun on the north bank, about eight hundred feet from the bed of the river. The plan was to build the power-house in the original river bed, as that would be the point where the greatest fall of water could be secured, and close to the south bank, which is high and very steep.

The first ostensible beginning of the work was the construction of a coffer dam built out into the river from the north bank. A coffer dam is a temporary structure, strong enough to resist the force of the current for a time and to furnish the dry space for the building of a permanent dam behind it. In this instance it was made of "cribbage" work—great cribs of logs piled one on the other and securely anchored by masses of stone and dirt. The illustration on the opposite page gives an excellent idea of this kind of a construction. The wall of logs and dirt was extended slowly out into the river at right angles to the bank, within one hundred feet of the south shore. There, at a right angle from the end, a slighter wall was continued down the river a short distance and then, in a wide curve, back to the north bank. The water was pumped out of this enclosure, and then work on the foundations of the permanent dam could be begun. A short fifty-foot pier of cribbage work was built out from the high and steep south shore toward the end of the coffer dam, leaving a narrow opening of about twenty

The crib-work which forms the foundation of the coffer dam.

feet between the two walls through which the water raced turbulently.

While the work was being done in the river bed that part of the permanent dam, which extends from the high north bank to the edge of the river bed and the beginning of the coffer dam, had been practically finished, excepting for a gap of one hundred feet purposely left midway in it. The plan was to construct a power-house at a point just below the twenty-foot opening between the coffer dam and the pier, through which flowed the full concentrated force of the Hudson River. It was necessary to close this opening and divert the river toward the north bank around the coffer dam and through the gap left in the main wall. To accomplish this, a wedge-shaped mass of crib-work thirty feet high was built directly over the opening. This crib-work was suspended in mid-air by heavy ropes fastened to the adjacent timbers. Men with axes were stationed at each rope, and at a given signal every rope was cut, the giant mass of timber sank down like a shot, and in a second the mad rush-

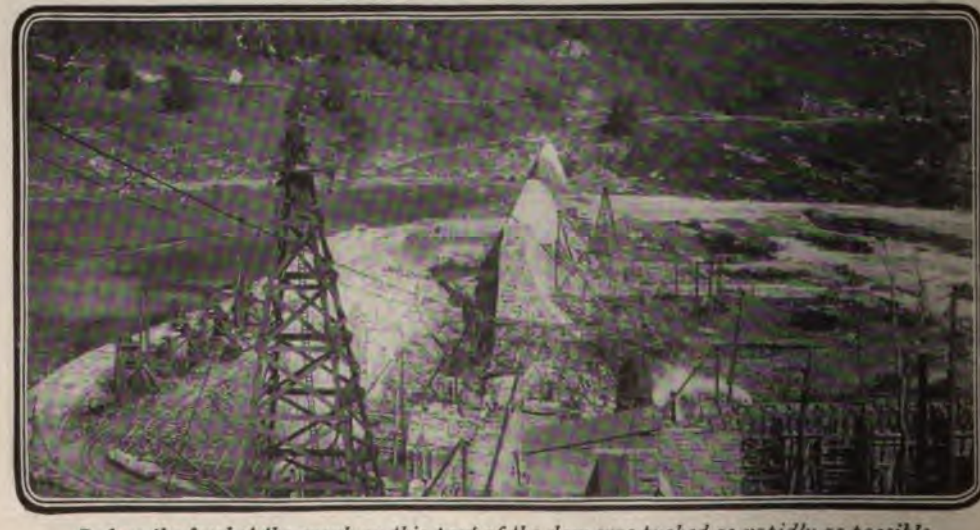
The construction of the permanent dam is carried on behind the protection of the coffer dam.

A general view of the entire work in the very beginning

feat of the whole undertaking was accomplished. Then stones and dirt were showered upon the framework until the water no longer came through, and the river, deprived of its outlet, rose along the whole length of the wall till it was high enough to find its way out through the north gap. After this the coffer dam was built up to a greater height above the water, making a rampart of dirt and cribbage work full ninety feet high, measuring from the bottom of the river. It is the largest coffer dam that has ever been built.

Behind the rampart of dirt excavating was carried on to the depth of sixty-five feet below the river bed, for the line of the dam happened to cross a pocket of hard pan, which had to be dug out before the foundation could be laid on bed-rock. The width of the foundation being, of course, in proportion to the height of the structure, the base of the dam spread out at this deepest point to a distance of 115 feet. The enormous mass of masonry required to fill up the great hole made this the most important and tiresome part of all the construction, and, although every effort was made to advance this work, it was just well under way when the season of spring freshets arrived.

The river is ice-bound all through the winter, and the thousands of logs



Before the freshet the work on this part of the dam was pushed as rapidly as possible.

when the river still flowed undisturbed in its natural channel.

cut during the snow season are piled high on the ice and along the banks waiting for the floods to carry them miles away to the saw mills. As a transportation agent the river never fails in the spring, and when the thaw comes suddenly the huge cakes of ice and masses of logs are hurried along in a tremendous confusion of whirling energy appalling in its force.

In the spring of 1902 the thaw came suddenly, the river rose over night and the ice and logs began battering at the tall dirt wall till it shook like a huge jelly. The banging and hammering kept on until it was no longer safe to work behind it. The men were withdrawn and the whole company gathered along the bank to watch the struggle between the wall and the water. The end came without any great crash. A piece of the dam simply melted away, and through the opening poured the water, ice and logs. More than a million and a half logs went over that hole in the wall in a day, before the flood slowly abated.

The course of the river had reverted through the break to nearly its old channel, and before anything more could be done on the wall it was necessary to stop the hole, rebuild the coffer dam and pump out the lake which had formed in the hollow behind it. Accordingly a V-shaped raft of logs was

After the freshet had broken down the coffer dam the river flowed through this part of the work.

When the river broke down the coffer dam in the freshet, more than a million and a half logs were hurled through the break in a day.

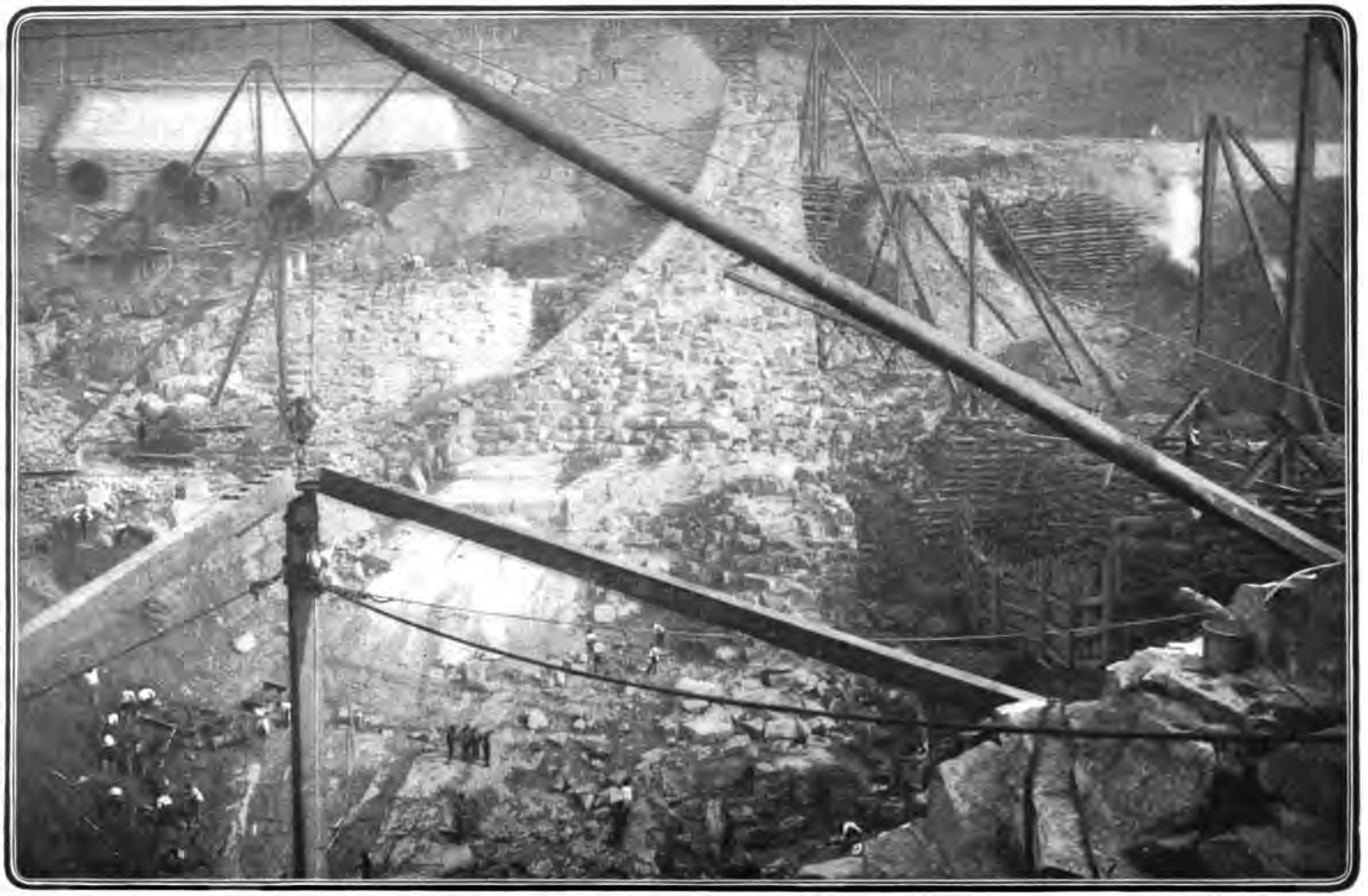
built, big enough to fill the break in the wall. With the greatest care it was floated down the stream and held opposite the opening. Just as it was being let into the gap one of the guiding cables snapped, the raft slewed round and plunged sideways through the hole, carrying part of one of the walls with it. This so enlarged the opening that a second raft had to be made, wider than the first and consequently far more difficult to guide and manage. With infinite labor and pains this one was at last floated down and sunk in the opening. Dirt and stones were showered on it and the hole was finally closed. After three weeks of steady toil, day and night, with the pumps the pit was dry enough to work in again.

The ordinary layman who sees the results of such labor cannot grasp the details with any comprehension. To say that 150,000 barrels of cement were used in making the concrete in which the huge blocks of granite were laid; to state that 400,000 tons of this same granite were built into the wall; that 30,000 trees were cut for the woodwork; that 1,500 men labored for three years to complete this narrow barrier stretching across the river, represents only a series of ungraspable ideas. But the process required to turn out one of those buckets of concrete, to quarry and transport one of those blocks of stone, is simple enough and yet marvelous enough to excite his comprehending wonder.

The concrete, for instance, is created out of the stones of the hillside in one small complete plant close to the works. Here, in the same little building, is a stone-crusher like an enormous mechanical mortar and pestle with a capacity of 600 tons of rock a day, screens of various sizes, mixing machines for water and sand and cement, and the numerous bucket elevators and chutes through which the different materials descend and ascend before they are satisfactorily mixed and ready to be dumped out into the waiting buckets. The quarries and sand pits are fortunately near the work, but, yet to get the stones in place, more than half a mile of narrow-gauge railroad, with engines, cars, switches and all the apparatus of a miniature railway was in constant use. And where the railway stops begins the complicated system of cable ways, hoists and cranes that form a network above the great excavation, and lift and carry the stones and concrete buckets from the bank, to drop them in the middle of the groups of waiting workmen.

Down in the hole, one hundred and fifty feet below the completed part of the wall, in a chasm of natural boulders and masonry rocks, the pumps drum and gurgle, taking out of the pit for their daily task half a million of gallons of water. Far overhead the buckets go flying swiftly by along the cable ways, then stop as suddenly and slide down to the ground, to rise again empty a minute later and be swept out of sight over the edge of the wall. Great hooks suspended from heavy chains swoop down, grasp an enormous stone and then, far above the confusion, slide through the air again to lower it to its place on the wall as accurately and gently as if it were a mere pebble. The great cranes that raise and lower their enormous arms and circle round in a narrower radius, add to the orderly confusion. Far above the hole towers the huge dirt wall of the coffer dam with its lattice work of supporting beams, the ends of great logs sticking out through the sides, and on top the scaffolding of the cable towers standing high against the sky, looking altogether like nothing so much as the familiar drawings in the back of Cæsar's commentaries of the Roman method of attacking a walled town.

A watchman sits all day long on top of the coffer dam in a little shed between the cable towers, his hand on the pull of a steam whistle. If a bucket swings too widely, or a crane or a hook is in danger of tangling or catching in any of the innumerable wire ropes, he pulls the whistle. Instantly all hoisting and lowering stops, the whole work holds its breath till the danger is passed; and then begins again to throb and bustle. These cable ways that have to be so carefully watched are remarkable themselves, for they are the longest contrivances of their kind in the world. The



The view from above of the work in the deepest part of the excavation suggests the tremendous building operations of ancient Egypt.

biggest of them stretches between its anchorages on the opposite banks of the river 2,400 feet and has an operating distance between its towers of 2,140 feet. It needs 11,400 feet, or fully two miles of wire to run this gigantic aerial road. The cable ways are worked all the time to their full capacity and so are the men who run them.

The finished dam—it will probably be completed early next spring—will be 1,400 feet long, exclusive of the 400 foot wall of the canal built to conduct the water to the turbine wheels. The greatest height will be 154 feet, with a width along the top of seventeen feet. There are one or two such constructions slightly larger in size, but none that bar so mighty and powerful a river.

The power house which is to utilize the force of the river is placed, as was said before, near the south bank. At the southern end of the dam are a number of water gates leading into a canal 400 feet long and 100 feet broad, with a depth of twenty feet. On the north side of this canal the water falls through ten tubes down to the turbine wheels placed below in the power-house. Each of these turbines is connected with a generator capable of developing 5,000 horse-power. The plant can only reach its full capacity of 50,000 horse-power during eight months of the year, when the river is high. At other times it will develop never less than 20,000 horse-power, which will be transmitted to the country round about within a radius of fifty-six miles. There is a population of 300,000 people living within this district, which includes the towns of Albany, Troy, Schenectady, Cohoes, Glens Falls and Saratoga.

An artificial mountain of granite and rubble concrete was created here for the dam to rest on.

The Hudson river, flowing quietly through this region, will drive the trolley-cars, light the cities and run the foundries, machine shops and pumping-stations. As the river is the greatest natural feature of the region, it will become at the same time the greatest industrial factor, and that, too, with no loss even of its beauty.

REED SMOOT, MORMON APOSTLE AND U. S. SENATOR

PUBLIC attention has once more been attracted toward Utah. This time it is in consequence of the conceded election of a Mormon Apostle to the United States Senate. This will be the first time that one of the twelve apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, the ruling body of the Mormon Church, has ever been elected to Congress.

Reed Smoot was born in Salt Lake City, Jan. 10, 1862. His father, Abraham O. Smoot, was a Kentuckian, and one of the pioneers in settling the Salt Lake Valley, while his mother was a Norwegian. When he was ten years old the boy's father moved to Provo City, fifty miles south of the capital of Utah, and there the family have lived ever since. Abraham Smoot was not only Mayor of Provo City and member of the Legislature for that district, but he was also chief officer there of the Mormon Church, presiding over all its

affairs in Utah County. He was also engaged in a number of industrial and mercantile enterprises and, with Brigham Young, built up the Brigham Young Academy, the leading educational institution of the Mormon Church.

Reed Smoot was educated at the Brigham Young Academy and graduated from it in 1879. He immediately entered one of the co-operative institutions which had been founded in Provo City by his father and Brigham Young, and in eighteen months became manager of the company. Four years later he was made superintendent of the Provo Woolen Mills, the largest manufacturing plant of its kind west of the Missouri River. He passed six years of hard practical work at the mills and in other business enterprises, and was then sent as a missionary to Europe. He traveled about a year in Great Britain and on the Continent, when he was unexpectedly recalled in consequence of the serious illness of his father. On his return he became very active in church work, and after his father's death was chosen a member of the Presidency of the Utah State of Zion. At the general conference of the church in Salt Lake City, April 8, 1900, he was unanimously chosen and sustained as one of the twelve apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints, a position he still holds. Mr. Smoot, however, while an ardent devotee of his religious faith, is still a man of affairs. He is President of the Farmers' Bank, in the city of Provo; Vice-President and director of the Grand Central Mine, one of the greatest ore producers in the State; director and manager of the Provo Woolen Mills; President and part owner of the electric lighting system of Provo City, and holds many other positions of profit and importance.

In spite of his many business and religious interests Smoot is the foremost representative of the new political life of Utah. At an early date he became convinced of the disastrous effect, socially and commercially, of the old-time animosities which raged between the Church and the anti-Church parties in Utah Territory, and in 1888, he announced himself a Republican, hired the Opera House in Provo to open the campaign, and secured the services of United States District Attorney Varian to make the first Republican speech ever given in that city. Since then he has been a consistent supporter of Republican policies, principles and candidates.

In 1896, when Utah went for Bryan, Smoot stood firm. Later, through his personal influence, the state once counted strongly Democratic, was converted to Republicanism. Two years ago it sent enough Republicans to the State Legislature to overcome the Democratic majority in that body, and thus secured for the party another United States Senator. His remarkable services entitled him at that time to prominent mention for the Senate, but he declined to become a candidate. This year, however, he entered the race before the primaries and conventions were held, and announced himself as a candidate if his party should succeed in carrying the election. It did so by a large majority, and Smoot is the logical nominee of the Republican party.

Personally Mr. Smoot is a tall, well-preserved and vigorous man; he is a good public speaker, and being barely turned forty may well be counted among the young men in politics.

The case of temporary Congressman Roberts is still fresh in people's minds, and when Mr. Smoot presents his credentials on the floor of the United States Senate the whole broad and deep question of Mormonism will become the subject of national debate. But Smoot's personal record is very different from that of Roberts. He is the husband of one wife only, and his family of six children is free from the cruel misfortune of a divided house, which has rightly been regarded as the worst taint of Mormonism. At the same time, those who know from observation or experience the complete autocracy of the Mormon Church, its organization, which is only approached in effectiveness by the organization of Tammany Hall, its tenacious grip on a large and fertile area of our national territory, may well pause to consider the effect of a spokesman of this institution sitting in a chair of the United States Senate.

THE SONG OF THE DRUM

By H. BANNISTER MERWIN

N the morning of that day old Corcoran awoke early. When he went out to the pump the sun was only just beginning to drive the chill out of the air. Corcoran rubbed the cold water vigorously into his short-cropped white hair, sputtered a little with his face in the tub and emerged at last glistening clean. He picked up the jagged fragment of mirror and wielded the old wire hairbrush, which hung from the pump by a string. He was more alert than usual. As a matter of fact he had gone to bed sober the night before—which had very few precedents in his memory.

Sarah was taking down dishes and pans for the making of breakfast when he came back into the kitchen. He stood in the door and watched her as she moved about oblivious to him, and he noted something like her mother's manner and gulped a little. When at last her eyes caught his figure she started. It was almost the first time that she had not had to pound again and again at his door to arouse him from his dull slumber.

"Where's Willie?" he asked.

"He's dressing."

"He ought 'a' been up before this."

"He'll be here in a minute."

"Sarah, *I'm* goin' to get the breakfast this morning—the way we used to do in camp. You just leave things."

"Why, Father!"

"Come, clear out!"

"Father! Are you going to—"

"Just clear out! I don't want you fussin' around."

Sarah hurried to the parlor and sat primly on the horse-hair sofa. She could not forget to be prim in this room even in the moment of surprise. Her eyes wandered vaguely from the marble-topped "stand," with its red-plush photograph album, labeled "Our Friends," to the lithograph of Perry at the battle of Lake Erie; then to the wax flowers under their glass case on the mantel. She looked up to the wall above the flowers and gave a little exclamation. Everything was suddenly clear to her. And yet all she saw was an old drum, battered and dented, its sticks framed diagonally above.

Tom Corcoran's drum. High in the place of honor, it was the constant reminder of a departed but unfaded service. Whatever old Tom was now, he had given four years of life to his country. Though he hung around the barroom in the hourly hope of earning a drink by some odd job or of being treated by visitors who enjoyed his garrulous recital of great battles; though he neglected his two children, letting Sarah, still in her 'teens, wear out her slender fingers with a needle for the food and clothing it scantily bought; though he was useless, the butt of youngsters when he staggered, the contempt of the decently disposed—he had served his country. The drum testified for him. When he slung it over his shoulder on rare occasions

people did not jeer. With the drum before him and the two sticks in his hands he was master. Then he could stir the blood of men—could do with them what he would. The respect that others felt for his drum he felt too, but he made that martial mastery no excuse for his degradation. He would never drum for a drink, no matter how desire parched him.

Sarah remembered that this day was the greatest in the history of the town. The Grand Army men were coming. There would be a sham battle on the Fair Grounds and a band contest, and over all would preside as judge and distributor of prizes General ———, Corcoran's old commander. She understood, therefore, her father's unexpected mood.

Just then Willie came into the parlor.

"What's the matter with Dad?" he asked. "Didn't he come home last night?"

"Ssh! Yes. He's getting breakfast."

"He?"

"Don't say anything. You know the band contest is to-day."

"Is he goin' to drum?"

"I don't know. Don't say anything."

The meal was eaten in silence. Whatever the old man's mood, he hugged it close, eating reflectively, with distant glances out of the window. When he pushed away from the table he went to his room and took from a drawer in the bureau a faded army uniform. He laid it on the bed and brushed it carefully, smoothing out the wrinkles. In the shoulder was a mended place; a cavalry sabre had made the rent. As he noted it the old scar seemed to throb on his arm. He looked to the wall, where his honorable discharge hung in its walnut frame. There was a trace of weakness in his bearing. Conquering the emotion, he put on the uniform and went to the parlor, where he took down the drum and adjusted the straps over his shoulder. Sarah was watching him furtively through the open kitchen door and throwing significant looks to Willie.

Old Tom drew the sticks softly through his fingers. His eyes glazed a little with some memory, but he breathed deep, raised his chin and marched out of the front door.

"Father!" called Willie. "Are you going to drum?"

Old Tom did not answer. The gate clicked after him.

"He never put the uniform on before," said Sarah. "He must be going to drum."

"And we'll go, Sarah. *Won't* we go?"

"Yes, we'll go."

The Fair grounds were crowded early in the day. The town was there, and the surrounding country had yielded up its wagonfulls, to say nothing of the hundreds of excursionists who had come by train. For the Grand Army reunion had been much heralded, and the fact of the General's presence would of itself have insured a throng.

Families wandered in groups from the lemonade booths to the ring-toss, and thence to the shooting gallery and the trained bear and the merry-go-round. Little girls clung close to their mothers. Small boys darted everywhere, yelling to one another. Old men who wore the blue hailed one another and drew aside for tales, beginning, "Well, you see, the second day at Gettysburg, I—" or, "I remember at Antietam—".

About noon the grand-stand began to fill. People took their lunch baskets there and ate in groups, spread leisurely among the benches. As the luncheons disappeared the unoccupied seats became fewer. Sarah and Willie slipped up to a far corner unnoticed in the confused interchanges of greetings and reminiscences. They sat very straight and whispered to each other.

"There's Jim Wilson," remarked Willie. "He used to come to see you."

"We used to play together."

"Why don't he come any more? Why don't any fellers come to see you?"

"There's no need of your asking that, Willie. You know just as well as I do."

"Same reason why they chase me at

school, I s'pose," murmured Willie, and Sarah sighed.

The small boys in the grand-stand were restless by this time. They began to stamp their feet, irregularly at first and then in rhythm. Older boys joined in. The noise became so thunderous that Mr. Smythe, the master of ceremonies, who was also the town undertaker, hurried to the front, looked deprecatingly about and clapped his hands, putting on his professional look. There was a lull.

"We must remember," called Mr. Smythe, "that the General is coming."

At this the boys began to whistle and cheer, and soon were stamping louder than ever. Mr. Smythe tried vainly to bring order, but was obliged to give it up and return to his seat.

Several false alarms that the General was arriving were followed by the rustle and clatter of the people getting to their feet. At last a carriage swung around the corner of the stand and came to a stop. The General descended and moved slowly to the box reserved for him, with Judge Wilson, his host. There was no mistaking the General's erect old figure, the gray beard half hiding the kindly face. The people cheered frantically, not stopping until long after he had entered his box, where he stood smiling and bowing. "Don't keep him standing! Don't keep him standing!" shouted one to another, and the noise died out. The General took his seat and conversed in low tones with Judge Wilson, while the people droned like swarming bees.

It was time for the band contest to begin. A blare of brasses flattened the air, and the Zouave band from the State Capital swung around the grand-stand, marching in good order and playing the "Washington Post." The leader strode in front, swinging his huge baton and sometimes throwing it high into the air and catching it as it fell, without once permitting its whirling to cease. Round and round marched the players, stopping finally before the stand and putting a new access of energy into their music. The cheeks of the cornetists were puffed out like red apples; the clarionetists never missed a note; the drums rattled; the trombones and great horns groaned in the most approved rhythm, and the leader continued the gyrations of his baton with an agility that seemed almost incredible. At the last flourish the drums beat again, and the band marched proudly from the field.

"The State Zouaves," whispered Judge Wilson to the General, amid the applause. "They've won half a dozen contests."

As the next contestants came into view there was a burst of cheering. Local pride made the local band popular, and half the people in the stand recognized that it was performing a piece new to its repertoire. The familiar faces of the players stared without recognition at their friends and neighbors among the auditors. The cornetists and trombone players were not quite sure of their notes, so they had their music fastened to their instruments. The leader, George Schroeder, who was also head of the fire department, waved his baton with due regard to time, but not so much to expression. The new yellow uniforms were very effective in the sunlight. The piece went smoothly at first. Presently one of the cornetists skipped a bar and blew loud notes that had no relation to things in general. His neighbor kicked him; Schroeder, the leader, gave him an agonized look. He knew something was wrong, but he dared not stop, and plunged ahead into deeper and deeper abysses of discord.

Then Schroeder, being essentially a man of quick decision, marched his band away, still playing, and sought a seclusion where the poor offender could be sufficiently sworn at. The crowd cheered patriotically.

The next band came from Belgravia, the metropolis of an adjoining county; the next, from Waterford. These four were all that had entered for the contest, and the people, after applauding the last, settled down to a noisy discussion of rival merits. The local majority thought that Schroeder's presence of mind should win his men the prize, but the outside contingent swore by the Zouaves to a man.

Sarah and Willie had been too excited to take part in the enthusiasm. They had their own secret. After each piece they had peered about, earnestly wondering of their father. Would he come? Was the old drum to sound that day? They knew that he had not entered his name, but they also knew that any determination he might have formed would not be stayed for ceremonial reasons. When the Waterford band marched away the hearts of the two children sank.

"I guess he isn't coming," said Sarah, with a wistful lingering of her hope.

Just then a hand was laid on Willie's shoulder. He turned with a start, to see his father's face peering over the back of the grand-stand.

"Willie! Willie!" whispered the old man.

"What, father?"

"I want you to fife for me."

"My fife ain't here."

"I've got it. Play it the way I taught you. Come on."

Willie slipped over the rail and slid down the scantling supports. Sarah remained upright on the bench, awaiting what was to come with eager dread.

What was that? Two thousand faces turned in wonder. A drum was beating the long roll. Softly it began, then swelled to a great volume of muttering sound, dying away again and breaking gently into a pulsating rhythm. A fife pierced the air, forced into a wild old army song. On the field, side by side, marched Corcoran and Willie, straight to a position in front of the stand. The buzzing of protest died away before them—just the exclamation, "It's Corcoran!" swept through the crowd. Judge Wilson whispered a tolerant explanation to the General, who looked with a sudden light of recollection on the figure of the veteran drummer of his old corps.

Willie finished his tune and stopped, but the drum kept on. It leaped into action like a live thing freed from sharp bonds. It swept everything before it in a conquering advance of sound until it entered the hearts of its hearers, beating there and sending the warm blood glowing through the arteries. The General had stepped to his feet and was leaning forward, one hand clutching the rail of his box, but no one noted him. Every being in that crowd was alone in his own feeling.

R-r-r-r-r-r-ruh-ruh! A great black cloud covered the land. The mountains were lost in it; cities and towns were seen through it dimly. Lower it sank until it shadowed everything. Fire flashes shot through it and thunder growled. The rush of wailing voices was heard, and the cloud retreated a little, showing men in swarms, hurrying here and there. They massed together and struggled for victory, the cannon booming in deep sub-bass to their hoarse shouts. Armies formed and scattered again. They were over the land like ants.

R-r-r-r-r-r-rat-tat! Out of the confusion swung compact thousands. They plunged into the receding darkness, cheering as they went. They fought; God, how they fought! Everything fell before that conquering advance. Chains were loosened. Cities and towns flared up in burning and harvests withered, but on went the army in blue, swelling a great song for the flag that makes us free—on to Atlanta—on and on, with the shadows scurrying before it—on to the gleaming sea, with mighty shouts, the victor's pæan, the praise of liberty for the suffering, of light for those who had dwelt in darkness.

The drum ceased. The General drew his hand across his eyes and saw—a grizzled old man holding by the hand a white-faced little boy. The people were still. Sarah sat rigid, with a red spot on each cheek.

When the cheering came there was no stopping it until long after old Cororan and Willie had marched away. Judge Wilson and the General conversed together in low tones, and the Judge beckoned Mr. Smythe and sent him on an errand, from which he returned in a few minutes with some negative answer. Jim Wilson was called, and, after nodding his assent to an instruction, mounted a bench and looked

searchingly through the crowd. Sarah flushed when he caught her eye. She flushed more when he made his way over the benches to her, the people watching him expectantly.

"Sarah," he said, "they can't find your father or Willie, but the General wants you. Will you please come with me?"

"Oh, I—"

She choked a little, but got to her feet and moved down through the passage the people made for her. There was much clapping. The General took her hand and told her that she ought to be very proud, and he hoped that Willie would grow up to be a brave and good man, like his father.

Then the General made a little speech. He told the people that they had heard a humble instrument made great by genius; that what they had heard and felt when Corcoran played for them was a message of pure patriotism from a true heart; and when he had finished he placed the prize of one hundred dollars in gold in the hands of Sarah.

As Sarah slipped out of the Fair grounds and walked down the dusty road—she had not waited to see the sham battle, and Judge Wilson had kindly helped her to escape noisy congratulations—she heard a low whistle from under the hedge, and turned to see Willie's half-frightened face looking up at her.

"Did they—did they—?" He stuck on the question.

"They gave the prize to me for him."

"The prize? One hundred dollars?"

"Yes; here—but where is he?"

"I don't know. He went away and wouldn't answer me."

They trudged to the house together and ate their supper alone.

Late that night old Corcoran was helped home by three men, who took him to his room with more gentleness than usual, and laid him on his bed, setting the drum on the floor beside him.

EAGERNESS

By EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

My heart throbs in tune with the heart of the ocean,
—The world's heart a-beat in its rhythmical motion—
Sea-winds lull to slumber the memory of grieving,
The sin burdened soul of me tenderly shrieving.

The summer sea translucent blue-green is glimmering,
Purple and rose in its under-sheen shimmering;
Over the dreaming world's color and fragrance
Pearly clouds wander in chance-driven vagrance

Curve of the ripple, the wave's bosom wrinkling,
Lapping of water, the yellow sands crinkling,
Whistle of blackbird, and cry of the plover,—
Peace . . . yet, ye world of men, I am your lover!

Rose of the world, so ye call I am coming,
The bee of desire in my eager soul humming!
Though love and light laughter give way to grim sorrow,
My soul is afire for the living to-morrow!

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

By E. H. SOTHERN

With portrait of Joseph Jefferson drawn from life by JOHN CECIL CLAY, and printed as frontispiece to this magazine

THE impelling force that bids me begin this humble tribute to a gentleman and an actor with those oft-repeated lines of childhood—Once upon a time—is due, no doubt, to the fact that, though it is in no wise a story of the fairies, yet it comes from out that long ago clouded in the misty haze of years through which every man peers at times, with the joy of recollection tugging at his heart.

And so I repeat that, once upon a time there arrived at my father's house in Kensington, London, a gentleman and his son. They had come from Australia, my brother, sister and myself were told, and with childish curiosity we followed their every move. The younger man, it seemed, had met with an accident on shipboard. He was straightway bundled off to bed in a darkened room, while the servants were for several hours busied with the instructions of the doctor, and we youngsters were much interested in the occasional remarks concerning "poultices," "medicines," and "every two hours—unless he sleeps," etc., which in muffled tones were whispered in the halls and outside the door of the guest chamber.

In good time my father explained that the older gentleman was a pirate chief; that he was in hiding, and that the utmost secrecy must necessarily be maintained lest his whereabouts become known. The younger man, he assured us, was the first mate of the pirate craft over which this chief held sway, and had been frightfully wounded in a hand-to-hand combat against tremendous odds. Most of his limbs had been severed from his body, while the trunk had been literally hacked into small bits. And then, just as our eyes were about to pop out of our heads, we were assured that the unfortunate was being gradually put together and patched up again, and would in time, no doubt, be able to resume his proud position under the black flag.

And so for days—even for months afterward—we held the kindly-faced gentleman in wholesome awe as the Terror of the Seas, and had whispered consultations in the nursery concerning the probable action of the first mate once he was grown solid again. It wasn't long before he was able to be about, however, and as neither of our guests gave outward sign of committing in our midst the crimes of which we believed them capable, our confidence gradually returned.

And that was my first meeting with Joseph Jefferson and his son Charles. Even to-day the recollection of my childish fear at the footfall of this gentle soul brings a smile to my lips—for surely no man was further from suggesting a Terror of the Seas than this staunch veteran of our profession, whose gentleness has shone for so many years through the characters of *Rip* and *Caleb*, *Mr. Golightly* and artful *Fighting Bob Acres*.

To write of Joseph Jefferson as I have known him in the years which have come and gone since that memorable visit to Kensington, must needs be to write with enthusiasm. He represents to-day, as he has represented for a long, long time that so-styled old school in which a gentle personality, a tender humor and a genuineness of heart and soul were the chief charms of comedians, and when Florence and Raymond, Owens and E. A. Sothern—as well as many others—were known and loved for their kindly, courteous and gentle ways.

None of us seem to have much gentleness nowadays. We all have bicycle faces--hard and set, tense and eager-looking, and suggestive, I fear, of the thought that we have full opinions of our own worth—a fact borne out, I am bound to admit, by some of the advance notices one reads. And well may we ask, What is the matter with the present generation of players? Perhaps, though, in this day of "big things," from the organization of trusts to the staging of plays, it has become necessary to assert oneself more or suffer the humiliation of being thrust into the rear ranks.

It wasn't so in Jefferson's day. An actor took his art seriously then, and did not depend to such an extent upon scenic embellishments and the graceful exaggerations of the press man ahead.

One, night some years ago, as I entered Dorlon's oyster house on West Twenty-third street, I saw Joseph Jefferson and W. J. Florence sittting at a table near the door. Jefferson was talking earnestly to Florence, who was looking very much ashamed of himself, with eyes cast down and fiddling with his oyster fork. Glancing up he saw me, and, as if glad to escape from a scolding, he cried, "Come over here and sit down with us."

"How do you do," said Jefferson. "Pardon me a moment. I am telling Billy about a point he spoiled this evening." They were playing "The Rivals" at the Garden Theater. He proceeded to haul the shame-faced Florence over the coals for not having the necessary expression on his face at the proper moment.

"Well, I was thinking of something else," said Florence.

"Ah, that's it," said Jefferson, "but you missed the point, and let me tell you that you would have got a round of applause there"—naming some other portion of the scene—"if you had made the pause in the right place."

"Look here," said Florence, suddenly, losing his remorseful expression, "you killed your own effect by speaking too quickly on that line," and he instanced one of *Bob Acres'* best moments.

Jefferson's face fell. "That's so, Billy, that's so, I spoiled that line. I was thinking how well I was playing too, and I forgot my look before I spoke."

Florence became quite cheerful again. "He's been giving me fits," said he, "for the last ten minutes. He wasn't so devilish good himself to-night."

To see those two veterans polishing their work, to find them in their hour of recreation gilding refined gold was an object lesson of some value. That sort of thing was not a new experience to me, for I had been accustomed to see my father fight and argue by the hour together over such minute matters as a look or a gesture. The attention, the indefatigable attention to detail, the vast importance of perfecting every tone, every movement, every look of a character before trusting to any God-given quality of genius or inspiration, was one of his axioms. These principles I had seen my father hammer into many a table after the play.

Anyone who sees for the first time the sketch books of McClise, indeed of any great painter, will be astounded by the multitude of studies and sketches connected with a single picture—an arm, an eye, a hand, a bit of drapery, drawn in detail over and over again in pencil, in sepia and in color. It seems astonishing that a man already master of his art should find it necessary to take such pains, but it is in the same spirit that Mr. Jefferson has worked at the characters we all know so well. The precision with which he plays, the perfection of detail which adorns each performance, is the result of just such minute care as he and Florence were bestowing on their work that night in Dorlon's.

The ability to live with one's work all the time is not, I fancy, given to every man. But it is a very necessary quality in an artist. The kind of "talking shop" which consists in buttonholing some poor friend and telling him by the hour how clever you are, is not what I mean. I mean the faculty which enables a man to put everything he reads or sees or feels into his work, so that the work grows with

the growth of his own mind and soul.

The actor who is satisfied is lost. Mr. Jefferson will be the first to tell you that, and when his last performance is given—which God grant may be many years hence—he will assure you that he could have done still better. I know my father was never satisfied with his Dundreary—up to his last days he was changing and worrying over lines and bits of business which he had spoken and practiced for years, to everybody's satisfaction but his own.

The kindly, gentle radiance of an art like Jefferson's, however, is felt with a gratitude that must be a powerful plea for the theater as a good influence everywhere.

It is inspiring for other actors to contemplate one of their craft far on in years, still holding the affectionate attention of a great people, commanding honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, and all that should accompany old age. And all this without having recourse to sensational sword fights or special trains, or Carmen kisses or live animals on the stage, or rows in public places—even without denouncing other actors. Just the reward of practicing the gentle art of acting—and what a gentle art it is—when practiced by gentle folk. Jefferson's "Rip" is a book of poems. I am quite sure people will remember a look, or a wink, or a smile of his lips, when they will be quite unable to recall many now familiar verses.

The quality that breathes of poetry and tenderness in painting, or writing or acting, must have the true ring of simplicity. The ease of execution which alone makes all art natural, comes from a devotion to the work which many of us can command, but this other thing, this poetic spirit, is a gift and one not often given. How many try hard enough—but yet can never be tender or true or simple on the stage? "He is clever—but cold. She is brilliant, but she does not move me at all." One often hears this. And that very man or woman has been sobbing bitterly, shedding real tears, feeling the scene to the heart of them. Why can't they convey that gift to the auditor then?

Or people say, "I can't laugh at that man, he's trying too hard to be funny." The poor man feels the humor of his lines, why can't he make the audience laugh?

The actor must make the observer feel his exhibition of feeling. The whole victory does not consist in putting on a suit of strange looking clothes and an outlandish wig. The outward and visible sign is nothing without the inward and spiritual grace.

The art of Joseph Jefferson does not strike you in the face and demand your approval or your life. It reaches out across the footlights and puts its arms about your neck, draws you close to its heart and comforts you. And well might we borrow a thought from the master of literature and declare that his life is gentle and the elements so mixed in him that Nature may proclaim to all the world that her pride, her love and her respect for such a man will live through all eternity.

THE AMETHYST BOX*

By ANNA KATHERINE GREEN

VIII.—CONTINUED.

AT every previous shift in this ever-changing drama, my desire had been to set my wits against the facts, and, if I could, puzzle out this mystery. But I had no such temptation now. I did not want to waste any time in thought, but to act, and that immediately. Dorothy, for all Gilbertine's intimation to the contrary, had the key to the enigma in her own breast. Otherwise, why should she have ventured upon that surprising and necessarily unpalatable advice to Sinclair—an advice he seemed to have followed—not to marry Gilbertine Murray at the time proposed. Nothing but the knowledge of some facts which had not yet been made clear to me, or to the general crowd, could have nerved her to such an act. My one hope of understanding this matter lay with her. To seek her at once where I had been told she awaited me, seemed the natural course, and if any real gratitude underlay the look of trust she had given me at the termination of our last interview, she would reward my trust by unbosoming herself of all that called up doubt between us.

I was at the door of the boudoir immediately upon forming this resolution. Finding it ajar, I pushed it softly open, and as softly entered. To my astonishment, the place was very dark. Not only had the shades been drawn down, but the shutters had been closed, so that it was with difficulty I detected the slight, black-robed figure which lay crouched among the cushions of a lounge, with head buried in her outstretched arms. She had evidently not heard my entrance, for she did not move; and, struck by the pathetic attitude, I advanced in a whirl of feeling which made me forget all conventionalities, everything, in fact, but that I loved her and believed in her. Laying my hand softly on her head, I gently whispered:—

"Look up, dear. Whatever barrier there was between us has fallen. Look up and hear how I love you. Then we will talk and clear away all these shadows."

She thrilled as a woman only thrills when her secret soul is moved, and rising with a certain grand movement, turned her face upon me, glorious with a feeling that not even the dimness of the room could hide.

Why, then, did my brain whirl and my heart collapse? It was Gilbertine, and not Dorothy who stood before me.

IX.

IN THE LITTLE BOUDOIR.

Never had I dreamed of such an explanation of all our secret troubles. I had seen as much of the one cousin as the other in my visits to Mrs. Lansing's house, but Gilbertine being at the time I first made their acquaintance already engaged to my friend Sinclair, I naturally did not presume to study her face for any signs of interest in myself, even if my sudden and uncontrollable passion for Dorothy had left me any heart to do so. Yet now, in the light of that unmistakable smile, that beaming eye from which all troublous thoughts seemed to have fled forever, a thousand remembrances came up which not only made me bewail my own blindness, but which seemed to explain the peculiar attitude always maintained by Dorothy towards myself, and many other things which a moment before had seemed fraught with impenetrable mystery.

All this in the twinkling of an eye.

* Begun in November.

Meanwhile, misled by my words, she drew back a step and, with that light still on her face, murmured in low but full-toned accents:—

"Not just yet! it is too soon. Let me simply enjoy the fact that I am free and that the courage to win my release came from my own suddenly acquired trust in Mr. Sinclair's goodness. Last night—," and she shuddered—"I saw only another way—a way the horrors of which I hardly realized. But God saved me from so dreadful, yea, so unnecessary a crime, and this morning—"

It was cruel to let her go on, cruel to stand there and allow this ardent if mistaken nature so ingenuously to unfold itself while I, with ear half-turned towards the door, listened for the step of her whom I had never so much loved as at that moment, possibly because I had only just come to understand the cause of her seeming vacillations. My instincts were so imperative, my duty and the obligations of my position seemed so clear, that I made a move as she reached this point, which caused Gilbertine first to hesitate, then to stop. How should I fill up this gap of silence? How tell her of the great, the grievous mistake she had made? The task was one to try the courage of stouter souls than mine. But a thought of Dorothy nerved me; perhaps, also, my real friendship and commiseration for Sinclair.

"Gilbertine," I began, "I will make no pretense of misunderstanding you. The situation is too serious, the honor which you do me too great; only, I am not free to accept that honor. The words which I uttered were meant for Dorothy. I expected to find her in this room. I have long loved your cousin—in secrecy, I own, but honestly and with every hope of some day making her my wife. I—I—"

There was no need for me to say more. The warm and clinging hand turning to ice in my clasp; the wide-open, blind-struck eyes, the recoil; the maiden flush rising, deepening, covering chin and cheek and forehead, then fading out again till the whole face was white as marble and seemingly as cold, told me that the blow had gone home and that Gilbertine Murray, the unequalled beauty, the petted darling of a society who recognized every charm she possessed save her ardent nature and great heart, had reached the height of her many miseries and that I had been the one to place her there.

A great pity and a great respect at once seized me, and I endeavored to utter some futile words, which she at once stopped by a gesture of her hand.

"You can say nothing," she murmured. "I have made an awful mistake, the worst that any woman ever made." Then, with long pauses and as if her tongue were clogged by shame—perhaps, by some deeper if less apparent feeling—"You love Dorothy. Does Dorothy love you?"

My answer was gentle, but honest.

"I have dared to hope so, notwithstanding the little opportunity she has given me to express my feelings. She has always held me back, and that very decidedly, or my devotion would have been no secret."

"Oh, Dorothy!"

It was the cry of a full heart, but not, even with all that shame upon her, of an embittered one. Indeed, it seemed as if for the moment her thoughts were more taken up with her cousin's possible unhappiness than with her own.

"How I must have made her suffer! I have been a curse to those who loved me. But I am humble now, and very rightly."

I began to experience a certain awe of this great nature. There was grandeur even in her contrition and, gazing at her colorless features, sweet with almost an unearthly sweetness, notwithstanding the anguish consuming her, I suddenly realized what Sinclair's love for her must have been. To call such a woman his, to lead her almost to the foot of the altar and then to see her turn her back upon him and depart! Surely his lot was an intolerable one, and, though the interference I had unconsciously made in his wishes had been involuntary, I felt like cursing myself for not having been more open in my attentions to the girl I really loved.

Gilbertine seemed to feel the bent of my thoughts, for, pausing at the door

towards which she had moved, she stood with the knob in her hand and, with averted face and form, observed, gravely :—

"I am going out of your life. But before I do so I would like to say what may palliate my conduct a little in your eyes. I have never known a mother. I early fell under my aunt's charge, who, detesting children, sent me away to school, where I was well enough treated, but never loved. I was a plain child and felt my plainness. This made me awkward, and as my aunt had caused it to be distinctly understood that she had only sent me there to have me educated for a teacher, my position awakened little interest and few hearts, if any, warmed towards me. Meanwhile my whole breast was filled with but one desire—to love passionately and, if possible, to be loved passionately in return. Years passed; I grew, but not in happiness or self-confidence. Girls who used to pass me by without seeing me now paused to give me stares, if not their hearts. I did not understand this change, and withdrew more and more into myself and the fairyland made for me by books. Romance was my life, and I began to dream of what I would do had I been born beautiful and wealthy, when my aunt suddenly visited the school, saw me and at once took me away and placed me in the most fashionable school in New York City. From there I was launched, without any word of motherly counsel, into the gay society you know so well. Almost with my coming out I found the world at my feet and, though my aunt showed me no love, she evinced a certain pride in my success and cast about to procure for me a great match. Mr. Sinclair was the victim. He visited me, took me to theaters and eventually proposed. My aunt was in ecstacies. I, who felt helpless before her will, was glad that he, at least, was a gentleman, and, to all appearance, respectable in his living and nice in his tastes. But he was not what I fancied in a man and, while I accepted him—it was not possible to do anything else, with my aunt controlling every action, if not every thought—I was happy only in the frivolous way common to girls who see a wedding before them, with the prospect of a great establishment beyond. I cared so little for Mr. Sinclair himself that I forgot to ask if his many attentions were the result of any real feeling on his part or only such as he considered due to the woman he expected to make his wife. You see what girls are. How I despise myself now for this miserable frivolity!

"All this time I knew that I was not my aunt's only niece; that Dorothy Camerden, though I had never seen her, was as nearly related to her as I was. For, true to her heartless code, my aunt had placed us in separate schools and we had never met. When she found that I was soon to leave her and that soon there would be nobody to see that her dresses were bought with discretion, and her person attended to with something like care, she sent for Dorothy. I shall never forget the hour this sweet girl arrived. I had been told that I need not expect much, but when, on coming downstairs on my way to the opera, I caught my first glimpse of her dear face in the hall, I saw that my soul's friend had come and that, marriage or no marriage, I need never be alone again.

"But I do not think that I impressed my cousin quite so favorably as she did me. Dorothy was not used to elaborate dressing and all the follies of fashionable life, and her look had more of awe than expectation in it. But I gave her a hearty kiss, and in a week she was as brilliantly dressed as myself.

"I loved her, but from blindness of eye or an overwhelming egotism, which God has certainly punished, I did not consider her beautiful. This I must say, if only to complete my humiliation. I never thought, even after you came and I became the daily witness of your many attentions to her, that it was on her account you visited the house so often. I had been so petted and spoiled since entering society that I imagined you were kind to her simply because honor forbade you to be too kind to me; and seeing in you a man different from the others—one—who—who pleased me as the heroes of my old ro-

mances had pleased me, I gave you all my heart and, what was worse, *confided my folly to Dorothy*.

"You will have many a talk with her in the future, and some day she may prove to you that it was vanity and not badness of heart which made me misunderstand your feelings. Having repressed my own impulses so long, I saw in your reticence the evidences of a like struggle, and when you came in here just now so happy I—well—we will say—no more about all this—forever. What I related concerning my aunt's death was true, only that which paralyzed my hand and voice when I saw her raise the drop of death to her lips was the fact that I had meant to die by this drop myself, in Dorothy's room, and with Dorothy's arms about me. This was my secret—a secret, however, which I have had to part with to the man below, who would not credit my story till I told him the whole truth."

"Gilbertine," I prayed, for I saw her fingers closing upon the knob she had lightly held till now, "do not go till I have said this one word. The love which a young girl seeks is not always that which would stay her in the years of enlarged womanhood. The heart you have ignored is a heart to supply the deepest need. Do not let it slip from you. God never gives a woman such a love twice."

"I know it," she murmured, and turned the knob.

I thought she was gone, and let the sigh which had been laboring at my breast have vent, when suddenly I caught one last word whispered from the threshold:—

"Throw back the shutters and let in the light. Dorothy is coming. I am going now to call her."

An hour had passed, the hour of hours for me, for in it the sun of my happiness rose full-orbed and Dorothy and I came to understand each other. We were sitting hand in hand in this blessed little boudoir, when suddenly she turned her sweet face towards me and gently remarked:—

"This seems like selfishness on our part; but Gilbertine insisted. Do you know what she is doing now? Helping old Mrs. Cummings and holding Mrs. Barnstable's baby while her maid packs. She will work like that all day, and with a smile, too. Oh, it is a rich nature! I think we can trust her now."

I did not like to discuss Gilbertine even with Dorothy, so I said nothing. But she was too full of her theme to stop. I think she wished to unburden her mind once and forever of all that had disturbed it.

"Our aunt's death," she continued, "will be a sort of emancipation for her. I don't think you, or anyone out of our immediate household, can realize the control which Aunt Hannah exerted over everyone who came within her daily influence. It would have been the same had she been poor instead of being so very rich. In her cold nature dwelt an imperiousness which no one could withstand. You know how her friends, some of them as rich and mighty as herself, bowed to her will and submitted to her interference. What, then, could you expect from two poor girls entirely dependent upon her for everything they enjoyed? Gilbertine, with all her spirit, could not face Aunt Hannah's frown, while I studied to have no wishes. Had this been otherwise, had we found a friend instead of a tyrant in the woman who took us into her home, Gilbertine might not have let her feelings take such complete possession of her. It was the necessity she felt of smothering her natural impulses, and of maintaining in the house and before the world an appearance of satisfaction in her position as bride-elect, which caused her to fall into such extremes of despondency and deep despair. Her self-respect was shocked. She felt that she was living a lie and hated herself in consequence. You may think I should have told her the real state of your feelings after those words you let fall in my ear one night at the theater. But indeed, I did not dare to. I feared, I knew not what, and felt that I would rather trust to time and the effect of her approaching marriage upon her. I now see I did wrong; that she was really a stronger

woman than I thought, and that we might all have been saved the horrors which have come upon us had I acted with more firmness at that time. But I was weak and frightened. I held you back and let her go on deceiving herself, which meant deceiving Mr. Sinclair, too. I thought, when she found herself really married and settled in her own home, she would find it easier to forget, and that soon, perhaps very soon, all this would seem like a troubled dream to her. And there was reason for this hope on my part. She showed a woman's natural interest in her outfit and the plans for her new house, but when she heard you were to be Mr. Sinclair's best man every feminine instinct within her rebelled and it was with difficulty she could prevent herself from breaking out into a loud No! in face of aunt and lover. From this moment on her state of mind grew desperate. In the parlor, at the theater, she was the brilliant girl whom all admired and many envied, but in my little room at night she would bury her face in my lap and talk of death, till I moved in a constant atmosphere of dread. Yet because she looked gay and laughed, I turned a like face to the world and laughed also. We felt it was expected of us, and the very nervous tension we were under made these ebullitions easy. But I did not laugh so much after coming here. One night I found her out of her bed long after everyone else had retired for the night. Next morning Mr. Beaton told a dream—I hope it was a dream—but it frightened me. Then came that moment when Mr. Sinclair displayed the amethyst box and explained with such a nonchalant air how a drop from the little flask inside would kill a person. A toy, but so deadly! I felt the thrill which shot like lightning through her, and made up my mind she should never have the opportunity of touching that box. And that is why I stole into the library at the first moment I had to myself and took down the little box and hid it in my hair. I never thought to look inside; I did not pause to think that it was the flask and not the box she wanted, and consequently felt convinced of her safety so long as I kept the latter successfully concealed in my hair. You know the rest."

Yes, I knew it. How she opened the box in her room and found it empty. How she flew to Gilbertine's room, and finding the door unlocked, looked in, and saw Miss Lane lying there asleep but no Gilbertine. How this frightened her and how, forgetting that her cousin often stole to her room by means of the connecting balcony, she had wandered the house in the hope of coming upon Gilbertine in one of the downstairs rooms. How her mind misgave her before she had entered the great hall, and how she turned back only to hear that awful scream go up as she was setting foot upon the spiral stair. I had heard it all before and could imagine her terror and dismay; and why she found it impossible to proceed any further, but clung to the stair-rail, half alive and half dead, till she was found there by those seeking her and taken up to her aunt's room. But she never told me, and I do not yet know, what her thoughts or feelings were when, instead of seeing her cousin outstretched in death on the bed they led her to, she beheld the lifeless figure of her aunt. The reserve she maintained on this point has been always respected by me. Let it continue to be so.

When therefore she said, "You know the rest," I took her in my arms and gave her my first kiss. Then I softly released her, and by tacit consent we each went our several ways for that day.

Mine took me into the hall below, which was all alive with the hum of departing guests. Beaton was among them, and as he stepped out upon the porch I gave him a parting handclasp and quietly whispered:—

"When all dark things are made light you will find that there was both more and less to your dream than you were inclined to make out."

He bowed, and that was the last word which ever passed between us on this topic.

But what chiefly impressed itself upon me in connection with this afternoon's events was the short talk I had

with Sinclair. I feared I forced this talk, but I could not let the dreary day settle into still drearier night without making clear to him a point which, in the new position he held towards Gilbertine if not towards myself, might seem to be involved in some doubt. When, therefore, I had the opportunity to accost him I did so, and, without noting the formal bow with which he strove to hold back all confidential communication, I said :—

"It is not a very propitious time for me to intrude my personal affairs upon you, but I feel as if I should like you to know that the clouds have been cleared away between Dorothy and myself and that some day we expect to marry."

He gave me the earnest look of a man who has recovered his one friend. Then he grasped my hand warmly, saying with something like his old fervor :—

"The happiness you deserve awaits you. What remains for me is of little moment *to-day*. To-morrow we will see."

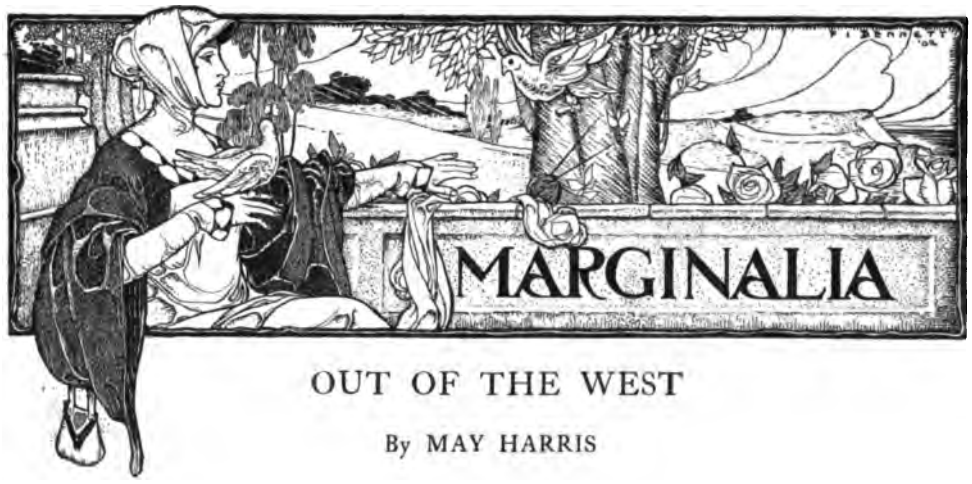
The Coroner, who was a good man who had seen much of life and human nature, managed with much discretion the inquest he felt bound to hold. Mrs. Lansing was found to have come to her death by a meddlesome interference with one of her niece's wedding trinkets; and, as every one acquainted with Mrs. Lansing knew her to be quite capable of such an act of malicious folly, the verdict was duly accepted and the real heart of this tragedy closed forever from all human eye.

As we were leaving Newport Mr. Sinclair stepped up to me.

"I have reason to know," said he, "that Mrs. Lansing's will will be a surprise not only to her nieces but to the world at large. Let me advise you to announce your engagement before reaching New York."

"I did so, and next week I knew why. All the vast property owned by this woman had been left to Dorothy. Gilbertine had been cut off without a cent.

We never knew the cause of this, but I have heard it whispered that it dated back to days when Mrs. Lansing and her sisters were all girls together in one house and had their feuds, and possibly their jealousies. God knows if this is true, but the discrimination shown, if discrimination it was, put poor Gilbertine in a very unfortunate position; or would have done so if Sinclair, with an adroitness worthy of his love, had not proved to her that a break at this time in their supposed relations would reflect most seriously upon his disinterestedness, and thus, by gaining a few weeks longer at her side, succeeded in winning her heart and securing for them both a happiness which was as much deeper than any either could have hoped for on that memorable eve of their broken nuptials, as the Gilbertine of to-day excels in every noble trait the maddened and undisciplined girl whose ill-placed love and secret desperation gave to the tragic events of that night their real significance.



OUT OF THE WEST

By MAY HARRIS

JAPANESE lanterns made soft points of light in the green gloom of the trees of the Brathwaite's grounds, and besides, a three-quarter's moon lent a final touch of glamour. There were groups of people on the veranda and the steps leading to the garden were also occupied. From the brilliantly lit rooms the band enticed, and the sound of dancing feet made a deeper undertone to the music.

Mrs. Brathwaite, hostess wise, soothed Stafford, who was just returned from three years of exile in the West, and who refused to be made known to the people he did not know, and was not eager to recall himself to those he did.

"She will be here," Mrs. Brathwaite said in response to an inquiry of Stafford's. "Did Robert tell you? She's visiting the Grangers. She and the Bishop came down to stay through June, and they were here when the news came."

"How does she take it?" Stafford asked. "Is she—"

"Wringing her hands and weeping aloud?" Mrs. Brathwaite asked with scorn. "Hardly; she isn't that sort of a girl—she's as brave as she can be."

"Of course she is," Stafford said with some wrath. "D'you think I wouldn't know she'd be that, Mrs. Brathwaite?"

Mrs. Brathwaite ignored—for reasons—the wrath.

"The Bishop was the worst upset of the two," she explained.

"You know he perfectly adores Kitty, and he was always so glad that she had money of her own, as he will have so little to leave her. Do you know, he begged Robert to break it to her—Ah! There are the Grangers! Yes! And Kitty's with them! No, she doesn't know you are here."

She went away to greet these late arrivals to her informal dance, and Stafford, from the angle of a glass screen that partially concealed him, looked at Kitty Strong with the eyes of a man who had been away three years. How sweet, how fresh, how exquisite she was! The room was nearly empty—thinned by dancing and moonlight. Mrs. Granger and her daughter passed on to the next room.

"The Bishop sent his love, Helen," Stafford heard Miss Strong say as she and Mrs. Brathwaite moved together down the room and paused a moment near him. "He would have been delighted to have brought it himself, but, you see, that would have been heresy to his principles. He has whole cohorts and phalanxes of principles, and they keep him in such order! He used to waltz, he confessed—under pressure—and he was conceited enough to say he did it beautifully. He was provoked when I laughed and said, 'There were things the Bishop of Kumtifoo dare not do!'"

They laughed together.

"I gave him a box of chocolates for consolation to-night, and I left him eating them—absentmindedly—and boring himself frightfully with a presentation copy of verses some one sent him. I saw Howell's new novel on the table. How he will revel in it—and the chocolates. No matter how they pretend, did you know men really like sweet things?"

"They do," Stafford said, coming out of his corner into the conversation.

Miss Strong gave an irrepressible start, but said nothing, and Mrs. Brathwaite went serenely on to other duties.

"You will shake hands with me," Stafford insisted. "It is really I; not a Jack-in-the-box."

"So glad you've reassured me," Miss Strong said, not, however, shaking hands. "I thought for a moment you were a clever arrangement Helen had prepared for surprising unsuspecting guests."

"Exactly—charged phonographically with extinct speeches."

"Gracious! Don't spring them all at once!" Miss Strong begged nervously. "They'd be dangerous. Think of having to listen to 'far-off, old, unhappy things—'"

"They needn't be unhappy things," Stafford reasonably suggested. They paused at the open French window.

"There's a moon," he brilliantly added.

"I saw it as we came," she explained.

"You can see it so much better from the lawn."

She lifted her eyebrows.

"The moon must be rare in your part of the country."

"It's so much prettier here," he returned unabashed. "It looks differently there. Show it to me, and I can tell you how different. Mayn't I get you a wrap?"

"I don't care for one," she said, but he brought some one's feathery wrappings and solicitously enveloped her head and shoulders.

"And the moon?" Miss Strong questioned, for Stafford was silent as they went down a path bordered by flowers whose sweetness drifted heavily.

"The moon? Oh, yes! Out West—it looks round, you know."

Miss Strong stopped and raised severe eyes in the moonlight. "Helen didn't tell me," she reflectively murmured. "Have you been light-headed long?"

"Ever since I first knew you," he responded. "I'm not responsible, so you must be patient. I've had to pretend to be so—for three years."

"'Patient!'" Miss Strong said. "'Three years!'"

"You've made me miserable for a good deal longer than that, Kitty," Stafford said gently. "It was bad enough at first, when things were equal between us. When they weren't I went away. Do you know," he irrelevantly added, as he looked down at her face in the moonlight, "I've had you in my mind's eye—just like a picture in my pocket—the way you looked the last time I saw you."

Remembering their last interview and its termination, Miss Strong stiffened.

"I remember, too," she distantly said.

Stafford, perhaps, smiled.

"You are not changed in the least," he continued. "Why don't you tell me if I am?"

"You are older," Miss Strong said, with affected hesitation. "You don't mind?"

"It's a compliment from you. You know you used to tell me I was too young."

Miss Strong colored unobservedly.

"So you bear malice," she said. "Do not. You're not the same person you used to be—I shall have to live up, in the future, to very different standards."

"You mean?"— There had been a significance in her voice that caught his ear unpleasantly.

To Stafford it suggested the one definite thing he had feared during these years, and had fought against finding true.

"There is someone else then?" he said quietly, with all the spring out of his voice.

Miss Strong's comprehension flashed the situation. She demurely encouraged it.

"You have heard nothing?" she began uncertainly.

"Nothing," he said gravely.

"How silent you are!" she commented after a few minutes. My friends have been so nice about it—all of them. And you—one of my oldest ones—!"

"You expect too much," he said, with teeth set. "My real feelings—!" Miss Strong's shoulders shook a little.

"Who is he?" Stafford at last managed his voice to ask.

"He? Who?"

Again Stafford set his teeth.

"The—man you are engaged to."

"You are mistaken," she corrected coldly. "I am engaged to no one."

"Kitty!"

"Why you said just now—"

"That I expected you to sympathize with me," she said with some emphasis. "You do not, I see."

"You meant about your money—! *Is* that what you meant, Kitty?" he cried joyously. "As I live, I was never so glad at anything."

"Glad!" she echoed.

"I have come as fast as trains could bring me, to tell you so. At last, Kitty! At last!"

He had taken one of her hands in his, but

"I've had to pretend to be patient."

she drew it away.

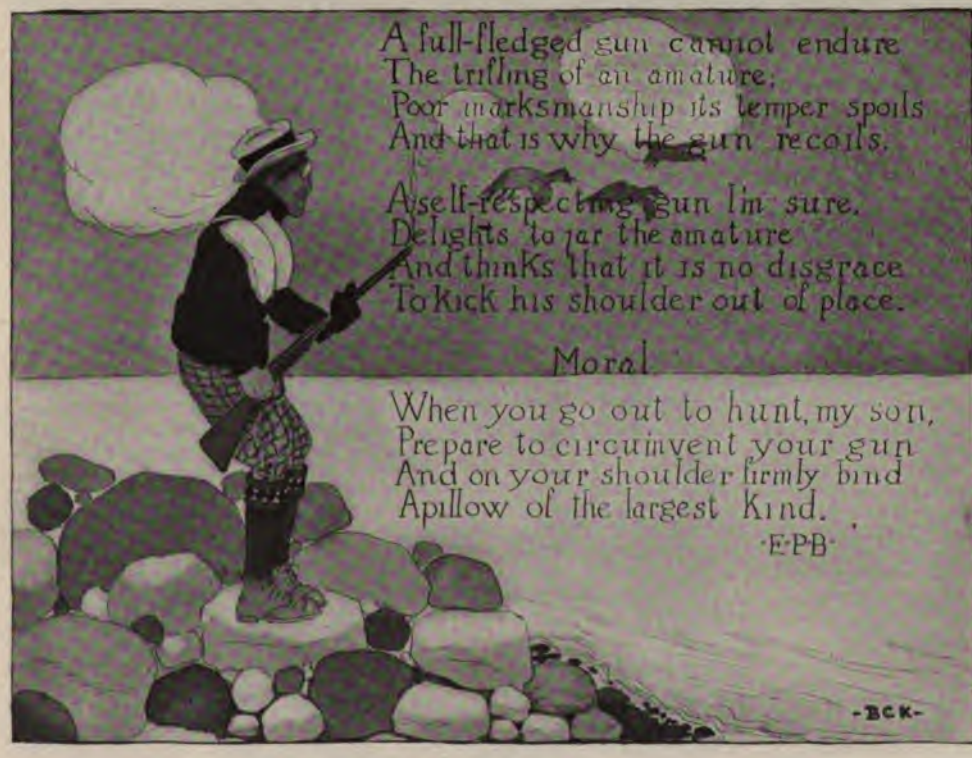
"You went away because you lost *your* money. Do you think when I have lost *mine*—?"

"Ah, Kitty!" Stafford's voice had a tenderness she could not repel, "I think only that I love you!"

"I am asking so much of you," Stafford said a little later. "To take you away from your old home—from your friends, and to give you so little. Just," his voice caressed her, "one man's love and faith forever."

Tears he could not see filled Miss Strong's eyes.

"No one was ever quite to rich as I," she said with deep content.



IN THE DAY OF HIS POWER

By HELENE MARIE

HE was a God, a Mexican God. He was brown and ugly, but his mouth was distended in a perpetual smile; for he knew that he was a God, and patiently he waited the day of his power.

His eyes were unblinking, for he disdained to show interest in things temporal. Yet, after the manner of Gods, he had a favorite—Marion. During all the years he had sat on the low bookcase she alone had recognized him as anything but a hideous piece of pottery. Though her chubby hands had seized upon him with delight and her lips lavished kisses on his fat cheeks, she never offered to make him share her bed with the dolls and the kittens. There was an element of reverence in her love.

She never enjoyed goodies unless she had first stuffed a share into his wide mouth. This was fitting. It recalled to the God the days of tortillas and black beans. If she came the next day and shook out the creams and ate them herself, she but followed the custom of earlier worshippers. He would not forget—in the day of his power.

So the years passed and the God changed not, but the child Marion had grown into a slender girl. And as she had shared her childish sweets with him, so now she poured her maiden secrets into his earthen ears. She

was sure of his discretion.

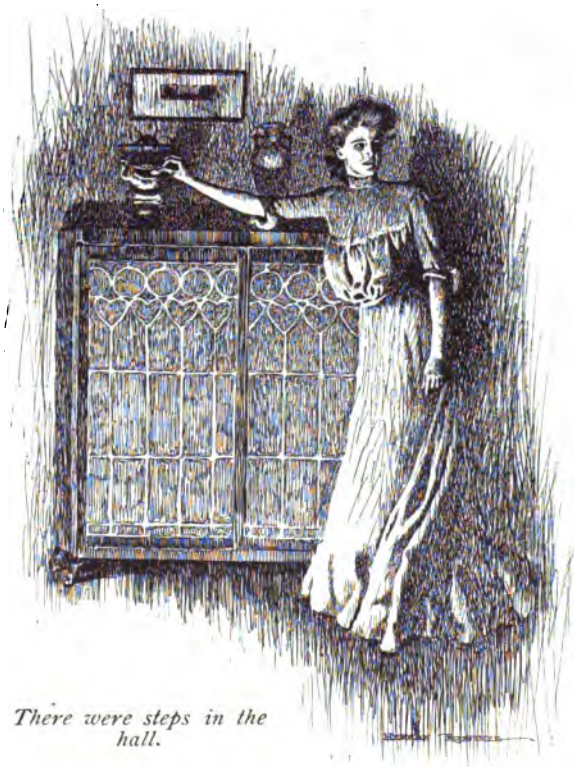
One day she came and stood before him. In her hands were red roses. Her cheeks flushed delicately, her eyes shone. Suddenly she pressed the roses to her lips and murmured a name, "Philip."

It was the faintest whisper, but the God heard. He understood that he now had but a divided worshipper. And yet there was content in his smile, for his lack-lustre eyes had taken cognizance of this young man, this Philip Osborne, and found him good, tall, broad-shouldered, with the wine of life coursing through his veins, and the courage to do and dare. Somewhat lacking in reverence for the powers that had been—as manifest in his own Godly person—but that was according to his generation. Marion might lead him to a better way of thinking.

The early winter twilight had already fallen when Marion pushed aside the curtains and slipped noiselessly into the room. The firelight showed her cheeks pale and tear-stained, and the eyes she raised to the God were full of agonized entreaty. Her nervous fingers twisted a letter.

They had quarreled. Words uttered in lightest jest had been taken to have bitter meaning. And then had come swift anger, pride too stubborn for explanation, and —silence.

The girl bent her head till her hair brushed the God's brown cheek. There came a thrill in the hollow space where his heart should have been.



There were steps in the hall.

The smile of the God held infinite compassion. How many generations of mortals had he seen love and suffer in thus wise; how many impotently rebel against the laws of life! After the loving and suffering would come peace. That the God knew, and yet he was troubled. The sound of Marion's sobs had shattered his calm. Never again might he affect disdain for things temporal. And this meant that the days of his Godhead were nearly over.

He was troubled, but only for Marion. To him had come love, love for his only worshipper. And if with the love came suffering, so be it. If he shared in human love he too must reap its harvest.

In the heart of the girl chaos reigned. The note which her cold fingers held was a plea for forgiveness, couched in tenderest words, for love had guided the pen. But now, love was fearful, and pride fought for mastery. "If he should laugh at you," pride whispered. The thought was unbearable. There were steps in the hall. Still swayed by indecision, Marion hastily thrust the note into the mouth of the God. He would keep it safe until the morrow and then she would destroy it.

Violin strains softly floated down from the ballroom above. Mingled with them came the hum of voices and the tremulous laughter of youth and happiness. To the God they were all alike intolerable. He no longer waited patiently now that the day of his power was so near at hand.

Philip Osborne leaned moodily against the mantle. He had come to Marion's ball —he told himself —only because he had promised many weeks before. He would not seek to speak to her. She and her pride would be free of him.

Hark! A crash! Philip drew back impatiently. The hearth was strewn with broken pottery. "Marion's God, that she set such store by," he murmured remorsefully. He could not guess that the God had deliberately rolled off the mantle.

A flutter of white caught his eye among the fragments.

He stooped and picked up the note addressed to himself. As he read it he did not hear a rustle in the doorway. When he turned a face alight with love and longing, Marion stood between the parted curtains.

With a low cry he held out his arms, and Marion came swift to their shelter. Her face was hidden on his breast while he rained kisses on the bent head. She did not miss the God from his accustomed place and the broken pottery was ruthlessly trodden under foot. The day of his power had come and gone.

PARTICEPS CRIMINIS

By EVA WILLIAMS MALONE

"WE had orders to leave the Gap," said the vet, who thirty years before had worn the gray, "and go over into Kentucky. The Yankees were at Wildcat's—that's about three days' march into Kentucky, neighbor—and General Zollicoffer said we had to go over into Wildcat, too! Of course the old man expected us to whip out the Yanks; and we expected it too. But somehow things got twisted—the moon wasn't right; or our powder was damp; or—well, hang it! they licked us soundly; and we were as glad to leave Wildcat as we were to get to it.

"Old Zolly didn't know but what the Bluecoats would follow us back to Cumberland Gap; or how many of them were stowed away in those Kentucky mountains. So we had orders to close up each company, two deep—captains all in place.

"That was a pretty hard order for us officers to carry out, as the men were jaded and rather out of heart. But it was easier than another that Zolly gave: —

"'No yards shall be entered and nothing molested that belongs to citizens along the route.'

"Pretty tough order, eh? when the boys hadn't had a square meal for a week; and my men would get out of line in spite of the repeated orders to 'Close up! close up!'

"Still, there had been no complaints of depredations on the part of the soldiers, and I was feeling quite proud of my men and especially of my own company. But the second day out, about noon, I noticed a gander following close on the heels of one of the boys, Annannias Eely, whom it would take two Philadelphia lawyers and a college of bishops to keep straight.

"I didn't say anything then, for a goose might take it into his head to follow us, and nobody be to blame.

"Three or four times I had occasion to ride back, and still that old gander walked sedately behind Annannias. But if Eely knew of his feathered footman he gave no sign.

"A little later I stopped my horse alongside of Eely and said:—

"'What do you suppose has put it into that old gander's head to follow us this way?'

"'Hanged if I know, Cap,' was the unblushing reply; 'the old fool's been trailin' after me 'most all day. Never saw a goose act so quare in all my days.'

"Something called my attention just then, and I rode on further down the line. You understand the men were on foot and the officers mounted. As I was returning to my position at the head of the company there was Annannias and there was the goose still solemnly following in his wake.

"'Strangest thing I ever saw,' I mused. 'I'll get down and investigate this peculiar phenomenon in goose-ology.'

"I dismounted and walked alongside of Annannias. Finally, light began to dawn.

"'Annannias,' I said in as severe a tone as I could muster, 'I notice that gander has a string in his mouth.'

"'He has for shore, Cap. I drapped my fishhook and the old fool swallowed it.'

"'And I further notice that the other end of the string is tied to your ankle?'

"'It is for shore, Cap. No goose can steal my fishhook, and me not make no kick.'

"'But it seems very strange to me that a goose should want to swallow an empty fishhook, Annannias,' I pursued in what I considered an inquisitorial tone.

"'Well, you see, Cap, afore I drapped that hook I'd just baited it with a *grain o' corn*, 'lowin' I might catch a perch in some o' these cricks as we went along. And Cap,'—here Annannias drew up close and laid a hand on my horse's flank—'if that blamed goose don't quit a follerin' me I'll kill him as soon as we strike camp, an' goose an' taters an' turnips an' things biled up together makes hotchpotch that would make old Zolly smile for a week. You might mention the matter to 'im, Cap.'

"I did not deem it wise to follow Annannias' suggestion.

"But to his everlasting contumely be it said, that night the Captain of the company sat down to as sumptuous a feast of hotchpotch as ever tickled a hungry soldier's palate; and Annannias Eely was the cook!"

A ST. VALENTINE'S DAY TRAGEDY

Oh! Montmorency Vere de Vere,
To think that one I held so dear,
Should use a base deceiver's art
To trifle with my loving heart.

A brand new ten-cent valentine
With lace and hearts and verses fine,
I sent to show my love for thee:
And in return you send to me
The one I sent to you last year,
Oh! Montmorency Vere de Vere.

·E·P·B

RAHWAY, N. J.,
Feb. 1, 1903.

DEAR MR. SMITH:

I've just been reading the "Fortunes of Oliver Horn," and one feature of your book has involved me in a sad arithmetical muddle, and I have devoted hours to futile attempts to solve the difficulty.

This is the problem: Given the conditions stated on various pages of the book, to find the respective ages of Mr. and Mrs. Horn and of Mr. and Mrs. Grant.

All through the slowly unfolding panorama of the first fifty pages, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Horn are depicted as old, white-haired, almost decrepit gentlefolk.

At first we are told of Mr. Horn's "sparse gray locks," but a few pages later he is a "white-haired old enthusiast." His age is further designated by the fact that his colored contemporary, Malachi, is old and bald-headed, save for little tufts of gray wool. Another contemporary, Nathan Gill, is called an "old nut-cracker with white tow-hair," while Mr. Horn is called a "fossil."

Now, as to Mrs Horn, we are informed that she had "soft gray curls," and again, that she was a "white-haired old lady." She, too, may be judged by her charming contemporary, Miss Clendenning, who is shown to us as a very lovable, gray-haired old maid.

Now, my puzzle is, why, in the face of the fact that Southern people usually marry young, should Oliver Horn, at the age of twenty-two, have such old parents?

The same is true of Margaret Grant, his fiancée. Margaret's father has "close-cut, white hair," and "white eye-brows like two tufts of cotton-wool." Her mother is a "silver-haired old lady," and is once accused of having yellow-white curls.

Yet these are the parents of a girl presumably a few years younger than young Oliver.

Doubtless, however, this is all merely a coincidence of an unusual number of cases of premature white hair, but what is the explanation of Miss Lavinia Clendenning's irreconcilable statements? She writes to Mrs. Grant that she is twice Margaret's age. This would make Miss Lavinia about forty. But she tells Margaret that her own love-affair was concluded more than forty years ago. This would seem to make her about sixty. But she is about the age of Mrs. Horn, and sixty is rather old for a Southern mother of a boy of twenty. But Mrs Horn *is* old, and so, as I can't bring the facts to a logical conclusion, I give it up.

Yours very truly,
CAROLYN WELLS.

To F. Hopkinson Smith, Esq.

RAHWAY, N. J.,
Feb. 1, 1903.

DEAR MISS HEGAN:

Whatever made you do it? *Why* did you put on your rubber boots and stalk doggedly through Kate Douglas Wiggins' Cabbage Patch when you might so easily have made fresh woods and pastures new all your own?

You have a clear, original wit, an intelligent sense of humor, a talent for character-drawing, and an appreciation of true pathos.

Can it be, then, that you have no originality,—not even enough to invent a new medium through which to impart your literary talents to your readers? Or does the theory of transmigration apply to names as well as to souls?

Is it because Alice Caldwell Hegan sounds a little like Kate Douglas Wiggin, that "Mrs. Wiggs" is an imitation of "The Bird's Christmas Carol"?

No, not an imitation, it is the same thing.

The same refined benefactress, the same comedy beneficiary character, with the same flock of comedy children, the same episodes, incidents and general Christmas card atmosphere.

Even such details as peculiarly and pathetically misspelt letters and the breath-holding propensity of an angry child are faithfully copied.

And now you're at it again in "Lovey Mary," which is a repetition, in plot and handling, of "Timothy's Quest."

Shall you copy *Patsy* next or *Penelope*?

And yet, my dear Miss Hegan, if your motive is the very excusable one of financial consideration, I can both understand and appreciate it. Certainly I will not be the first to cast a stone at you.

"The Hit of the Year," as your book is justly called, can oftenest be scored by this appeal to the pseudo-emotional, this witty presenting of melo-dramatic heart-action couched in Ladies' Home Journalese, and containing ungrammatical renderings of world-old philosophy.

But, Miss Hegan, why do *you* do it? There are so many others who can do it, and who can do nothing better.

But you, who prove between your own lines that you appreciate the speciousness of your own work; you, who are one of the very few who do not misquote the intent of Shakespeare's "One touch of nature," etc., surely you are born for better things, and I feel sure you will soon reach them.

Yours very sincerely,
CAROLYN WELLS.

To Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan.

David Belasco.

David Belasco, the dramatist in "Du Barry," is a striking and most prominent figure in the play-going world.

"I want this artistic," he said once, when somebody objected to an expenditure he had ordered in a new production, "and I do not care what it costs." That is the key-note in Mr. Belasco's character. Another characteristic of his is the tremendous amount of work he expends on his plays and every detail of their production.

"I can't write plays with both hands," he once said to the writer when somebody was urging him to complete a play; "I must take time for what I do."

Pen, ink and paper are not the only tools of an author. You cannot write a novel across your knee, and a table is a necessary part of final literary production. Last summer Harold McGrath was fishing on the St. Lawrence. After the first week duty drove him to work, but in all the camp there was no table. He started back to civilization in search of one. At the first hotel he found Mr. and Mrs. Booth Tarkington. They kept him with them over night and heard the story of his search, while they talked, as he says, "of the alpha and omega of books, with a sprinkling of Princeton and Harvard recollections, play-writing and the pangs of popularity, not to mention the chagrin of having to publish serially novels which are not serials." He returned next day to the wilds, with the promise of a table to follow. A week later he came back to civilization to a dance at the same hotel, and noticed in the evening several young people gathered about the bulletin board, reading a sign posted there and smiling. He investigated and found this notice: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is to announce that Mr. Harold McGrath has at last secured a table, and that we may expect a new novel in the spring."

Under the title of "The Story of a Living Temple," Frederick M. Rossiter and Mary H. Rossiter have written a book for children and young people that is really a health manual. It is the story of the human body told in the simplest, most direct way, with a great deal of practical advice in regard to the simplest and most practical things to do and not to do in order to preserve one's health. The form of the book is popular and we certainly recommend the matter to our readers.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new book is a novel without a sermon, yet the authenticity of "Lady Rose's Daughter," to be published in the spring, still goes unquestioned.

Another evidence of the education of the novel-reading public and of the turn in the tide towards works of fiction of greater lit-

Harold McGrath.

erary excellence than those sensationally exploited of late, has been the success of "The River," by Eden Phillpotts.

There can be but little question that the day of "fooling the public all the time"—as far as novels are concerned—is over, and such writers as Mr. Phillpotts, who have mastered their subjects as a result of long experience and study, are likely to come into their own at last.

The tendency towards specialization is exemplified by Mr. Phillpotts, who is placing all of his novels in the romantic setting of Dartmoor, to which few other writers have given attention. The late R. D. Blackmore wrote finely and with knowledge of this same region, and S. Baring-Gould—the first Dartmoor antiquary—has also placed there some of his best stories. Dr. A. Conan Doyle, in one of his recent amusing detective stories puts the scene in Dartmoor, but he has evidently never known the real place. His "Dartmoor" is a creation of his own, remote in every respect from the reality.

Miss Hallie Erminie Rives, the author of "Hearts Courageous," is an enthusiastic sportswoman. She spent her childhood mostly out of doors riding cross country or tramping over the Virginia hills hunting with her father, Col. Stephen Rives, who, since he left a Union prison at the close of the war, has never set foot north of Mason and Dixon's line. When his daughter was ten years old he had a special rifle, of light weight, made for her. She is still a crack shot and each spring, after her winter in New York, she goes South again to her dogs and her horses. Her hunting lodge in the Virginia Alleghanies goes by the name of "Moonshine," and thereby hangs a tale. When the Rives occupancy was much younger, a rather new and bumptious United States marshal passed through the district on a hunt for illicit stills, several of which flourished not so far away. The nearest neighbor to Colonel Rives, who was fond of a practical joke, did the rest. The marshal swallowed the bait and one night surrounded the lodge with his deputies. It was Colonel Rives' first opportunity since the war, and he had just time enough to let both barrels of bird-shot fly through the window before the error was explained. The marshal limped off like a lame partridge, and Miss Rives, who had watched the progress of the sport with some concern, promptly dubbed the place "Moonshine," and "Moonshine" it is to-day, as any settler within a dozen miles can tell you.

Hallie Erminie Rives.

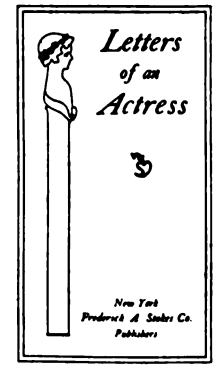
George Madden Martin.

One of the best of the distinctively modern developments of the short story is the child's story written for children long since grown up, and taking them back to the days which are least willingly forgotten. It was Kenneth Grahame who first opened this golden vein which has yielded much treasure since. Our attention has been called this winter to two new volumes of such stories, both stored with that knowledge of which sympathy is the only

teacher. One is "The Madness of Philip," by Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam, a book quaintly humorous, vivacious, delightful, but with a kind of patent popularity about it which suggests the author's writing with one eye on her MS. and the other on the purchasing public. The other, the story of "Emmy Lou, Her Book and Her Heart," by Mrs. George Madden Martin, is a book of much wisdom, which will explain to parents what they have felt before but never known. Emmy Lou, as many thousands of readers know, comes to school as a little mite, and the story of her education is quite as much the story of her loving, passionately sensitive little heart as of her book and the pain it gave her. We commend these stories with entire confidence.

As will be seen from a copy of the title-page of the "Letters of an Actress," printed on this page, the book is to be published anonymously. The circumstances that prevent the admission of the authorship of these "Letters" are not peculiar to this book, but are common to its class. The writers of such books must either remain unknown or defer the publication of their volumes until long after the disappearance of the generation which they might interest. At the request of the author, however, one of her friends states formally: (1) That she is an actress and has been on the stage for years; (2) that the people mentioned in the "Letters" do exist under other names; (3) that the events narrated did take place.

The "Letters" are to be published immediately and are to cover the career of a successful actress of our time who went on the stage when a child. The title-page is one of the characteristic productions of the University Press, under Mr. William D. Orcutt.



Stewart Edward White, author of "The Westerners" and "The Blazed Trail," knows his woods well, and he ought to. In his boyhood he caught the woodman's fever—as intense a yearning as the sailor's love for the sea—and since then it has never left him. His father, a conservative man of business, heard with some concern that his son, on graduating from Ann Arbor, proposed to earn his living with his hands rather than his brain. The young man knew what he wanted, and shortly started for the Black Hills of Dakota with $100 and a gun. It was not long before he swapped most of the $100 for a pony, and again it was not long before he swapped the whole pony for food. His case was desperate when he ran up against the superintendent of a mine and asked for a job. "What can you do?" asked the superintendent. "I can shoot," said White. The man laughed. "So can every one in this outfit," said he. "Yes," said White, "but every other man is working. You take me on, and I'll supply your outfit with game. The first day you haven't fresh meat you can turn me off."

Stewart Edward White. From a drawing by F. G. White.

White got the place, and for four months he kept the camp in fresh meat. Then the paymaster happened to get sick and White slipped into his job; It was no sinecure, for the cash box held rather less than half what the men regarded as an irreducible minimum. White adopted the policy of paying off the men in the order of their muscularity.

A few months later an attractive opportunity came of making more than $25 a month and grub. The mining fever was rife and the ubiquitous prospector camped everywhere. Now the tenderfoot prospector is in a class by himself. When he stakes out a claim he is not apt to think of water rights. So it happened that when an outfit of tenderfoot prospectors staked out a large and arid hillside, White and his partner staked out the whole limited water supply of the region. From that day water rates went up and gold began to slip down the hill to the staked claim at the foot. Then a cyclone struck that region and started fifty springs in the arid places. That night receipts dropped to nil, and the next morning White lit out for another job.

JOHN DREW AS *LORD LUMLEY* IN "THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING-BIRD."

American Stage Series. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.*

Drawn from life and copyrighted, 1902, by John Cecil Clay.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

VOL. LV. MARCH, 1903 No. 5.

THE FLOOR OF THE PACIFIC

The First Authentic Record of the Remarkable Discoveries Made by the Government Scientific Expeditions Aboard the U. S. S. *Albatross*

By the HON. W. E. MEEHAN,
Fish Commissioner of the State of Pennsylvania

FOR thousands of years men have navigated the ocean, but their knowledge has stopped at its surface. It is only within the last half century that scientific investigators have been busily at work sounding, dredging, fishing and recording the wonderful history of a territory far greater than all the land on the surface of the globe. Of the great bodies of water on the surface of the earth, the Pacific has been most attractive to scientists, and it is the Pacific that has called forth the extraordinary activity of the U. S. Fish Commission in prosecuting discoveries which have aroused universal interest, and added much to the reputation of this country for scientific research, as well as for the practical fostering of industrial and commercial progress.

The last two expeditions sent out by Fish Commissioner George M. Bowers, on the Steamer *Albatross*, have made discoveries that reveal a great part of the floor of the Pacific almost as clearly as though human eyes had actually dwelt upon it. Moreover they have found a vast number of new dwellers in the deep—some of curious form and habits—and have given a new and more practical impetus to the commercial fisheries of the islands lately added to the territory of this country.

By the voyages of the U.S.S. *Albatross* the ocean depths around the Hawaiian Islands have for the first time been studied with thoroughness; new and vast deposits of curious manganese nodules paving the floor of the ocean for thousands of miles, have

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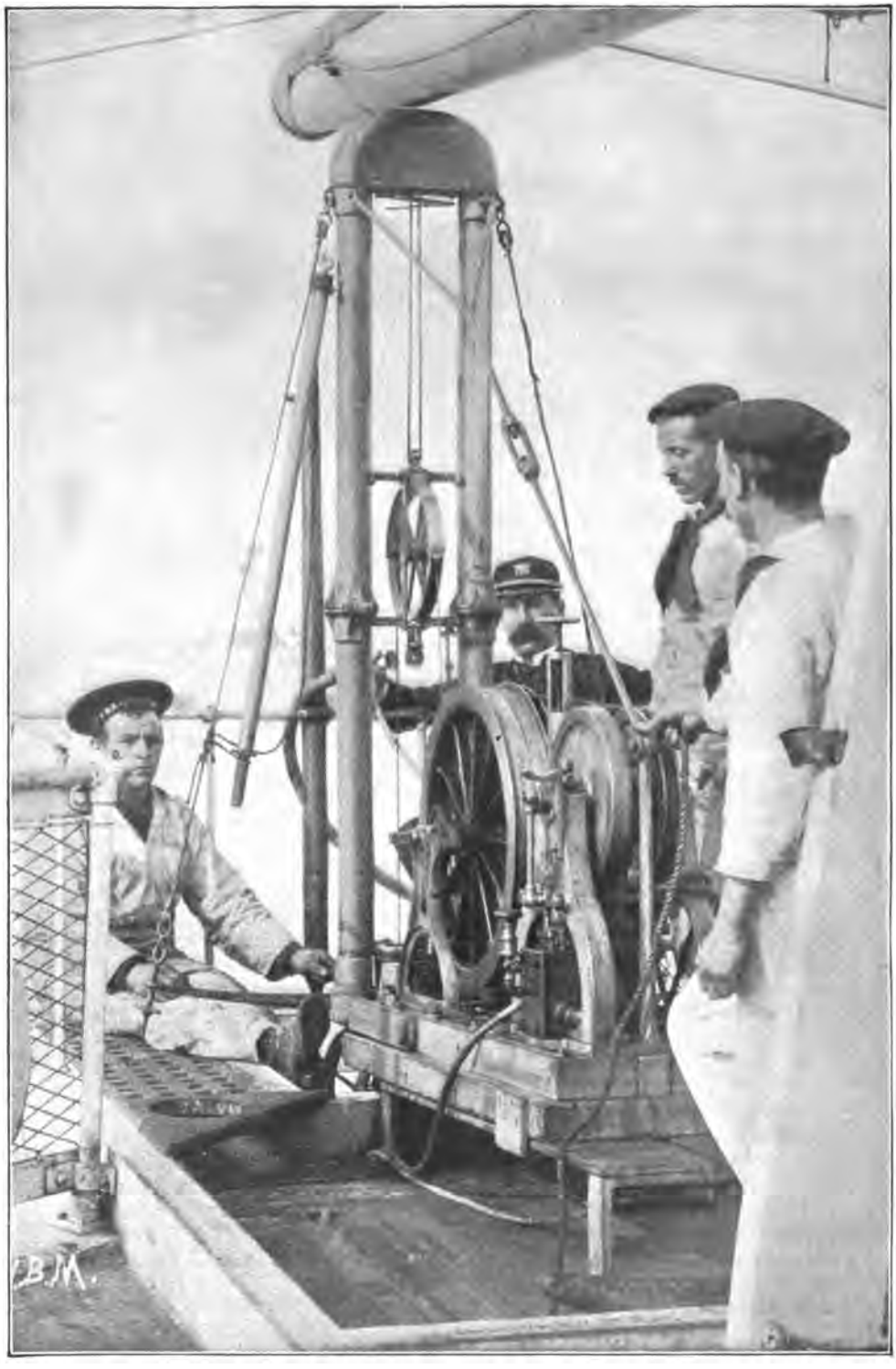
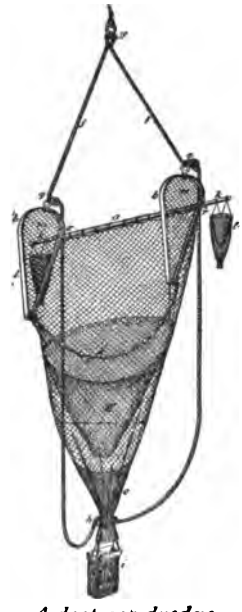


The Sigsbee sounding machine on the stern of the "Albatross." The wire rope shown in the picture has extended to a depth of the ocean never before sounded.

been found at great depths and far from continental areas; and enormous soundings have been made near Guam.

The character of a great fishing trip strikingly fits the first expedition, which confined itself to the neighborhood of the Hawaiian Islands. In this particular respect it was more successful than the second, which was a cruise among the South Sea Islands and over remote parts of the Pacific. With the first expedition fishing and the Hawaiian commercial fisheries were the paramount objects; with the second, fishing was an incident.

A resolution of Congress, directing the U. S. Fish Commission to investigate the whole subject of the Hawaiian fisheries, was the cause for the first expedition. A desire on the part of Professor Alexander Agassiz, son of the famous naturalist, to make a more careful study of the corals and atolls of the South Pacific was the reason for the second. The Hawaiian investigations were under the charge of Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, Cal., and Dr. Barton W. Evermann, of the U. S. Fish Commission—both eminent American ichthyologists. Associated with them was a corps of competent assistants. Commander Jefferson F. Moser, U.S.N., captained the *Albatross*.



A deep-sea dredge.

Both parties were out for business and scientific purposes only, and not for sport. In place of rod and reel, the *Albatross* carried a load to make the bones of Isaac Walton quiver — seines, gill nets, trawls, dredges, hand lines, trap nets, even good silver money as a potent fish bait in the vicinity of the various inhabited islands.

Of the various devices taken on the South Sea Island expedition, the Tanner-Sigsbee net was the most important. With it, the bulk of the deep sea fishing and dredging was done. Everything that came in its way was seized and held in its capacious maw. Nothing could be liberated until the fishermen willed it, unless the net itself were torn apart by the weight of the catch, and this did, indeed, happen several times while it was being drawn over rough portions of the ocean bed. This net is an ingenious contrivance, so arranged that it can be operated at any depth with accuracy. When a desired sounding is reached, the mouth of the net opens and remains open until ready to be hauled aboard.

The Agassiz expedition sailed on August 20th, 1900, from San Francisco, and the dredging and soundings began as soon as the line between that city and the Hawaiian Islands was passed. There were lines aboard for the sounding of vast depths; and vast depths were sounded and new records made on the remarkable voyage. But frequently the nets were hauled along the surface, or one hundred fathoms below; again at three hundred fathoms; and, seventy-five miles from the island of Tongatabu, a haul was made with the beam trawl at the enormous depth of 4,540 fathoms.

When towed at a depth of 100 fathoms, the nets seldom failed to capture masses of pelagic animals; but at 300 fathoms there was often little or nothing found. Indeed the results of the trip seemed to indicate that, at the greatest depths of the Pacific, there is little or no animal life which does not exist at shallower depths or near the surface. The greatest disappointment was experienced in the Paumotus. Concerning this section, Professor Agassiz says: "The poverty of pelagic life on the surface and down to 300 fathoms, is remarkable. I do not think I have ever sailed over so extensive an area and observed so little surface life; on calm days, under the most favorable conditions, nothing could be seen with the naked eye, and at night there was little or no phosphorescence. The same

U. S. S. Albatross.

paucity of life seemed to extend to the deep water fauna. All the hauls we made off the Islands, in from 600 to 1,000 fathoms, usually the most productive area of a sea slope, brought nothing."

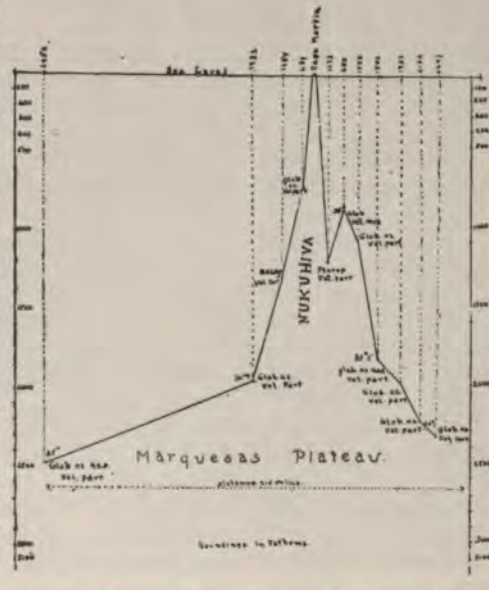
But all parts of the Pacific did not yield so poor a harvest. There were places where the net was never hauled without revealing quantities of curious examples of marine life, a number of them new to science.

While neither the scientific world nor the public can be made acquainted for many months with the full results of the fishing, enough has been determined to indicate wonderful progress. For example, in the Hawaiian waters alone, ten per cent of the fishes found were new to science; and possibly nearly five per cent of those dredged near the South Sea Islands and in the depths far from continental areas were of species previously unknown.

The cruise of the *Albatross*, under Professor Agassiz, was scarcely less remarkable, judged as an exploring expedition, than it was as a fishing party. For days, weeks and months, the party groped with great dredges, deep sea lines and other apparatus, to determine the topography and character of the great floor of the Pacific. Every haul, every sounding, added something to human knowledge.

If the waters of the Pacific could be drained, there would be revealed a vast stretch of territory comprising enormous plateaus, great valleys for which no parallels exist on the land surface—lofty mountains, beside which the Himalaya and the Andes would look like hillocks, and tremendous hollows or basins, only to be compared with those on the face of the moon.

It is a marvelous peculiarity of thousands of these huge mountains that the summits of most of them are



Sectional view of one side of the great Moser basin, the deepest hollow of the Pacific, showing Cape Martin, which rises 2,500 fathoms (15,000 feet) above the Marquesas Plateau.

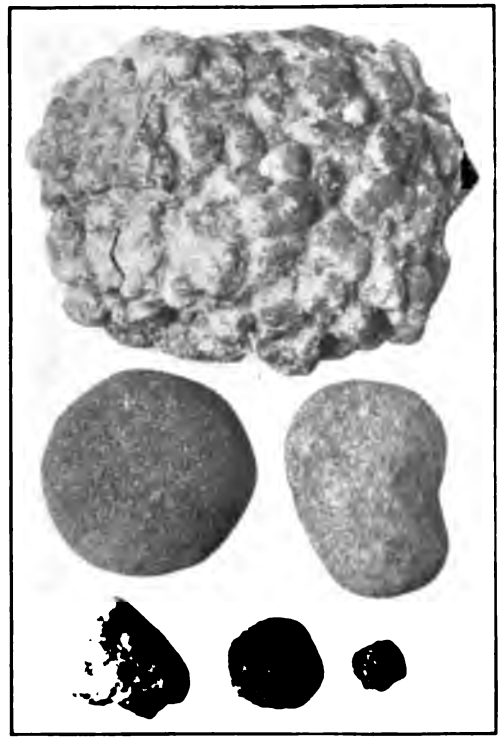
miniature reproductions of the bottom of the Pacific, except that they are covered with trees and other vegetation. There strange beings dwell—types that are curious and rapidly passing away. The summits of these great subterranean mountains, projecting above the present water surface, are the islands which dot the Pacific, from north of the coast of China, nearly to the southern limit of South America.

Some of the submerged valleys are several miles long, and here and there, others of approximate length, join them and extend, vein-like, to all points of the compass.

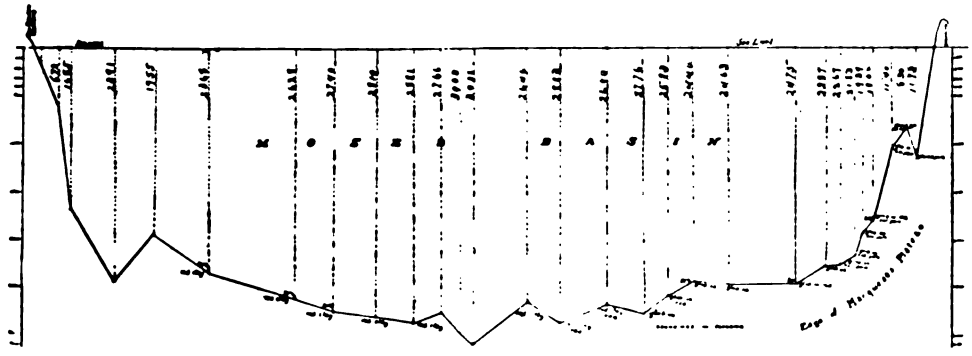
While there are great mountains, long serpentine valleys, and huge basins or "deeps," the plateau areas are by far the most extensive. Relatively speaking, the floor of the Pacific as now at last revealed, on the plateau areas, is level. There are undulations and depressions, but the general area is about the same depth below the surface.

The soundings of the *Albatross* develop a mean depth of from 2,500 to 2,700 fathoms. In shoaler spots there is a mean depth of from 2,300 to 2,400 fathoms. Deeper spots show from 2,800 to 2,900 fathoms.

It is an interesting fact that many of the deeper portions of the plateau areas are in the neighborhood of large groups of islands, and not necessarily far from land or close to islands of coral formation. The great deeps, or basins, three thousand fathoms or over, are less than two dozen in number; and all are of comparatively small extent, save five. One reaches from about twenty-five degrees north latitude to above fifty degrees. Another extends from below thirty degrees northeastwardly, in the shape of a huge shoe, to nearly forty degrees north. Some are



The manganese discs and nodules, ranging in size from cannon balls to peas, paving the floor of the Pacific would, if more readily obtainable, be of vast commercial value.



Transverse section of the floor of the Pacific from San Francisco to Hawaiian Islands, greatest depth 3,088 fathoms, or 18,528 feet.

long and narrow, while others are nearly circular in form. The two most important basins are the Moser, near the island of Guam; and the Tonga-Kermadec Deep, near Tongatabu. Each is over four thousand fathoms, and in no point less than three thousand fathoms.

The new soundings correct many former inaccuracies. Old charts indicated many basins, deeps and ridges which either do not exist, or form parts of the other basins, ridges or deeps. While it still appears that the greater part of the floor of the Pacific is relatively of a uniform depth, the whole of it is more broken than was generally supposed.

The soundings made in the Moser Basin and in Tonga-Kermadec Deep, were accompanied by great excitement. It was on a beautifully clear day, the twentieth of February, that the *Albatross* approached within a little more than one hundred miles of Guam. The vessel lay to, and preparations were made for one of the frequent soundings. A great depression was known to exist in that locality, and there was a general air of expectation and a deep silence, as preparations were made to test the depth. At length, the silence was broken by a brief order and the tinkling of a bell. Slowly the machinery of the engine began to work and slowly the tough wire rope began to sink beneath the water. Foot by foot, fathom by fathom, it slid from the ship. One thousand, two thousand, three and then four thousand fathoms disappeared. The record was passed. Five miles of rope!

Making an off-shore sounding.

Officers and men watched the wire with breathless interest. It was an anxious moment, for the strain caused by the immense length and weight of the wire rope on the machinery was tremendous. Many feared lest the rope itself could not stand the tension. But everything held firm; and at length, when the mark recorded four thousand eight hundred and thirteen fathoms, or 28,878 feet, practically the height of Mount Everest, bottom was touched. A wonderful record of four thousand, four hundred and seventy-five fathoms, made in the same vicinity a few months before by the steamer Nero, was broken. It was an added triumph for American geographical science.

It was then that Professor Agassiz, following a precedent established by other ocean explorers, named the spot the Moser Basin, in honor of Commander Jefferson Moser, Captain of the *Albatross*. Other soundings, made in the same basin, proved it to be of large extent. The dredge showed the bottom of this mighty deep to be covered with manganese, pumice and volcanic

particles and discs of organic life believed to be diatoms.

The soundings in the Tonga-Kermadec Deep were scarcely less exciting. Before beginning operations the gear was carefully inspected and strengthened by Captain Moser; and then, with considerable anxiety, 5,000 fathoms of wire were laid out for the haul. Fortunately, everything held, and bottom was found at 4,540 fathoms. To the surprise of those on board, the bag of the beam trawl was filled with large fragments of silicious sponge, of a species before only found at depths of less than 500 fathoms.

The water at great depths was found to be extremely cold. At the bottom of the Moser Basin, it was 35° Fahrenheit, only two degrees above freezing; and, in the majority of places below 3,000 fathoms, the temperature ranged from thirty-five to thirty-nine degrees.

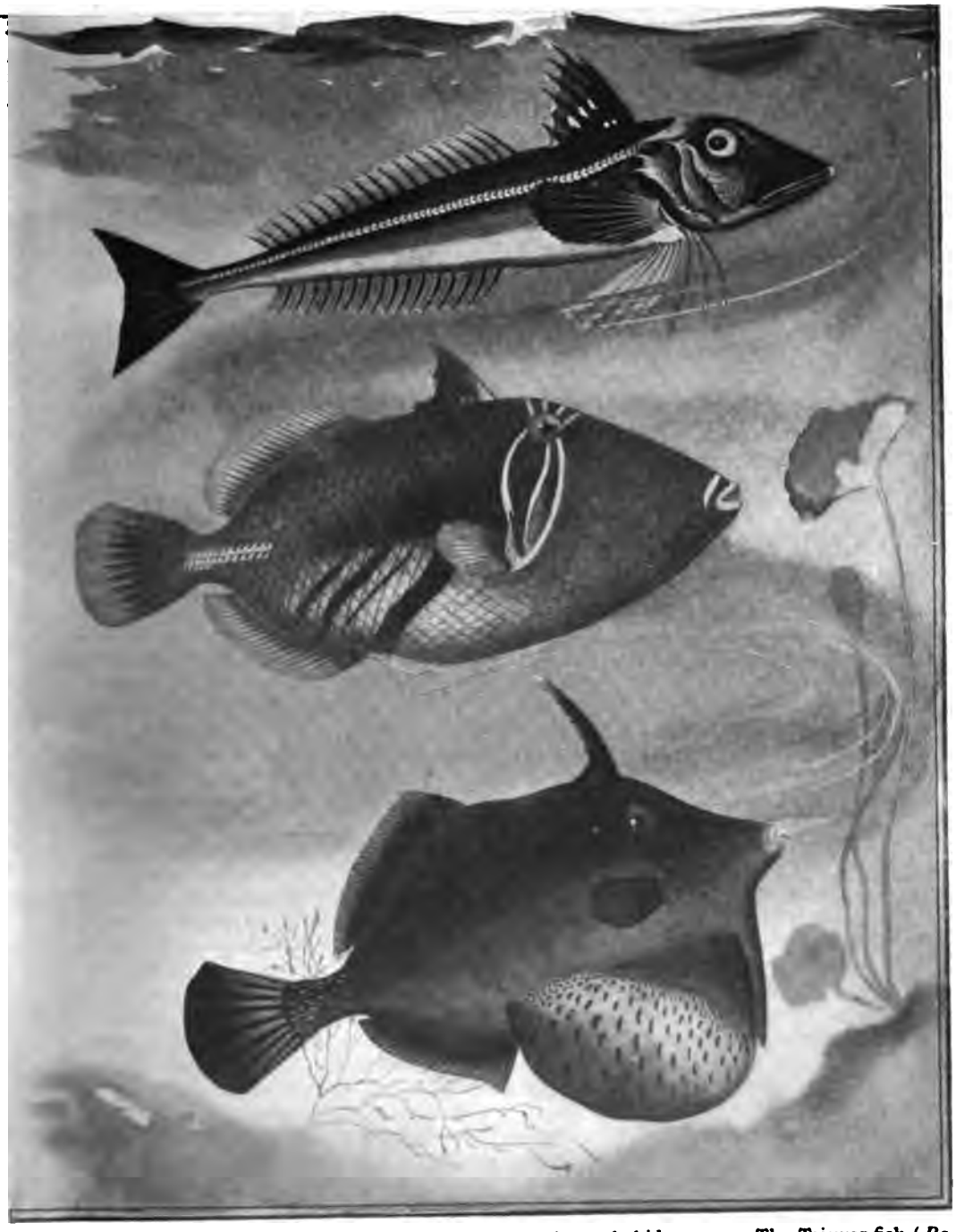
If a bird's eye view could be had of the floor of the Pacific, it would be found that the greater part is formed of red clay. The remainder, a scientist would tell you, is composed of extensive fields of globigerina and white radiolarian ooze, with smaller spots of pteropod, diatom, terregenous and coral ooze. Probably, if the various forms of ooze were scraped away, there would remain a uniform covering of red clay, because they are merely the remains of countless millions of marine organisms, the accumulations of numberless years.

It is impossible to conceive the vastness of protozoan life, as the lowest and simplest type of living organisms is called, which forms great deposits on the floor of the Pacific and elsewhere, or to dream of the countless period of years since they first came into existence. In past ages, protozoan life was more abundant than now. The radioarian life, as the learned name the valvular mollusk, which cling to the rocky bottom of the ocean, formed the chalk cliffs of England and large limestone deposits in different parts of the world.

The greater number of species of radiolarians and globigerinaceæ, another low form of marine life, dwell at the bottom of the sea. The *Albatross*

One peak of the elevated ocean floor—Tahiti. In the background is a huge barrier guarding the land the animal world has won forever from the encroachments of the sea.

1. The Squirrel fish (*Holocentrus ascensionis*), which chatters under water like a squirrel with a hazel nut. 2. The expansive Balloon fish (*Tetrodon Ocellatus*) is believed by Hawaiians to be poisonous, in spite of his genially rotund appearance. 3. The Grouper (*Epinephelus morio*), many hued as a kaleidoscope, is one of the most beautiful of ocean fishes, and very excellent eating.



4. The Gray Gurnard (*Trigla Gurnardus*) is conspicuously hideous. 5. The Trigger fish (*Balistes Aculeatus*). The Hawaiians call it Humuhumu-nuku-nuku-a-puaa, the Hog God who pursued the goddess Pélè to her island volcano and was transformed into a fish for his rashness. 5. Another specimen of Trigger fish, showing remarkable development of the spinal ray, which gives the fish its name.

The hill lands of the island of Tahiti, showing undulations corresponding with the hills and valleys of the ocean bed.

found them at a depth of nearly three thousand fathoms. Yet other species live near the surface, and in such swarms that their dead bodies, when they reach the bottom, often completely overwhelm their cousins that dwell below. The surface radioarians are easily distinguished by their more delicate skeletons; and, when alive, they seldom sink beyond two hundred fathoms, while the more massive skeleton types remain below the two thousand fathom mark. Mixed with the clays and ooze are the fossil and modern remains of sharks' teeth and skeletons of other large forms of marine fauna.

Yet all the marvels and all the interesting incidents of the South Sea Islands expedition sink into insignificance before the stupendous mineral finds on the floor of the Pacific. In making soundings and dredgings on the red clay, enormous deposits of manganese were discovered at depths of two thousand fathoms and over. Former exploring expeditions found isolated deposits in the Pacific; but the *Albatross* demonstrated that vast areas of the red clay bottom are thickly studded with the valuable metal. This intensely hard mineral occurs in the form of nodules and discs; the first from five grains in weight to specimens the size of a cannon ball, and the second from the dimensions of a twenty-five cent piece to that of a good sized dinner plate. The surface of all specimens found is thickly indented and of a dirty brown color.

On land surfaces, manganese is almost invariably found in small quantities, associated with iron and in certain forms of vegetable life, and never in a native form excepting in meteoric iron. Only about $100,000 worth can be produced annually, and there is a ready sale for every ton put upon the market. With this explanation, the vastness of the mineral find of the *Albatross* becomes the more important. The dredgings show that there is a bewildering wealth of the valuable metal on the floor of the deeper parts of the Pacific buried far below the possibilities of commerce. Thousands of square miles of the red clay bottom are literally paved with nodules and discs of nearly pure manganese. In one spot close upon half a ton was hauled to the deck of the *Albatross;* in another, over 800 pounds of nodules and discs were obtained. Many of the latter were from three to four inches thick, and a number were nearly six inches through.

A day or two later the trawl was lifted from three thousand fathoms. It was filled with manganese nodules, from four to six inches in diameter. Again, a few hundred miles beyond, when the trawl was brought to the surface, the net was found to be badly torn by the load of heavy metal it had gathered from the bottom. One-fifth of the two hundred and forty-nine hauls brought

Nukahiva, Marquesas Islands. The ridge of the highest mountain wall rising from the floor of the Pacific.

manganese, in greater or less quantity.

Apparently the deposits extend from the vicinity of Guam almost to the shore of Tahiti. From the dredgings of the *Albatross*, Professor Agassiz is inclined to think that this peculiar manganese nodule bottom characterizes a great portion of the Central Pacific, where it cannot be affected by the deposits of organic ooze. He also believes there are vast deposits in other spots on the red clay bottoms.

When the nodules or discs are broken, the manganese is often found, thickly veined, in solid mass below the surface, and seemingly pure. Above the metal has the appearance of being oxidized. It is a strange fact also that, in every instance, whether in disc or nodule form, the manganese is deposited around some other substance. Sometimes it is gray clay, sometimes a volcanic ash, and occasionally feldspar, quartz and other rock.

How the nodules and discs came where they were and how they came to be formed is a curious problem for scientists to solve. And there is an added interest owing to the basic material around which the mineral has collected. None of it belongs naturally to the sea; yet all is found at great depths, and often a thousand miles or more from the nearest land. It is assumed that it could not have been transported thither by any agency of the present age, even were it possible for the manganese to collect in such a short space of time. A possible solution lies in the suggestion that the stones were carried thither by floating ice masses, during the great glacial epoch, or cast there by terrific eruptions of prehistoric volcanoes.

The waters of the tropics abound in fish of rich coloring and graceful outline. They also contain genera and species which, for fantastical outlines, excel many of the grotesque drawings of marine animal life made by navigators in newly discovered waters centuries ago and painted on the quaint old maps.

Among the new species discovered in Hawaiian waters, were several which belong to what are popularly known as Trigger fishes. The type which bears this name is shaped like a double equilateral triangle, with the bases placed together. These fishes are nearly all conspicuous for rich and daring colors. A peculiarity of the genera is a long, spine-like ray on the front of the forward dorsal fin, which cannot be dropped until the second ray is lowered, when it falls like the trigger of a gun—hence the name trigger fish. All the previously known trigger fishes of the Pacific are found in the Hawaiian markets, and one rejoices in the native name of "Humuhumu-nuku-nuku-apuaa." This overtops the best effort of the scientist, and "Balistapus rectangularis," is his ineffective substitute. The Hawaiian word, translated, comprises, it is said, a full sentence, and is

The lion fish, Scorpoena volitans, is as dangerous as it is hideous, for the spines contain a deadly poison. This is the only species of lion fish which came to the net during the expedition.

in effect a prayer, for the trigger fish is one of the many sacred fishes of the natives.

One of the new species of trigger fishes discovered possesses a modified trigger ray, but it has the positions of the gaudy colors reversed, making it if anything, more grotesquely gorgeous.

Several new squirrel fishes were discovered, all of brilliant hue and thickly spined. The squirrel fish which, under the name of "Uu" is also a sacred fish of the natives, addressed in prayer as "Uu kani po" is in some respects a remarkable inhabitant of the water. Nearly all the species are of a deep rose or crimson hue, with long, sharp spines projecting from many parts of the body. Some are as nearly covered as a porcupine; and, as the spines are of a bony substance, the fish must be warily handled. The name is given on account of a peculiar sound it makes under water, resembling a squirrel's chatter. Notwithstanding the spines, the squirrel fish is marketable. The new species discovered will be better appreciated, because they possess a smaller number of the sharp and painfully objectionable spines.

Many of the new species were graceful in outline, harmonious in coloring, and valuable as food fishes. Conspicuous among them was the new amber fish which is now awaiting a specific name from Dr. Jordan. It bears some resemblance in outlines to the Spanish mackerel, but does not belong to the same family. Four or five new species of groupers, very valuable for food purposes were added to the list by the scientific fishermen. There are few genera more beautiful than the family to which has been given the scientific name of Epinephelus. Shaped like a black bass, they are all harmoniously colored in subdued tints, and possess firm, flaky flesh, that renders them very desirable for the table.

All the Hawaiians unite in declaring the native "Oopuhue" to be deadly to anyone who eats its flesh. Scientific men know the genera as Tetrodon, and plain, every day people as the balloon fish, a creature that has the power to inflate itself. One species is common on the Atlantic coast. The explorers found one new species of the curious and supposedly deadly fish in the waters of the Sandwich Islands, together with a new lion fish, alleged by the West India Islanders, to be dangerous to life. The lion fish may be classed among the freak fishes. From its general outline, it might be mistaken for a huge sun fish; but a glance at its head conveys the impression that someone has been practicing thereon with a hatchet. The crown, back of the eyes, has a large piece cut out. Over the eyes themselves, which are abnormally large, there is a long, ragged, skin-like projection standing erect; and in front of the nose are several short rhinoceros-like horns. The body is covered with an armature of rough spines, which are poisonous. The gill covers are grotesquely marked, and, project-

ing from the cheek over the upper part of the mouth, are two or three snake-like fangs.

Several new flying gurnards or bat fish were found, and a span of new species of sea horses. There were also new rat fishes, a family with big eyes, thin bodies and long, slender tails, and some quaint small species were taken from the Hawaiian waters.

Out in the depths were many new fishes of types possessing large or rudimentary eyes; others possessed phosphorescent organs, and some that were partially transparent.

One day, while the net was being hauled over the surface near Honolulu, it captured a strange creature a pound or more in weight, which if those on board had not been well balanced men, might have led them to think they had lost their reason. It was unlike anything they had ever seen before, and there was at once a warm debate whether the creature was a mollusk or a fish. The adherents of the latter theory finally won their point and it was christened a fish. The creature is lobster-like in form, with protruding eyes, or eyes placed on a stem like the stalk-eyed crustaceans, to which the lobster, the crab, and some other forms belong. Taken to Honolulu, the natives expressed no surprise, but pronounced it a "Ouanauna Aelea," whatever that may mean, and they said it was good to eat. It was, therefore, known to the natives, but was a stranger to science. It is in fact, more than a new species. It is a new genus, a new family, and perhaps a new tribe. So far as is known, it is the only species of a strange type. It is unique in the ichthyological world, and was the only specimen secured—an aristocrat among fishes! By its capture, the work of the scientists was well rounded out and additional lustre given the expeditions that had been groping over the mysterious ocean floor.

DENIS DENT

A NOVEL

By ERNEST W. HORNUNG

Author of "The Amateur Cracksman"

Illustrated by GEORGE GIBBS

CHAPTER I.

THE SECOND OFFICER.

AND ahead!"

The *North Foreland* had been made advisedly snug for the night. In the middle watch she was under her three lower topsails and foretopmast staysail only. Not that it blew very hard, but the night was dark and hazy, with a heavy swell. And it was the last night of the voyage.

At eight bells there had been a cast of the deep-sea lead, with the significant result that the skipper had been the first to turn in; gradually the excited passengers had followed his example, instead of staying on deck to see the Otway light. The second mate had said there would be no Otway that night, and what the second mate said was good enough for most. The saloon skylight had become a clean-edged glimmer in the middle of the poop, the binnacle a fallen moon; not a port-hole twinkled on the rushing ink; and the surviving topsails, without stitch or stick aloft or below, hovered over the ship like gigantic bats.

Four persons remained upon the poop; the middy of the watch, tantalized by muffled guffaws from the midshipmen's berth in the after house;

the man at the wheel, invisible above the belt, with the binnacle light upon one weather-beaten hand; and on the weather side, the second mate in reluctant conversation with a big cigar, that glowed at intervals into a bearded and spectacled face, the smooth brown one of the young officer sharing the momentary illumination.

"It's all very well," said the senior man, in low persistent tones, "but if we don't have it out now, when are we to? You know what it will be like to-morrow; we shall land as soon as possible, and you'll be the busiest man on board. As for the rules of the ship," he went on, after a pause, "if an owner can't use his discretion he might as well travel by any other line."

"I am half Irish,' said Denis.

The young man was smiling pleasantly as the other puffed again.

"Very good, Mr. Merridew! I don't object if the captain doesn't; and of course I must tell you anything you want to know."

"Anything! My dear friend, if I am to consider this matter for a moment (which I don't promise, mind), I must know at least everything that you can tell me about yourself first; for what," continued Mr. Merridew, taking the cigar from his teeth, "what do you suppose I know about you at this moment? Absolutely nothing except that you seem to be a first-class sailor, as everybody says you are, and a very nice fellow, as I have found you for myself—aboardship; but of your shore-going record, of your position in life at home, and of your people and their position, to speak quite plainly, I know nothing at all."

Mr. Merridew delivered himself with a certain dispassionate unction, as one who could do the judicial to a turn, and knew it; yet his tone was kindly, and the periods free from wilful offense.

"You may make your mind easy about my people. I have none," said the sailor, bitterly; and a fatherly hand found his shoulder on the word.

"My dear fellow! I am so sorry."

"You mean relieved."

"I mean what I say," said Mr. Merridew, removing his hand.

It was the young man's turn to apologize, which he did with much frankness and more feeling.

"The truth is," he explained, "my parents have been dead for years, and yet they are nearly everything to me still—they were all the world until this voyage! My mother was Irish; her name would not be new to you, but it will keep. It may not be necessary for you to know it, or anything more about me, and in any case it can't alter me. But I am half Irish through my mother—though you wouldn't think it."

"I would think it," remarked Mr. Merridew, blowing at his cigar as at a forge, until the red light found him looking wise through his spectacles, but the officer stood with one eye on his sails and no perceptible emotion in the other.

"My first name," he went on, "is as Irish as you like; it's Denis; and I've evidently been living up to it for once!"

"'Denis!'" repeated Mr. Merridew, with interest. "Well, I know that name, anyhow; one of our partners, Captain Devenish's father—he's Denis Devenish, you know."

"Indeed, said Denis Dent, and there

was a strange light in his spare eye. "Well, so much for my mother; my father was a Yorkshire Dalesman, as his father and his father's father were before him. I am the first of them to lease the land!"

"May I ask why?"

"It isn't our land any more. My father gave up everything to take my mother abroad, when her life was despaired of in England, and when her people—I can't trust myself to speak of them!" And the young fellow turned abruptly aside, while Mr. Merridew puffed and peered at a massive though clean-cut face, whose only Irish feature were its bright brown eyes, quick to laughter, if quicker still to fire.

The south-easter sang through the unseen rigging; the ship rushed a fathom through the unseen sea. The second had a look at the compass, and came climbing back to windward with his hands in his pea-jacket pockets.

"And yet," said Mr. Merridew, flourishing his cigar; "and yet—you want to marry my daughter!"

"If she will have me, sir," said the sailor, humbly.

"But whether *I* will or not!" exclaimed the other.

"I never said that, Mr. Merridew. I should be very sorry to take up such a position, I can assure you, sir."

"You would be sorry, but you would do it," retorted Mr. Merridew. "You would do as your father evidently did before you."

"I hoped we had finished with my poor parents, Mr. Merridew."

"But they left you nothing, if I understand aright," rejoined Merridew, changing his ground and his tone with some dexterity. "And you would marry my daughter on the pay of a junior officer in the merchant service."

"I never said that either. I have my captain's certificate, sir, as it is."

The new tone was the tone to take. Mr. Merridew went so far as to give his daughter her name.

"And Nan," said he, "might have ten thousand pounds for her marriage portion. I don't say she would, but for all you know she might have more. Her husband ought to bring at least as much into settlement, even as a self-respecting man, don't you think? And yet you would make her a merchant skipper's wife!"

Denis felt that.

"I know, I know!" he cried, with the momentary remorse of a resolute temperament. "But once a sailor isn't always one. I've got on well at sea. I'd get on well at land—at anything! I know it—I feel it in me. Mr. Merridew, I'm pretty young even for what I am now. You would give me time—if she would!"

Captain Ralph Devenish.

It was the Irishman speaking, and Mr. Merridew distrusted the bulk of that race, but his cigar glowed again upon a mouth and jaws that came of harder stock, and for the moment his mind was illuminated too. Denis might win the girl, but Dent would deserve her. And Denis Dent might have carried even her father with him, had he been the only young man in the case, or on the poop of the *North Foreland*, as she drove through the haze on the last night of her voyage.

But his last words were greeted with a loud and startling laugh; and a tall figure loomed through the first gray tinge of approaching dawn. It was that of a young man in a

tasselled dressing gown, with an enormous meerschaum pipe pendent between the bushy black whiskers of the day.

"Well, if that doesn't take first prize for cheek!" cried he, and stood swaying in his slippers like a man who had never found his sea-legs.

"We are having a private conversation, Ralph," said Mr. Merridew in mild rebuke.

"A private conversation that you could hear on the forecastle-head!" jeered Ralph Devenish, who was full of liquor without being drunk. "I suppose he's so proud of it he wants the whole ship to know!"

And the meerschaum pointed jerkily at Denis, who stood the heaving deck as a circus rider stands a horse, his hands still deep in his pea-jacket pockets.

"Captain Devenish," said he, "it's against the rules to speak to the officer of the watch, but you shall speak civilly if you speak at all. Otherwise I advise you to take yourself off the poop before you're put off."

"By God," snarled Devenish, "but you shall pay for that! Before one owner to another owner's son, on the last night of the voyage! It's your last in the Line, Mr. Officer of the Watch! And you dare to lay a hand on me; come, you dare! I know your blustering breed, you damned Jack-in-buttons!"

"And I know yours, you damned Devenishes! I know you too well to soil my hand on any one of you!"

The concentrated bitterness of this retort had an opposite effect on either hearer; one it stupefied, the other it flooded with a sudden light, but Devenish was the first to find his tongue, and for the moment there was none more foul before the mast. The deplorable torrent was only stemmed by the startling apparition of a square little man in a still more awful, because a more articulate and more righteous, rage.

"I'll teach you to break the rules of my ship! I'll teach you to curse my officers, drunk or sober! Out of my sight, sir, or I'll have you in irons before you're a minute older!"

"Come, come, Captain Coles," said Mr. Merridew, "there has been more provocation than you imagine; and this, you must remember, is Captain Devenish."

"I don't care if it's Devenish, Merridew and Company, rolled into one!" roared the little skipper. "You can have your way ashore, but I mean to have mine at sea; and as for your iron coffin of a ship, I'll be thankful to come off her alive, let alone sailing in her again. No two compasses alike, thirty-six hours since we got the sun, the darkest night of the voyage, and Australia anywhere! Yet this is the night you choose, you coward, to bully and browbeat my officer of the watch!"

But it was no longer the darkest night of the voyage, or night at all. The group stood visible and divisible in a cold gray haze. The lower topsails were no longer detached from the ship; there was a misty mast to each; and the ship was running dry-decked through the high smooth seas.

And even as they stood, the haze lifted like breath from a mirror; and a subtle new sound was insinuating itself on the ear when the look-out man drowned it with his roar from the forecastle head.

CHAPTER II.

SAUVE QUI PEUT.

Land was indeed ahead, and in the most appalling shape known to seafaring man; at the last moment the haze had lifted on a line of jagged cliffs, already parallel with the foreyard, yet by the muffled thud of the breakers, not quite so near as it looked.

The *North Foreland* was blessed with a commander who was at his best in an emergency; little Coles had turned in when he should have stayed on deck, and was no more prepared for shipwreck than if such disasters were unknown; but he rose to the occasion like a lark. His sharp voice cracked like a whip from the break of the poop, and all hands piped from the forecastle, the petty officers' quarters and the midshipmen's berth, went running as though the words drew blood.

The spanker was set, with the mizzen and maintopmast staysail, and the helm put down to bring her round; but there was no racing of the cliffs to port. She stumbled a little in her stride; the fresh sails flapped; but there was no getting her on the other tack, though the upper mizzen topsail was pressed into the job.

The skipper waited a minute with compressed lips and a fiery eye; then a crackle of musketry from his weather-beaten throat, and both anchors were let go.

The port anchor had fifty fathoms of cable, the starboard anchor sixty fathoms of chain; in anticipation of their holding, the sails were clewed up and a man sent into the chains with the lead, for she was drifting inshore every moment. But the lead danced on smooth rock, where the anchors trailed as readily as over ice; the captain had them both up again, though that took longer than letting them go, and meanwhile half the hands were aloft and shaking out sail once more.

Coles was showing his resource at every point, and by this time had his ship actually head to wind; in another minute she might have stood away upon the port tack. But at this juncture time was wasted in an attempt to sheet home the topsails, which failing, the buntlines of the mainsail were let go, the port main tack got on board, and the sheet hauled aft. The men were still upon the rope when the *North Foreland* struck and spilt them like the winners in a tug-of-war.

It was the horrible striking of an iron ship; a terrific crash, and then under the mizzen chains she quivered like a rat in a terrier's teeth. And the devilish seas that had run with her, hunted with her, how they fell on her now, and swept and trampled her from the moment she was down!

The better part of valour was the only part the little captain lacked. Not a boat in davits; the whole fleet docked inboard, on skids! And exactly six life-belts to go round the ship, for the doctor and a steward had just unearthed the last from the lazarette.

The second mate was clearing away the port life-boat with five of the hands, one blaspheming, another in tears; more than one vowing with reason that they would all be drowned; and Denis himself in a consuming agony of his own. At the break of the poop stood a slender figure in a pink wrapper, between a bearded man in spectacles and a man with bushy whiskers in incongruous silk and tassels.

Denis never looked at the trio, though he saw them all the time. The one man he looked at was the chief officer, a hard-bitten old rascal, who, called from his bunk, was now dryly superintending the clearing of another boat.

"Take your time," said the chief, all red hook-nose and ginger moustache, an oilskin bonnet fastened under his chin. "The old man's done his part. He'll go down in her. The rest hangs on you and me."

Coles was having trouble near the wheel; they could hear him firing oaths and threatening lead; but when Denis looked, he could not get his eyes past the two men at the break of the poop, who were lashing one of the six life-belts about a forlorn little figure in pink.

The port life-boat was ready first, and the third mate busy marshalling the women and children in a helpless, eager, hesitating, exasperating throng; but Miss Merridew was still detained by her friends on the poop. The gripes had been cut, and Denis himself had sent the last chock flying with a savage kick; he and his gang of five were in the act of hooking the tackles to the thwarts. The chief mate was shouting a farewell word of advice.

"When you get her launched, and filled, and stand away in her—"

But Denis did not hear what he was to do then, for at that instant a green sea lifted the port life-boat clean over the side with all six men.

Denis's next thought was that the water was warmer than he should have supposed, and his next but one that somebody was bent on braining him; he was hit about the head, not once but repeatedly, but as soon as he could see he knew the reason, for a dim glimmer

was all there was to see. The boat was riding bottom upwards. He had come up under her. It was the thwart that had been belaboring him. He caught hold of it, pulled as at a horizontal bar, came up like a cork, and easily wormed half his person between thwart and bilge.

In this position Denis regained breath, immersed to the waist, but with no lack of air, and a bilge-cork handy for fresh supplies, until the real danger occurred to him.

The capsized life-boat rode the rollers like a cradle, but any moment she might shatter herself against the cliffs. It was hardly the work of one for Denis to dive from underneath her at the thought. The cliffs, however, were still far enough away; of the wreck he could see nothing for the swell; but it was now very nearly broad daylight.

So the boat floated upon the cliffs, until the big seas began to break, when she instantly capsized again. This time Denis succeeded in scaling the keel, only to be dislodged as his perverse ship righted herself once more. But the tenacity of the Dents was now uppermost in Denis, if indeed he had any other quality left, and he was back in the boat when she eventually struck upon the cliff. The shock hurled him overboard for the last time, yet was so much less terrific than he had anticipated that he sought and found the reason as he swam clear. A minute ago the boat had been within a few fathoms of the full face of the cliffs; at the last instant a mouth had opened; and all she had done was to cannon off the perpendicular wall of a strait so narrow as to be practically invisible from without. It was comprehensible enough. The tide was setting through this tiny channel. The derelict life-boat was not alone; packages bobbed between the towering walls; a table came past on its back, with three legs standing, as Denis trod water. And on this scratch craft he partly floated and partly swam into a bay which stood to the channel as a flagon to its neck.

It was semi-circular in shape, surrounded with cliffs as lofty and precipitous as those without, but mercifully provided with a sandy beach at the upper end. The castaway breathed a hoarse thanksgiving at the saving sight. His smarting eyes had risen involuntarily, and as they rested on the edge of the cliffs the sun lit up some heath and bracken that overhung the edge a few feet like a table-cloth; but thence downward it was sheer for one or two hundred to the beach below. At the base a couple of caves opened romantically upon the yellow sand, but there was no sun for them yet, or for the dancing waves that bore Denis and his table finally to the land.

There in an instant he was staggering and stumbling under the abnormal weight of his dripping and exhausted body. A few yards he reeled, then fell prone upon the warm sand, digging in his fingers to the knuckles; thinking of no mortal but himself, thanking his God for preserving him as though he had made the voyage alone; for indeed the long one on the ship was temporarily blotted from his mind by the little one in the boat.

And he a lover! And his love as good as drowned before his eyes, for not a vestige of the ship had he seen since the original mishap to the port life-boat. It was a terrible reflection to Denis for the rest of his days—but at the time he did not think of her—did not even picture a certain shade of pink and ask himself what it meant and must mean to him till his dying day. He just lay and held on to the warm sand, foot and finger, because the earth heaved under him as the sea had done for thirteen weeks, and his vitality was very low.

A bar of sunlight slanted through the narrow heads, and in the sun the blue waves were tipped with gold, and across the gold and the blue a black spar floated with something pink.

CHAPTER III.

THE CASTAWAYS.

Denis had been a swimmer all his life; how he struck out now every swimmer will know, though none so well as the happy few who have themselves saved life. The white left arm,

Thinking only of himself—and he a lover.

brown as a glove from the wrist down, flew over as white a shoulder in flashing curves, the brown head dipped in the blue, to rise spluttering and dripping a good yard further ; but the yards were close on two hundred from shore to spar, and when Denis came up with the latter, it was his love indeed, but she was already senseless.

They had tied her in a life-belt, and lashed the life-belt to a spar ; in time she would have been cast up on the sweet warm sand, dead ! She was not dead yet ; she should not die. Denis took the hem of her dear drenched garment between his teeth, and swam in, if possible, more strenuously than he had swum out, but with the breast stroke, and in twice the time.

At last she lay where he had lain, only in the sun. Already the sand was gloriously hot to bare knees, and there was still a faint throbbing in the inanimate wrist, though the eye-lids lay leaden in a livid face. Denis caught up his scattered clothes, raced behind a

ti-tree thicket, and put them on as hurriedly as he had cast them off.

This thicket grew under the cliffs between the two caves, and Denis delayed some seconds to fill his arms with branches before running back to the girl.

Her pulse seemed stronger. He arranged some of the branches, but left the sun beating on her feet. It was the month of October, and early Summer in Australia.

Sundry packages had already come ashore; there was the inevitable barrel of salt junk; there was a box of soap, that Denis spurned, and another box so similar that he left it to the last. Judge therefore of his joy on eventually discovering that here was nothing less than a case of Spanish brandy! He shrieked the good tidings to the girl; but she never moved. He had to run back to her, and lift that leaden wrist once more, before he could bear to open the box.

His sailor's knife was worth a thousand pounds to him in that hour; the great blade made short work of the lid, and the heavy haft knocked the neck off a bottle so prettily as to provide a measure with the medicine.

Denis filled the inverted neck as he ran, and was soon spilling as much over the marble face as he managed to get between the bloodless lips. Then for the first time, fear came to him. He retreated a little on his knees. The stuff had caught her breath, her eyelids twitched, and as she coughed the marble flushed to flesh; but she did not quite open her eyes.

"I am so cold," she moaned; and the white feet were drawn up a very little, but so stiffly, as though the whole body had been dragged with them.

In Denis, or rather the Denis who was least a Dent, the act would almost outstrip the thought; this was the Denis who was saving his darling's life without time to realize what she was to him. Quicker than thought he had tipped up the bottle itself, so that the brandy came out in gulps, first over one pale foot and then the other. And now the left and now the right, now with one hand apiece, and anon with both together for one foot, did he chafe and rub, and rub and chafe, until the little lead feet were such pink shells, but so warm, so warm that the tears stood in his eyes. For he had been long enough at it to think a little as he rubbed; but as yet it was otherwise with her; she could only lie there with closed eyes, as meek and unashamed as any other dying soul.

She was not going to die, however, unless Denis fell dead first. When he could leave her feet he had a short turn at her hands, a much shorter journey for the blood, and by the time they began to clasp him feebly there was no more brandy left. Denis went for another bottle; and half the next dose she swallowed properly; the rest she pushed towards him.

"To please me," she whispered; they were her first words, and it his first drop.

Now she was lying with her eyes tight shut, but not in sleep. Her lips moved, first in the faintest smile, then in more whispers.

"I remember—everything. I knew you would come to me. I knew it!"

He could only say her name.

"Nan! Nan! Nan!"

It was as though his heart had broken, it was so full. He had dared to call her his the other night under the awning; he never dreamt of doing so now.

Presently he knew she was asleep, and oh, she was breathing beautifully; he just touched one hand, with the strange new reverence he had for her, and it was warmer than his own. But now he was in a difficulty; he felt utterly done up, a stiff pull of brandy alone kept him from fainting, and he saw in alarm how it would be. They would both lie sleeping where they were, the almost tropical sun would beat down on them all day, and they might never see another. The nearest cave was not twenty yards away. He went to it, and it was lined with far finer sand than that outside; he came back and gazed a moment on the girl. She was very young and so delicately made! Denis knew that he could carry her, feeble though he now felt—if

only it did not wake her! He gathered her tenderly in his arms—thank God, it did not.

But a pillow she must have before he would lay his own head anywhere, and he had seen some rushes in the thicket. Denis cut an armful, and thin bundle by thin bundle he got the lot under her head at last. Then there was the table. In an unlucky moment he caught sight of it along the beach, and thought what a fine screen it would make for Nan. It kept him up another ten minutes; but by that time and thereafter the sun might stream into the cave, but not a finger would it lay on Nan. So then Denis measured his length at last, outside the screen, as a dog lies across the door.

On finally awaking (for many times he dropped off again deliciously), his first act was to listen on hands and knees; and as the sound he could just hear was as peaceful as it was regular, his next was to go outside and stick a rush in the sand. Its shadow was about as long as his thumb, and pointed seaward; so that he knew it was about noon. The tide had gone down. Denis walked to the edge of the surf, and there stood gazing up at the cliff for many minutes. No; there was no way up that he could see or conceive. Yet the little beach was only as the dregs in the cup-shaped bay; there was assuredly no way round.

It is fifty years since the wreck of the *North Foreland*, and the second mate's extraordinary climb; but the scene of each remains an object of interest to visitors at the station on the heights above, while the incident itself is unfailing matter for conjecture, speculation, contention, and occasional open incredulity.

The undisputed fact remains, that between one and two in the afternoon, a lad on the station, whose boundary was these cliffs, saw an eerie figure approaching through the yellow dust of a handful of sheep which he happened to be driving at the time. It was this lad whom the papers mentioned as Mr. James Doberty, but like Denis he was Irish only by descent, and not for an instant did he imagine that he had seen the devil.

This young Doberty was the first person in Australia to learn the fate of the *North Foreland*, and the first to discredit the wild finish of the wild man's talk.

"Why, there's stairs right down," he cried, "over two hundred of 'em cut in the sandstone!"

"What a silly lie," sighed Denis.

"Did you sample the caves?"

"One of them."

"Which one?"

"The one with the big mouth."

"Don't you tell me you never went into the other! It's a natural chimbley at the fur end, and the boss had it shoved right through, and steps cut in the sandstone, for butting."

The sailor's bloodstains were cracking in a ghastly grin.

"So that won't do, old man," added Mr. Doberty, severely.

"What about those?"

And Denis lifted one naked foot after the other; the left sole showed a purple bruise, the right a gash that dripped as he held it up.

Mr. Doberty supposed that he must be the liar, but only allowed himself to look confounded for the moment; the next, he was emptying his water-bag, from which Denis had already enjoyed a deep pull, over the wounds. The sheep had scattered right and left, but the horse stood apparently fast asleep in the sun.

"Now up you jump," said Doberty, "he's as quiet as a cow."

Denis stared at him.

"Jump up? What for?"

"You're within a mile of the homestead. You struck the right track, that trip."

"Oh, but I'm not going on," said Denis, hastily. "I must go back to—her."

"With them feet, and without your tucker?"

And the lean brown lad stood with his bare arms akimbo, a stained statue in Crimean shirt and moleskins.

"At once," said Denis. "I've wasted time enough, and if there are stairs there's no difficulty. Go you back to the homestead, and tell them to send down everything they can think of

for a young lady, food and clothes; mind, she hasn't had a bite since dinner yesterday."

The young Australian doffed his wide-awake with a sweep.

"Why, mister!" he got out, but that was all. "I'm sorry I didn't call you 'mister' before," he added after the stare of an idolator. "I'll never leave it out again!"

Denis was limping along only a few minutes later when the sound of a gallop made him look round for the rider who had just left him at one; and the same horse it was, but a different horseman, for whom the stirrups were grotesquely short. In a few seconds he had bobbed and bounded into a blue-eyed man with a fair beard, a face filled with human distress.

"Get on this horse," he cried flinging himself off. "If you don't I'll carry you myself! There, let me give you a hand; my name's Kitto, this is my run. Everything's following in the buggy, but here's a biscuit to begin on; the beds will be made and aired by the time we get you both back. But only two of you—only two!"

Mr. Kitto had a heart of gold, and wore it on his sleeve; rarer still was a tact almost incongruous in that desolate spot. Not a question had Denis to answer as the horse ambled under him and the squatter strode alongside. But when they came to the mouth of the long stair tunnelled through the soft sandstone, it was Mr. Kitto who looked curiously at the rude steep steps.

"Nobody has come up here," said he. "We had a dust-storm yesterday before the wind went round, and the sand on all these top steps is as it drifted."

Denis could afford to smile.

"So you didn't believe it either," he remarked.

"What's that? I could believe the side of a house of you, my brave fellow!" cried Mr. Kitto, "I only meant that your companion hasn't found her way up in your absence."

"Ah, if she could!" sighed Denis. "But she is so weak I am afraid we shall have to carry her up between us."

The squatter smiled, but said nothing.

The mouth of the greater cave was just as Denis had left it. He crept on all fours between the table legs, and listened. There was no sound. He leaped up and looked over.

The cave was empty.

CHAPTER IV.

LOST AND FOUND.

Mr. Kitto saw the ragged figure shot from the cave as though propelled by some unseen power within; and for one second he imagined the worst. He was relieved when the poor wretch raised his voice.

"Nan! Nan!" he yelled, "Miss Merridew — Miss Merridew! Nan, Nan, Nan!"

The squatter, running up, alone interrupted him.

"She's gone!" cried Denis in terrible excitement. "Gone clean away—God knows where! Look for yourself if you like; with the sun pouring in you can see to the very end. Do you think I would miss her if it were ten times the size? See, there's where I left her lying; that was all the pillow I could give her; you can almost see the shape of her head!"

And the hoarse voice broke piteously; but such a firm, kind hand had him by the arm that Denis bit his lips and blinked the tears back to their source.

"Come, now," said Kitto, "there's nothing wonderful in this; the only wonder is that we didn't expect it. Why should she have slept so much longer than you? She had done far less; and they are tougher than you think. She would wake up and find you flown—"

"Poor Nan! Poor Nan!"

"And having the vitality she must have, to say nothing of the pluck, you wouldn't expect her to sit still and wait frozen, would you?"

"I suppose not" said Denis, gloomily. "I only know I would have died to save her what she must have gone through, alone, all alone!"

"You have done your best to die for her," retorted Mr. Kitto, with his kind

Then for the first time, fear came to him.

smile. "Were her people on board with her?"

"Her father, yes; she has no one else."

"Then you may have to live for her," the older man said gravely. "So don't you commit any more of your follies, and above all don't make yourself ill without a cause. She is probably trying to find her own way to the station, and it's safe to be the wrong way."

"But you said no one had been up those stairs!"

Mr. Kitto stood confounded in the sun.

"She may be about the beach somewhere," he said hurriedly; "after all it's not so little that you take in every cranny at a glance. Come and let's look. There are all sorts of holes and corners under the cliff," he added as they went, "where my children play hide-and-seek at picnics. It's our favorite place for them; in fact that's why I cut those steps. No harm could come to her here."

But his voice had lost something of its cheery confidence, and in spite of him it lost more as they sought, but sought in vain. As for Denis, there was an end to his lamentations; he was past that stage; but he looked like a soul in hell.

"Can you cooey?" asked the squatter. "No, you're too hoarse, don't try; but I can, like a black fellow, thank God!" And he arched his sunburnt hands about his mouth.

—"Coooooooooo—eeeey!"

It was long enough and loud enough to reach the one topgallant mast of the *North Foreland*, that they descried between the heads standing out of the waves for a monument to those beneath; had a single sailor been clinging to it, he must have heard so penetrating and so sustained a call; but from the lost one on shore, as from the drowned multitude without the gateway of sparkling blue, not a sound, not a sign.

Doberty and another arrived with blankets, clothes, coffee, mutton, damper, a billy for boiling water, everything that kind thought could send, with a sweet message from her who sent them; but it fell on deaf ears. Denis would none of anything till she whom he had lost was found again; so the squatter thrust him down into the sand, and between them they forced him to make a meal. And being at last in a more reasonable frame, he would have ended in putting on the shoes which he had cast off in the morning, and forgotten or despised ever since; but now his feet were so swollen, he could not get them on.

Denis went his own way after this, and it led him first to the summit of the cliffs, to see for himself whether there was no trace up there; for he had been incredulous on that point all along; but now so many had been up and down that he had still only one man's word for the absence of foot-marks in the beginning, and he roamed far afield in vigilant circles. He would have been lost himself but for a fire they made on top of the cliff; and when he came shambling back to the brink, down below there was quite a galaxy of lanterns moving in different directions, a constellation of creeping stars. So they had not found her yet; and now it was black night.

Mr. Kitto had meanwhile made up his mind.

"We shall never find her alive," he whispered to his overseer, who arrived upon the scene a little before Denis' return, "but for that poor fellow's sake we must keep up the pretense a bit longer. I can see there was something between them; and when we find her body it will probably kill him; and after all every soul will have been lost! Did you know the bodies were beginning to come ashore? There's a little chap I take to be the captain; last to leave and first to land!"

"But you aren't looking for this girl among them?" the overseer exclaimed aghast.

"Not yet, but it will come to that," whispered Kitto. "I cooeyed till I was hoarse; that's why I can't raise my voice above a whisper now; and all the rest of us are in the same box. Mark my words, it's a case of suicide, and a fearful case; the poor young thing was so horrified at her position, when she

awoke and found herself deserted on this desert coast, that it drove her clean out of her mind. I almost hope he won't live to realize it was that—though he's the sort we want in this colony—if he gave up the sea."

"Was there no tracking her?"

"Scarcely a yard from the mouth of the cave, and he doesn't know I did that; the sand is too loose outside. But the tracks I did find pointed straight to the sea. I grant you there were not enough of them to mean anything in themselves."

They chanced to be passing close to the ti-tree clump as they conversed. Suddenly the overseer stood still.

"You've looked in there, I suppose?"

"In there? What would be the good? It's not above a dozen yards thick, though so dense; if she were alive in there she'd have heard us long ago; if she's dead she's in the sea. Why do you ask?"

"I thought I heard something—that's all."

They moved on another yard or so.

"My God, Mr. Kitto, I do hear something! Listen—listen to that!"

They heard the voice distinctly, and at the same time, faint and feeble though it was.

"I am dying," it moaned. "*Oh, Denis, where are you?*"

Mr. Kitto almost choked.

"Thank God—but if she does die!" he croaked and whispered in one breath. "We're coming! We're coming, my dear, dear young lady! But," once more in his whisper, "who's that hobbling towards us, dot-and-go-one? It's Denis, man, it's Denis himself, go and tell him like a good fellow—only don't raise too much hope." And deeply agitated, the squatter thrust his lantern among the outer branches of the thicket.

In an instant came the faint voice, immeasurably stronger, and poignant with a nameless agony.

"Take it away, oh, take it away, or I must die—I must!"

Kitto flung his lantern far behind him; he had seen a terrified face among the branches, a burning face that told him all.

"And you have been here all day!" he cried, but chiefly to himself, in the inward glare of his enlightenment.

"I thought it was savages," faltered the voice in the clump. "I—I never heard it before—"

"I have everything ready for you," continued Kitto, cheerily: "hot coffee, plenty to eat, dry clothes, and our best bed when we get you to it. Here, take this to go on with." His coat came off with the words, and was thrust through the branches until he felt she had it.

"Now I'll get you the rest," he said, and was hurrying off.

"Wait! Wait!" she called to him, and even more strongly than in her last alarm. "Where's Denis—Denis Dent? He was the second officer, and he saved me, he alone. I must speak to him first . . . in case I do die."

And her voice broke for him, as his had broken for her, but with more reason than Nan Merridew could dream; for Denis was lying close at hand on the beach, with the station overseer stooping over him.

SPUR-THRUST BY KENNETH BROWN

THROUGH the half open door, Donald Michener heard her plainly speaking to her father: "Will you tell Mr. Michener that I do not care to see him, and that I do not care to have him call on me again."

"But Christine," her father protested doubtfully, "I can't carry a message like that unless the man's insulted you —and then," he ended grimly, "I should carry more than a message."

As Michener appeared in the doorway, Mr. Laing started towards him; it was from her father Christine got her temper; but she stepped resolutely between them. "He isn't worth it, father," she said, turning her back on Michener.

Michener was sorry. He walked out of the room in such a cold rage, murder would not have abated it. When the primal man is aroused he would as lief fight his host in his own house as any one else. Rage and mortification so filled his heart that he had no room for grief, though he had lost the girl he had tried long to win. And the injustice of it! For it was unjust, the measure of punishment meted out to him.

The next day Christine went riding with Kerningham. She was in a bad humor. She was angry with herself for the way she had treated Donald Michener; she was more angry at him, because of the way she had treated him; and she was most angry at Kerningham for daring to ride beside her in Michener's place and to put in his smug remarks when she was not in the humor for smug remarks. In passing it may be said that an unprejudiced person would not have called Kerningham's remarks any smugger than Michener's. Indeed, they were probably the more sensible of the two, at least when talking to Christine. Unfortunately no unprejudiced person was judge, and Mr. Kerningham's sentence was all ready to be pronounced should a suitable occasion arise. But no suitable occasion arose. Christine sulked; Christine was sarcastic; Christine was rude; Kerningham was imperturbably polite and good-natured.

"Are you tired to-day?" Kerningham asked, after an unusually snappish speech of the lady's.

"Riding never makes me tired," she answered curtly.

"It might be the company," he ventured.

"Haven't I been perfectly polite? How dare you say that?"

"I thought perhaps the contrast between your humble servant and your usual cavalier might have something to do with it," he went on placidly.

"I suppose you mean Mr. Michener. I certainly am not longing for him. I hate him!" she blazed. "I shall never speak to him again."

"Indeed! He is more fortunate than I had supposed."

It was Kerningham's one reprisal of the afternoon.

"Oh, I'm tired of riding so slowly," Christine cried.

"Let us ride faster then."

Almost at the first word, Christine thrust her spur into her horse's side, and at the last Kerningham slapped his horse with his crop to try to catch up with her. It was not very dignified this tearing along the road at breakneck speed, particularly with the girl two lengths ahead, her horse showering him with gravel and dirt at

every jump, and gradually drawing further away. Kerningham swore a little swear to himself which, considering his good nature all through the ride, was no more than his due, and cracked his horse again with his crop.

Michener, out riding by himself, heard the rataplan of horses' hoofs far down the road, and looked back. His ride had not been a pleasant one either. He was on a half-broken thoroughbred, and his temper was not in the elastic state that it should have been for training a high-strung filly. He had one or two little fights with her. He had tried to make her go up to a gate with her left side to it, and she had shown a marked preference for going up as she had done before, on her right side. Michener had pressed his right spur into her with undue vigor, to make her come around, and then, as she bounded forward, had held her hard. She had reared straight up and knocked off his hat, and his ill-humor had been considerably increased by having to dismount for the hat. Then the filly was so fretted she would not come down to a walk, and the more Michener tried to make her, the harder she pranced.

At the sound of horses running behind him, Michener looked around and saw a girl on a black horse flying up the street, her escort tearing along behind her. People on the sidewalk yelled ; but Michener was not sure whether they were cheering on a horse race, or trying to block the passage of a run-away with words. As he watched, a shoemaker ran out of a little shop and waved a broom at the horses. This seemed to indicate that something was wrong, and Michener let out his filly, first to a canter and then to collected gallop. Looking back again, he saw that the girl's horse was coming very fast, and he pressed his legs against his filly's sides, to tell her to extend herself a little. At the same time he tied a knot in his reins, well up on the mare's neck, in order to get a better grip on her mouth, if he were obliged to use one hand only.

As the running black came abreast of Michener his heart seemed to stop still for a moment as he saw that the girl was Christine. Then he froze into resentment again as he noticed that she sat perfectly collectedly on the horse and appealed to him in no way. As a matter of fact she had not in the least lost control of her horse, and was only working off her temper in this way.

Michener's thoroughbred, with her long stride, easily kept pace with the clattering run of the round little black Christine was on.

"I beg your pardon," Michener said, as stiffly as the circumstances permitted, "but is your horse running away?" He tried to raise his hat formally, but it blew off before he reached the brim.

Christine gave him a side glance.

"Yes," she answered. "Stop him for me."

She dropped the reins and dug her spur into her horse's flank, prodding him viciously.

The horse sprang more madly forward. No touch on his mouth, and a spur boring into his side will make a real runaway of almost any horse in a very few minutes.

Michener was obliged to spur his own mare to keep up with the other's sudden jump. Then he had to use both hands to keep his filly, her racing blood afire, from running away from Christine's poor little conestoga. He soon had his hand on Christine's reins, however, and strove, first by steady pulling, and then by jerking, to slow her horse down, at the same time trying with his right hand to restrain his own filly so that she would act as a drag on the other.

But he was working under disadvantages. He did not know of the spur on Christine's heel, still goring the black side ; and it is a strong man that can control with one hand and a snaffle bit, a half-broken thoroughbred who thinks she is racing.

Christine was watching him all the time critically. His impersonal manner when first he spoke to her had angered her, and now the way in which he concentrated his attention on the horse with no word for her, kept her temper hot. She longed to be on a swifter horse than his, that she might have the

Drawn by B. Martin Justice.

The filly flew on.

pleasure of hearing him galloping futilely behind her. She could at least thwart him in his effort to do the heroic horse-stopping act, and her spur continued its silent but effective work.

Michener soon saw that he was only tiring himself out, and accomplishing nothing. He desisted from his efforts, merely guiding the two horses so that they should collide with nothing on the road, and waiting until Christine's black should show signs of having had enough. Kerningham came behind, far in the rear, impotently lashing his horse and eliciting jeering remarks from critically-minded small boys along the way.

Suddenly, as the two leaders swept around a slight bend in the road, they saw beneath a railroad trestle, three hundred yards ahead, two four-horse

teams, stopped for a friendly chat, completely blocking the road. Both riders realized the danger instantly. Christine reached for the reins she had dropped, and began sawing her horse's mouth as hard as she could, but she was a little frightened and forgot to take her spur from the black's flank. Michener glanced at the two sides of the road. There was barbed wire on the right, and a paling fence on the left—no escape on either side, and the deliberate teamsters only gathering up their reins to move out of the way.

Michener moved his left hand up the reins of Christine's horse till he got a firm hold of the rings of the snaffle. Then kicking his feet out of his stirrups, he dropped his own reins, leaned over and caught the other horse's nostrils in his right hand, and then threw himself off his horse. The filly, relieved of his weight, flew on ahead, shied as she saw the teams, and then with a beautiful oblique jump cleared the barbed wire at the right, and kept on across country.

Christine's horse made one terrible plunge and nearly fell when Michener swung from his saddle, then with his wind cut off by the desperate grip on his nose, and impeded by the weight at his head, as Michener dragged from it, he gradually slackened his speed, so that when he struck one of the leaders of the team headed towards them, though horse and girl and man went down in a heap, there was little damage done. Michener had the breath knocked out of him, and could only gasp wildly for breath while Christine picked herself up and laughing half hysterically caught her horse, which had scrambled to his feet and stood trembling like a leaf.

Kerningham came up, sawing on his reins, his horse bouncing along with stiff forelegs stuck out to stop himself.

"Wasn't it great?" Christine cried, half laughing, half sobbing. "I was spurring my horse all the time Mr. Michener was tugging at his head."

"Sorry I interrupted your amusement," Michener said with effort, the breath only beginning to come back to him.

"I say, Michener, I'd have given a thousand dollars to have done what you did," Kerningham said, with honest envy.

"Oh, you could have done it, if your horse had only been able to run a little," Christine said, still half hysterical.

"I think I'll go after my mare," Michener said, lamely. He still felt so much resentment against Christine that he did not wish any thanks from her.

"We'd better change horses, hadn't we?" Kerningham suggested to Christine.

"Oh, no! You wouldn't have me give in now, would you?" she answered. "But my spur's all bent. I think I'll take it off." This was the sole concession she made to what she had been through.

The next day Michener was sitting in his office, still feeling the lassitude that comes after great excitement, when Mr. Laing came in. Both flushed a little, remembering their last interview, and the younger man interrupted the other's words of gratitude before they were half spoken. "Oh, it wasn't anything," he said, with embarrassment. "I really didn't know it was Miss Laing at first."

The words did not sound gracious; but Michener only wanted to make Mr. Laing feel under as little obligation to him as possible. They talked for a few minutes on indifferent subjects, and then Mr. Laing said, after an apologetic cough:—

"There's a favor I want to ask of you. Christine wants you to come up to dinner to-morrow night."

"If you don't mind, I really don't believe I'll come," Michener answered. "She wouldn't have wanted me before—before this little episode, and it really isn't any reason for asking me."

"I know exactly how you feel," Mr. Laing said. "But—but—to tell you the truth," he went on a little helplessly, "Christine told me not to come home without your promise to come, and I really haven't the nerve to go back without it. You wouldn't like to make me a homeless wanderer at my age, would you?"

Michener laughed. "If you put it that way I can hardly refuse." Having saved Christine's life he could hardly deny her a favor.

Michener dressed for the dinner that night without any pleasurable anticipation. He still had the apathetic feeling that follows great physical and mental strain. He was rather surprised when he arrived at the Laing's house to find that a number of other persons had been asked, and comforted himself with the thought that there would perhaps be less embarrassment in the larger number. To his considerable annoyance, his exploit was generally referred to, although Christine herself did not speak of it.

"My! how grand it is to know a hero!" little Miss King cried, rushing up to him after he had moved away from Christine. "Was that really all true they put in the paper?"

"Don't ask him," Kerningham broke in. "Of course he hasn't read about himself in the paper. No genuine hero does. Tell you what, Miss King," Kerningham lowered his voice so that only she and Michener could hear him, "its lucky Donald made that grandstand play yesterday. I was just debating with myself whether to cut him out with Miss Laing or not, and I'm afraid I should have forgotten our friendship and succumbed if she had told me once more that she hated him unless she had felt emboldened to tell me she hated me more, which I rather suspected from her tone."

"Of course you'll have to propose now," Miss King said mischievously. "That's the worst of heroes, they always marry the heroine, instead of the rest of us poor girls. Why don't you propose to-night, while she's good and grateful. We'll all back you—Hush!"

Christine came up to them. "You are to take me in to dinner," she said to Michener, "unless you think you've more than done your duty by me already, and would rather take Miss King."

"No," piped Miss King. "The poor man shan't be obliged to snub me. Mr. Kerningham, *you* take me in—since I can't have the hero."

Kerningham sat on Christine's left, and she spoke more to him than to Michener, during the first part of the meal. At last when all the others were busy talking, she turned to him, and said in the undertone, which itself is a compliment: —

"Did you find your mare all right yesterday?"

"Yes," he answered.

"And will you let me ride her some day?"

"In order that you may run away from me, as you did from Kerningham?" Michener asked. "She's a little wild, and I don't believe she would be quite safe for you. She got the idea yesterday that she had thrown me and was boss of the ranch, and that makes a thoroughbred rather flighty."

Christine cast down her eyes. "I thought I saw you ahead yesterday, and I wanted to speak to you. That's why I made my horse run."

Michener smiled.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked with some pique.

"It's an unusual way for a lady to address a gentleman, isn't it?"

"The circumstances weren't usual," she answered again looking down.

There was a little pause in the general conversation, and Christine turned to Kerningham on her other side.

"Have you bought yourself a swifter horse yet, so that you can do heroics, too?" she asked, a trace of mockery in her tone.

"Miss Laing has just been confiding to me," Michener put in, "that she made her horse run away on purpose. Doubtless she'll give all her friends a chance to get in the papers, one after the other."

"It really was your chance yesterday, Mr. Kerningham," Christine said gaily. "I don't know that you deserve another."

"Do give me a little one, some time when I am ready for it. Donald snatched that one quite unfairly," he pleaded.

"You'll have to look out for him; he's a regular bandersnatch. And now

as none of the other small wild creatures,—squirrels, hares, or even the fierce and fearless weasel,—could afford to do. The hawks knew certain inconvenient capacities of his kind. When, therefore, that sudden alarm would ring clamorous over the still, grim woods, that shrill outcry of the crows, jays and kingbirds which sends every weak thing trembling to cover, the big muskrat would sit up untroubled on his log and go on munching his flag-root with as fine an unconcern as if he had been a bear or a bull moose.

But one day, one late, rose-amber afternoon, when the gnats were dancing over the glassy creek, he was startled out of this confidence. He was standing in shallow water, digging out an obstinate but tempting root, when there arose a sudden great outcry from all the birds. It meant "A hawk!—A hawk!—A hawk!—A hawk!" He understood it perfectly; but he never lifted his head from his task. Next moment there was a mighty rush of wind in his ears; a thunderbolt seemed to strike him, frightful claws gripped him, piercing his back, and he was swept into the air. But it was a young hawk, unversed in the way of the muskrat, which had seized him. What those steely claws really clutched was little more than a roll of loose skin. Hurt but not daunted, the muskrat twisted his head up and back, and sank his long, punishing incissors into the enemy's thigh. He did not hang on, in bulldog fashion, but cut, cut, cut, deep through the bird's hard feather armor and into the cringing red strata of veins and muscles. With a scream of pain and fear the bird dropped him, and he fell into the water. At first he dived deep, fearing a second attack, and came up under a tangle of grasses from which he could peer forth unseen. Then, perceiving that the hawk had vanished, he by-and-by came out of the grass, and paddled to his favorite log. He was bleeding profusely, and his toilet that evening was long and painful. But in a few days he was as well as ever, with an added confidence.

About this time, however, a small, inquisitive and particularly blood-thirsty mink came down from the upper waters of the creek, where game had grown scarce under the ravages of her insatiable and implacable family. One of her special weaknesses was for muskrat meat, and many a muskrat-house she had invaded so successfully that the long, smothering, black, drowned galleries had no more terrors for her.

She came to the house in the alders. She noted its size, and realized that here indeed was good hunting. She swam down to the water-gate at the bottom of the channel, poked her nose in, and returned to the surface for a full supply of air. Then, with great speed, she dived again, and disappeared within the blackness of the water-gate.

It chanced that the big muskrat was just descending. From the inner darkness he saw the enemy clearly before her savage, little, peering eyes could discover him. He knew all the deadliness of the peril. He could easily have escaped, turning back and fleeing by the other passage while the foe went on to her bloody work in the chambers. There was no time to warn the rest.

But flight was far from the big muskrat's mind in that crucial moment Not panic but a fierce hate blazed in his usually good-natured eyes. With a swift, strenuous kick of his powerful hind-legs he shot downward upon the enemy, and grappled with her in the narrow tunnel.

The mink had seen him just before he fell upon her, and quicker than thought itself had darted up her snake-like jaws to gain the fatal throat-hold. But long success had made her overconfident. No muskrat had ever, within her experience, even tried to fight her. This present impetuous attack she mistook for a frantic effort to crowd past her and escape. Half careless, therefore, she missed the fatal hold, and caught only a mouthful of yielding skin. Before she could try again—borne down and hampered as she was by the muskrat's weight—a set of long, tenacious teeth, crunching and cutting, met in the side of her face, just at the root of the jaw.

This time the muskrat was wise enough to hold on. His deep grip held like a vise. The mink's teeth, those

that he's got into the papers, I expect he won't do a thing but roam around seeking what maidens he may devour—I mean rescue."

As the hum of conversation rose again, Christine, her head half turned towards him, said to Michener — he sitting by her with the feeling that she was always ridiculing him — "Shall I apologize for the way I spoke to you the other day?"

"I wouldn't have you trouble yourself so," he answered rather ungraciously.

She flushed scarlet. "I beg your pardon! — Next time you see my horse running away, you can let him go."

"Very well." Then half smiling he added: "Unless I venture to persuade myself that it is another invitation to converse with you."

"I'm sorry I told you that," she said defiantly. "I thought — I imagined—" she softened a little—"that you would meet me half way."

He looked down into her eyes, forgetting the others at the table, though instinctively speaking so that she alone could hear, "Don't you think you deserve to come a little more than half way?"

"Shall I come all the way?" The corner of her lips went up into a smile.

Michener smiled, too, without answering.

Suddenly Christine rose to her feet, her guests looking up in surprise. "Ladies and gentlemen," she began formally; "you know you were asked here to-night to meet a hero whose courage is exceeded only by his modesty."

Again the mocking note in her voice made Michener's cheeks burn with resentment.

After a slight oratorical pause, she continued: "You have all read the details of his noble act in the paper, and you may appreciate them the more by learning that the said details were not supplied to the press by the hero himself, but by another. I have this on the authority of Mr. Kerningham."

Christine stopped a minute and her guests laughingly applauded her. She hesitated an instant, and glanced down at Michener. The color left her face as she went on, the note of raillery gone from her voice: —

"Two days ago I was very rude to Mr. Michener. I want to ask his forgiveness, and—and—" a wave of color swept over her face, "to announce our engagement, if"—she turned towards him with a little appealing gesture of the hands—"if he will have me."

DIRGE

Fearless he lived,
As fearless he died;
Here let his sword
Rust by his side.

Died as a soldier should,
Face to the foe;
Foreknowing all hope
Was lost long ago.

Prayers for the living,
Praise for the dead;
Here let him lie
In his last bed.

Stars for his windows,
Sky for his roof,
And for his dirge
The galloping hoof.

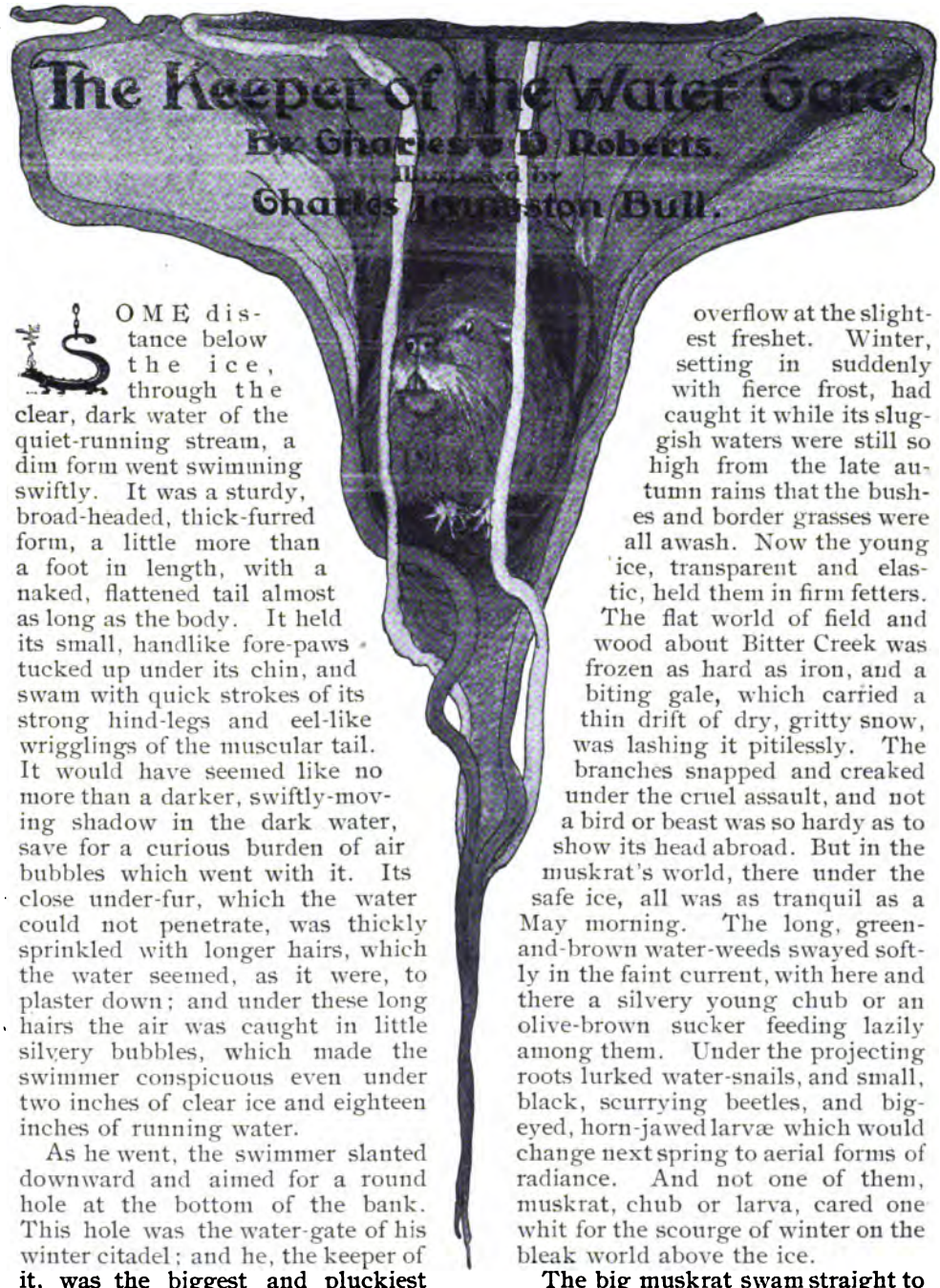
Nor triumph nor failure
Shall move him now;
Bind the green laurel
Upon his white brow.

Clifford Chase

The Keeper of the Water Gate.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull.



SOME distance below the ice, through the clear, dark water of the quiet-running stream, a dim form went swimming swiftly. It was a sturdy, broad-headed, thick-furred form, a little more than a foot in length, with a naked, flattened tail almost as long as the body. It held its small, handlike fore-paws tucked up under its chin, and swam with quick strokes of its strong hind-legs and eel-like wrigglings of the muscular tail. It would have seemed like no more than a darker, swiftly-moving shadow in the dark water, save for a curious burden of air bubbles which went with it. Its close under-fur, which the water could not penetrate, was thickly sprinkled with longer hairs, which the water seemed, as it were, to plaster down; and under these long hairs the air was caught in little silvery bubbles, which made the swimmer conspicuous even under two inches of clear ice and eighteen inches of running water.

As he went, the swimmer slanted downward and aimed for a round hole at the bottom of the bank. This hole was the water-gate of his winter citadel; and he, the keeper of it, was the biggest and pluckiest muskrat on the whole slow-winding length of Bitter Creek.

At this point Bitter Creek was about four feet deep and ten or twelve feet wide, with low, bushy shores subject to overflow at the slightest freshet. Winter, setting in suddenly with fierce frost, had caught it while its sluggish waters were still so high from the late autumn rains that the bushes and border grasses were all awash. Now the young ice, transparent and elastic, held them in firm fetters. The flat world of field and wood about Bitter Creek was frozen as hard as iron, and a biting gale, which carried a thin drift of dry, gritty snow, was lashing it pitilessly. The branches snapped and creaked under the cruel assault, and not a bird or beast was so hardy as to show its head abroad. But in the muskrat's world, there under the safe ice, all was as tranquil as a May morning. The long, green-and-brown water-weeds swayed softly in the faint current, with here and there a silvery young chub or an olive-brown sucker feeding lazily among them. Under the projecting roots lurked water-snails, and small, black, scurrying beetles, and big-eyed, horn-jawed larvæ which would change next spring to aerial forms of radiance. And not one of them, muskrat, chub or larva, cared one whit for the scourge of winter on the bleak world above the ice.

The big muskrat swam straight to the mouth of the hole, and plunged half way into it. Then he suddenly changed his mind. Backing out abruptly, he darted up to the surface close under the edge of the bank. Along the edges of

the bank the ice-roof slanted upward, the water having fallen several inches since the ice had set. This left a covered air space, about two inches in height, all along the fringes of the grass roots; and here the muskrat paused, head and shoulders half out of water, to take breath. He was panting heavily, having come a long way under water without stopping to empty and refill his long-suffering little lungs. Two inches over his head, on the other side of the ice, the thin, hard snow went driving and swirling, and he could hear the alders straining under the bitter wind. His little, bead-bright eyes, set deep in his furry face, gleamed with satisfaction over his comfortable security.

Having fully eased his lungs, the muskrat dived again to the bottom, and began to gnaw with fierce energy at a snaky mass of the roots of the yellow material. Having cut off a section about as long as himself, and more than an inch in thickness, he tugged at it fiercely to loosen the fibres which held it to the bottom. But this particular piece was more firmly anchored than he had expected to find it, and presently, feeling as if his lungs would burst, he was obliged to ascend to the air-space under the ice for a new breath. There he puffed and panted for perhaps a minute. But he had no thought of relinquishing that piece of succulent, crisp, white-hearted lily-root. As soon as he had rested, he swam down again, and gripping it savagely, tore it loose at the first pull. Holding the prize lengthwise that it might not obstruct his entrance, he plunged into the hole in the bank, the round, black water-gate to his winter house.

The house was a most comfortable and strictly utilitarian structure. The entrance, dug with great and persistent toil from the very bottom of the bank, for the better discouragement of the muskrat's deadliest enemy, the mink,—ran inward for nearly two feet, and then upward on a long slant some five or six feet through the natural soil. At this point the shore was dry land at the average level of the water; and over this exit, which was dry at the time of the building, the muskrat had raised his house.

The house was a seemingly careless, roughly rounded heap of grass-roots, long water-weeds, lily-roots and stems and mud, with a few sticks woven into the foundation. The site was cunningly chosen, so that the roots and stems of a large alder gave it secure anchorage; and the whole structure, for all its apparent looseness, was so well compacted as to be secure against the sweep of the spring freshets. About six feet in diameter at the base, it rose about the same distance from the foundation, a rude, sedge-thatched dam, of which something more than three feet now showed itself above the ice.

To the unobservant eye the muskrat house in the alders might have looked like a mass of drift in which the rank water-grass had taken root. But within the clumsy pit, about a foot below the centre of the dam, was a shapely, small, warm chamber, lined with the softest grasses. From one side of this chamber the burrow slanted down to another and much larger chamber, the floor of which, at the present high level of the water, was partly flooded. From this chamber led downward two burrows,—one, the main passage, by which the muskrat had entered, opening frankly as we have seen, in the channel of the creek, and the other, longer and more devious, terminating in a narrow and cunningly concealed exit, behind a deeply submerged willow-root. This passage was little used, and was intended chiefly as a way of escape in case of an extreme emergency,—such as, for example, the invasion of a particularly enterprising mink by way of the main water-gate. The muskrat is no match for the snake-swift, bloodthirsty mink, except in the one accomplishment of holding his breath under water. And a mink must be very ravenous, or quite mad with the blood-lust, to dare the deep water-gate and the long subaqueous passage to the muskrat's citadel, at seasons of average high water. In time of drought, however, when the entrance is nearly uncovered and the water goes but a little way up the dark tunnels, the mink will often glide in, slaughter the garrison, and occupy the well-built citadel.

The big muskrat, dragging his lily-

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis.

No one could tell what flowers they were.

A lithe, dark, slender figure with a sharp-nosed, triangular head.

once. He would seem to pull great folds of skin from his back around under his breast, where he could comb it the more thoroughly. It was no trouble at all for him to scratch his left ear with his right hind foot. He went about his task with such zeal that in a very few minutes his fur was as fluffy and exquisite as that of a boudoir kitten. Then he rubbed his face, eyes and ears vigorously with both fore-paws at once in a half-childish fashion, sitting up on his hind-quarters as he did so. This done, he flicked his tail sharply two or three times, touched his mate lightly with his nose, and scurried up to the little sleeping chamber. Something less than a foot above his head the winter gale howled, ripped the snow-flurries, lashed the bushes, sent the snapped twigs hurtling through the bare branches, turned every naked sod to stone. But to the sleeping muskrat all the outside sound and fury came but as a murmur of June trees.

His mate, meanwhile, was gobbling the lily-root as if she had not eaten for a week. Sitting up like a squirrel, and clutching the end of the root with both little fore-paws, she crushed the white esculent into her mouth and gnawed at it ravenously with the keen chisels of her teeth. The root was as long as herself, and its weight perhaps a sixth of her own. Yet when it was all eaten she wanted more. There were other pieces stored in the chamber; and indeed, the whole house itself was in great part edible, being built largely of such roots and grasses as the muskrat loves to feed on. But such stores were for emergency use. She could forage for herself at present. Diving down the main passage she presently issued from the water-gate, and immediately rose to the clear-roofed air-space. Here she nibbled tentatively at some stones and withered leafage. These proving little to her taste, she suddenly remembered a clam bed not far off, and instantly set out for it. She swam briskly down stream along the air-space, her eyes and nose just out of the water, the ice gleaming silvery above her head.

She had traveled in this position perhaps fifty yards when she saw, some twelve or fifteen feet ahead of her, a lithe, dark, slender figure with a sharp-nosed, triangular head squeeze itself over a projecting root, which almost touched the ice. The stranger was no larger than herself,--but she knew it was not for her to try conclusions with even the smallest of minks. Catching a good lung-full of air, she dived on the instant, down, down, to the very bed of the creek, and out to mid-channel.

The mink, eagerly desirous of a meal of muskrat meat, dived also, heading outward to interrupt the fugitive. He swam as well as the muskrat,—perhaps faster, indeed, with a darting, eel-like, deadly swiftness. But the stream at this point had widened to a breadth of twelve or fifteen yards,—and this was the little muskrat's salvation. The mink was afraid to follow him to such a distance from the air-space. He knew that by the time he overtook her and fixed his teeth in her throat he would be fairly winded; and then, with no breathing-hole at hand, he would die terribly, bumping up against the clear ice and staring madly through at the free air for which his lungs were agonizing. His fierce heart failed him, and he turned back to the air-space under the bank. But the sight of the muskrat had whetted his appetite, and when he came to the muskrat house in the alders he swam down and thrust his head inside the water-gate. He even, indeed, went half-way in; but soon instinct, or experience, or remembered instruction, told him that the distance to the air-chamber was too great for him. He had no more fancy to be drowned in the muskrat's winding black tunnel than under the clear daylight of the ice; so he turned away, and with red, angry eyes, resumed his journey up stream.

The little muskrat, seeing that her enemy was disheartened, went on cheerfully to the clam bed. Here she clawed up from the oozy bottom and devoured almost enough clams to make a meal for a full-grown man. But she took longer over her meal than the man would, thereby saving herself from an otherwise imminent indigestion. Each bivalve as she got it she would carry up

On their very first outing.

to the air space among the stones, selecting a tussock of grass on which she could rest half out of the water. And every time, before devouring her prize, she would carefully, though somewhat impatiently, cleanse her face of the mud and dead leafage which seemed to be an inseparable concomitant of her digging. When she had eaten as many clams as she could stuff into her little body, she hastened back to join her mate in the safe nest over the water-gate.

In the upper world the winter was a severe one, but of all its bitterness the muskrats knew nothing, save by the growing thickness of the ice that sheltered them. As Bitter Creek shrank to normal winter level, and the strong ice sank in mid-channel, the air-space along shore increased till they had a spacious, covered corridor in which to disport themselves. Food was all about them —an unlimited abundance of lily-roots and clams; and once in awhile their diet was varied by the capture of a half-torpid sucker or chub. There were no otters in Bitter Creek; and the mink which had investigated their water-gate so hungrily got caught in a trap at an open spring up stream, where he was accustomed to fish for eels. So the muskrats had no dangerous enemies to mar their peace.

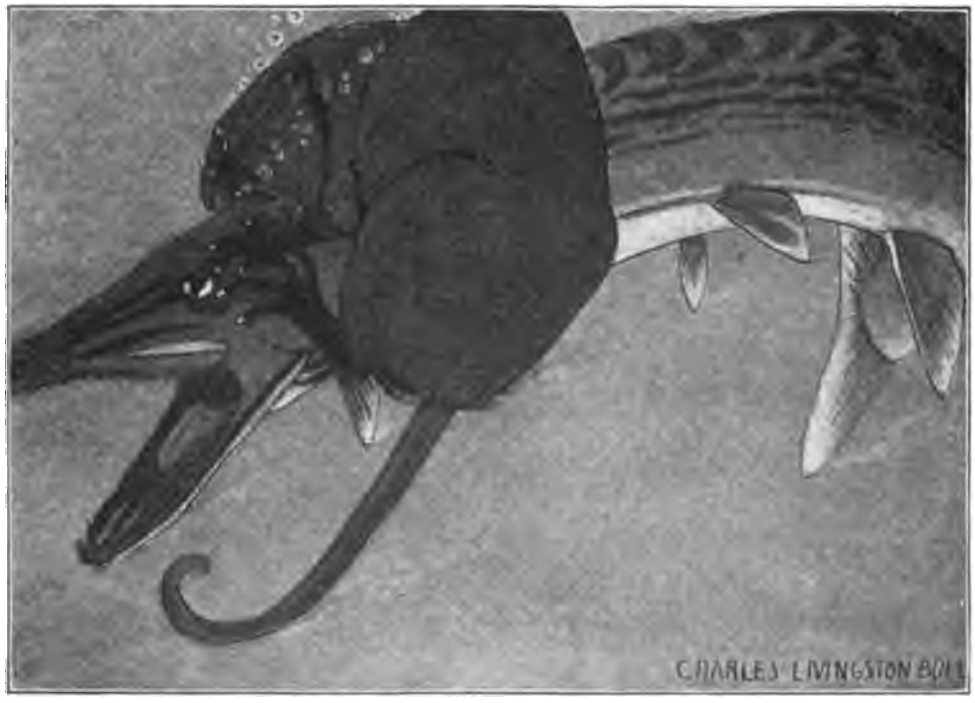
The spring thaws came suddenly, while the ice was yet strong, and the flood went wide over the low banks of Bitter Creek. But the little house among the alders withstood them sturdily. The water rose till it filled the lower chamber. Inch by inch it crept up the last passage till it glistened dimly just an inch below the threshold. But it now actually touched that threshold; and the little grass-lined retreat stayed warm and dry. Then the ice went out under the sun and showers of late April, and the waters sank away as rapidly as they had risen; and the muskrats, wild with the intoxication of spring, rolled, played and swam gayly hither and thither on the surface of the open creek. They made long excursions up and down stream for the sheer delight of wandering, and found fresh interest in every clam flat, lily cove, or sprouting bed of sweet flag. Their appetites they had always with them; and though it was fun to chase each other, or to roll and wallow luxuriously on the cool surface of the water when the sun shone warm, there was nothing quite so worth while, day in and day out, as eating. Other muskrats now appeared, the wander-spirit seizing them all at once; and the males had many fierce fights, which left their naked tails scarred and bleeding. But the big muskrat from the house in the alders was denied the joy of battle, because none of his rivals were so hardy as to confront him.

About this pleasant season, in the upper chamber over the water-gate, was born a family of nine very small and very naked young muskrats. Their big father was amiably indifferent to them, and spent most of his time, when at

home, in the lower chamber, which was now dry and clean enough for his luxurious tastes. Their small mother, however, was assiduous in her care; and in an exceedingly short time the youngsters, very sleek and dark in their first fur, were investigating the wonderful great world beyond their water-gate. They had prodigious appetites, and they grew prodigiously. One, on their very first outing, got snapped up by a greedy black duck. The attention of the little mother was just then occupied, and never having learned to count up to nine she, apparently, never realized her loss; but she was destined to avenge it, a week or two later, by eating two new-hatched ducklings of that same black duck's brood. Another of the little muskrats encountered fate on the threshold of his existence, being snatched by the greedy jaws of a large pickerel which darted upon him like lightning from under the covert of a lily pad. But in this case vengeance was instant and direct. The big muskrat chanced to be near by. He caught the pickerel while the latter was pre-occupied with his meal, bit clean through the back of his neck, and then and there devoured full half of him. In the engrossing task of cleaning his fur after this feast, and making his toilet, which he did with minute nicety on a stranded log by the shore, he promptly forgot the loss in his little family, the wrong which he had so satisfactorily and appropriately avenged. As for the remaining seven, they proceeded to grow up as rapidly as possible, and soon ceased to stand in any danger of pickerel or mallard.

Though fairly omnivorous in his tastes, the big muskrat, like all his tribe, was so content with his lilies, flag-root and clams, that he was not generally regarded as a foe by the birds and other small people of the wilderness. He was too well fed to be a keen hunter.

Having learned (and taught his fellows) to avoid muskrat traps, the big muskrat enjoyed his lazy summer life on Bitter Creek with a care-free spirit that is permitted to few indeed of the furtive kindred of the wild. There was no mink, as we have seen, to beware of; and as for hawks, he ignored them



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Drawn by Jessie Wilcox Smith. *Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis.*

" Tell you a story? "

vindictive teeth that had killed and killed for the mere joy of killing, now gnashed impotently. In utter silence, there in the choking deep, the water in their eyes and ears and jaws, they writhed and strove, the mink's lithe body twisting around her foe like a snake. Then, with a convulsive shudder, her struggles ceased. Her lungs had refused to hold the strained breath any longer. They had opened—and the water had filled them. Her body trailed out limply; and the muskrat, still maintaining that inexorable grip, dragged her out through the water-gate which he had so well kept. Out in the brown, blurred light of the current he still held her down, jamming her head into a patch of bright sand, until the ache of his own lungs gave him warning. Then, carrying the body to the surface, he flung it scornfully over a root to await the revival of his appetite, and proceeded to calm his excitement by a long, elaborate toilet. Steely dark and cold the waters of Bitter Creek slipped by between their leafless, bushy banks. And inside the grassy dome of the house in the alders the thick-furred muskrat colony slept luxuriously, dreaming of the doom just averted from their door.

A PRINCESS LISTENS

By ROY ROLFE GILSON

Illustrated by JESSIE WILCOX SMITH

TELL you a story?" Joggles said to the little girl in his lap—not his own little girl, for Joggles was still a bachelor, forty-and-five, and rounder and Sh! — balder, than before.

"Why, you are a story yourself, little girl."

"Oh, Mr. Joggles!"

"You're a whole story."

"But I'm not a Princess, Mr. Joggles, or a Fairy."

"You're not, hey? How do you know you're not? They tell you stories of Princesses with bright eyes. How do they know that Princesses have bright eyes? Tell me that now. They tell you how on a summer's day the Princess Beautiful walked in the sunshine singing. How do they know she sang? Because they have heard you singing to your dolls in the sun. How do they know so much about Princesses, anyway, I'd like to know? Well, I will tell you. It is because they know so much about little girls, and love them, for every Princess was a little girl once, and every little girl is a Princess if she only knew."

"Really, Mr. Joggles?"

"Oh, I don't mean a really, truly Princess, you know, like the ones in the pictures, eating off plates of gold and walking with little boys tagging behind to hold up their trains — Oh, no, for you have to be born in a king's palace, or a story book, to be that kind. But a nice little home-made Princess, I mean."

"But I'd rather be a truly Princess, Mr. Joggles."

"Oh, I wouldn't."

"But you tell such beautiful stories of Princesses, Mr. Joggles—the golden-haired kind, I mean, giving cakes to the poor."

"But do you know how I do it?"

"No."

"I just look at you."

"Oh, *Mr. Joggles!*

"I do. I just look at you."

"But *my* hair isn't golden, Mr. Joggles."

"It's golden-brown, I tell you. And when I feel it against my cheek, here in the fire-light, the hair of the Story-Princess grows beautifler and beautifler—"

"You shouldn't say 'beautifler,' Mr. Joggles."

"I beg your pardon. More beautiful, I mean. More beautiful and more

beautiful grows the Story-Princess's hair. And when you sit up straight in my lap and look at me with your eyes, big and shining, I tell you how big and bright were the eyes of the Story-Princess. And when you say, 'Oh, Mr. Joggles,' I tell you that the Story-Princess had the sweetest voice in the world."

"Oh, is *that* how you make up your stories, Mr. Joggles?"

"That's how I make up my stories, and all the while I am telling you of the wonderful Story-Princess, I am thinking to myself that the little Home Made Princess in my lap is best, and I hug her tight—"

"You *do* hug tight, Mr. Joggles."

"I hug her tight, and close my eyes, and pretend she is all my own."

"Oh, Mr. Joggles, *do* you?"

"Oh, little girl, I do."

Then they both looked into the fire, pondering.

"Do you know, Mr. Joggles"—in a Princess's whisper she said it—"Do you know, it's almost like making love! *Isn't* it, Mr. Joggles?"

"Is it, my dear?"

"Oh, *yes*, Mr. Joggles."

He nodded gravely.

"if you say so," he said.

"Tell me a story, Mr. Joggles—about a really person—someone you knew."

"I knew a poor man once."

"Oh, tell me about the Poor Man."

"It's a sad story."

"But tell it anyway."

"I'm afraid it's too sad."

"Oh, no, Mr. Joggles. It makes us kinder to know about the poor, you know."

"Why, so it does. That's true. But this man was not dreadfully poor, not hungry that is—at least not in his tummy, you know; not ragged either, to speak of, except in his cuffs sometimes; and he slept in a very nice bed."

"But why did they call him the Poor Man then?"

"Well, he was queer you see—queer and grumpy and kept by himself, and lived in a cave, a small-little cave, up three pairs of stairs."

"Oh, Mr. Joggles!"

"Yes—a boarding-house cave, where he lived all alone."

"But where were the other boarders, Mr. Joggles?"

"Oh, they were somewhere around—at meal times mostly. But in boarding-house caves you live all alone by yourself, you know, and so did the Poor Man, working all day in an office and eating his lunch on a long plank, perched on a stool. But nights when dinner was over he shut the door of his cave. Then he took off his coat. Then he put on his dressing-gown. A wonderful dressing-gown it was, with flowers all over it—golden flowers growing in dark-red ground. Over and over again he tried to find what those flowers were, but no one could tell, not even the florist who lived on the corner in glass houses, and never threw stones."

"Maybe it was a lily, Mr. Joggles."

"Maybe it was, but he never could find one like it, though he hunted high and low. At first he thought it a tulip, but its leaves were too curled and long. Then he thought it an orchid—a strange sort of bloom, you know—but it wasn't like any orchid that ever grew. Oh, he sought everywhere for that flower! He peeked through conservatory windows till policemen came. He went to the flower shows. On Sundays he walked in the wild green woods but never a flower like that on his dressing-gown. But once—"

"Oh, Mr. Joggles!"

"Once, walking alone through a little glen, where the thrushes and waters sang all day long—walking and looking and wondering, all to himself, suddenly he saw a flower, a *golden* flower, on the edge of the brook! He cried aloud when he saw it, and ran, stumbling, and reaching out for it with trembling fingers, he slipped—"

"Oh!"

"—slipped on the stones of the ford, and sank ankle-deep in the stream."

"Did he drown, Mr. Joggles!"

"Oh, no. He just stepped out again."

"Did he get the flower?"

"He got the flower. He wrapped it in emerald mosses and carried it home. He could hardly wait. The trolley car

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis.

No one could tell what flowers they were.

Where thrushes and waters sang.

crawled dreadfully. People were always getting off. People were always getting on. And in the crush of the aisle a fat man pressed too heavily on the golden flower and the Poor Man frowned and dug his elbow in the fat man's ribs—which wasn't nice at all. But at last he got home. He ran to his little cave—two steps at a time, he ran, panting, for he was a little tight in the place where the breath ought to be."

"Oh, Mr. Joggles! *Hurry!*"

"He did hurry. He reached his door. He thrust in his key. The lock caught. The Poor Man—well—got in at last, and dragged out the dressing-gown. On its golden flower blooming in the red, red earth, he laid the blossom from the glen."

"Oh, Mr. Joggles! *was* it?"

"No. . . . It was far too long."

"Oh! What did the Poor Man do?"

"Do? He threw the flower out of the window, and stamped on the dressing-gown."

"Oh, the poor, Poor Man!"

"Well, it was an awful disappointment, you see. But that night when he went to bed he fell to thinking of the little wood-flower dying out there in the street. He could not sleep. First he would lie on his back. Then on his side—his right side. Then on his left, But his heart felt queer. The clock struck twelve. He rose quickly and slipped on his dressing-gown. He stole down stairs and out of the door and down the steps. There, on the cold, hard pavement, in the street lamp's yellow glow, he found it lying, wilted and still. He raised it gently in his hands and smoothed its petals and carried it back upstairs again. In his only tumbler, filled with water, he set it on his window sill—and slept."

"And did the flower live, Mr. Joggles?"

"For many days. And the Poor Man loved it, for while it wasn't the dressing-gown flower, it must have been a country cousin, you see. There was a strong family resemblance, a striking resemblance, about the lips, in the curve of the lashes, in the fairness of the cheeks."

"And, oh, Mr. Joggles—I'll tell you

another thing. They might have been the very same kind of flower; but, don't you see, one grew in *red* ground, the other in *brown*."

"Bless me! Darling! You're right. I never thought of it before. I never thought of it before. You've solved the mystery of the dressing-gown!"

"Go on, Mr. Joggles."

"Go on?"

"Yes, with the story, you know."

"Oh, the story! Where was I? Oh, yes. At the dressing-gown. Well, evenings, you see, up there in his third-story cave, the Poor Man drew its flowers about him and settled down in his easy-chair. Then he'd light his pipe. Oh, it was a beautiful pipe, all round and brown and sweet-scented—"

"Oh, Mr. Joggles!"

"Yes, indeed. Sweet as a rose—only different. Oh, sweeter than a rose. My, yes. Sweet as a—as a—well, there's nothing quite like it in the gardens, you know, for holding beneath one's nose."

"Oh, Mr. Joggles, I think pipes are awful smelly."

"Precisely. Just what I say. Smelly—oh, yes, but *sweet*-smelly. Smelly, with a kind of more-ish smelliness—a sort of have-another-pipeful smelliness, you know. Oh, not all pipes. Oh, no. Now, I've smelled pipes—dear, dear, you couldn't stay in the house with them. But it all depends on what you put *in* them. That's the point. *Buy good tobacco!* I always say that. That's what I'm always telling them —*Buy good tobacco!* Now for myself--"

"But, Mr. Joggles, you were telling me about the Poor Man."

"So I was. To be sure, my dear. I always get off the scent when it comes to tobacco. Bless me—that's a joke, little one, but you don't know it. Well, let's see. Where were we? Oh, yes. Well, the Poor Man would light his brier and sit alone up there in his cave blowing rings and watching them soar—blue rings, blue as your eyes, darling, rising, trembling, in the air and melting away into clouds that journeyed everywhere, wreathing the book-shelf mountain-peaks, stopping for breath on

The mystery of the dressing-gown.

the toppermost crags of the bedstead, filling the valley between the table-land and the low-lying wash-stand hills with a gentle haze. So with his own little Indian Summer all about him, the Poor Man thought to himself—thoughts that to look at him no one would ever have dreamed he could think."

"Oh, what did he think, Mr. Joggles?"

"Well, he thought of many things smoking there in his cavern. He used to wonder—"

"*I* wonder sometimes, Mr. Joggles."

"To be sure you do. So do I. So did the Poor Man. He wondered if he *ought* to sit there all alone by himself. He wondered if there oughtn't to be someone else to enjoy the haze and the scent of the brown pipe."

"Oh, dear, Mr. Joggles."

"'Oh, dear?' And why 'Oh, dear?'"

"'Cause I'm afraid if he got someone else—got married, or anything, you know, his wife mightn't like him to smell things all up with his pipe."

"Dear, dear. Do you think so?"

"Well, she *mightn't*, you know."

"That's what the Poor Man wondered up there in his cave. There were other things, too. Now, thought he, if I had a little girl of my own—for instance, you know—a little girl of my own to tell stories to, what would I tell? And what do you think? That Poor Man couldn't remember a single tale! Oh, *parts* he knew, but not all. No, sir, he couldn't remember a single whole tale, nor even think what a Fairy looked like, nor how a Princess would talk. And sir, he was so startled, his pipe went out! Bless me, he thought, if ever I *should* have a nice little girl, in what a pickle I would be, to be sure. I shouldn't know what to say. I couldn't look her in the face. Why, I'm not *fit* to have a nice little girl! This deplorable deficiency—"

"What's that, Mr. Joggles?"

"—this, er, lack of stories, you know—"

"Oh, yes."

"—must be remedied—er—fixed up, looked after—'*tended to!* That's it—'*tended to!* So what did that Poor Man do but find a dear, dear friend with a nice little girl of his own, and get invited to dinner there—and then when no one was looking he had that little girl sit on his lap.

"'Shall I t-tell you a story, little girl?' he stuttered, just like that.

"'Yeth,' said the little girl. So he told her stories—very tiny ones, they were, at first you know, till his voice got used to them and wouldn't tremble, and the little girl was so nice to him that he went often, and the nicer she got, the nicer his stories got, till she said they were beautiful. Then home he would go and put on his dressing-gown, very well pleased."

"And did—"

"No. He lived all alone in his cave, and nobody ever came to sit there with him in his Indian Summertime, and tend the fading flowers of his dressing-gown and smell the smell of his sweet, brown brier. And so he never had any little girl of his own to tell stories to, or any little boy even, or anyone to love him—God bless my soul! Darling! What have I said?"

"The P-poor Man n-never had anybody to love him—"

"Oh, my, my, my, my! How stupid of me! How perfectly absurd! Why, there was nothing of the sort. The Poor Man was greatly beloved—*greatly* beloved—and by the dearest little girl in the whole world. There, there, I'm a—Dale, old man, come here, she's crying. Confound it! Where *is* your father, child? Darling, listen! *No one was ever loved as that Poor Man!*"

"What was her n-name, Mr. Joggles?"

"Her name?"

"Yes—the name of the little girl who loved him?"

The tears were stopping.

"Why, that's odd. That's odd, now—now that I come to think of it. Her name was Marjorie."

The little girl sat bolt upright.

"*My* name, Mr. Joggles?"

"Why, so it is. Bless me! Your name."

She laid her head on his shoulder again.

"I *do* love you, Mr. Joggles," she said.

When James A. Herne produced "Sag Harbor," the citizens from whom the characters were drawn were brought from the real Sag Harbor to witness their counterfeit presentments on the stage

THE FIRST NIGHT

By F. ELDERKIN FYLES

Illustrated from the BYRON COLLECTION

WITHOUT touching on any of the other many phases —descriptive, anecdotal or historical—an interesting paper could be written on the psychological side of the "first night" disease. It certainly is a disease. It doesn't break out in spots, though until recently, in feminine cases, it used to manifest itself in artificially colored hair and a tendency to overdress. But now the disease has spread in the best society, and the first-nighter no longer differs in appearance from any one else. Marie Dressler has called these New Yorkers the "death-watch," and a similar name popular among stage people is the "coffin drapers." The first-nighters are like a club, in a way—one always sees the same people, and outsiders, comparatively rarely, although there are enough of them to vary audiences. For instance, the people who predominate at a Sothern or a Mansfield *première* are in the minority at a Lederer first night and vice versa.

A real "first night" rarely occurs in New York. More than ninety per cent of the plays produced here have either been acted abroad or tried "on the road" in this country, so that the exciting expectancy and anticipation of a London first night is seldom ours. In London almost every play produced is revealed there first, and in many cases the strictest secrecy is maintained as to the plot. This is especially so in the plays of Arthur Wing Pinero. Only the localities and the names of the characters and their actors are told. One has simply to think of that to realize the absolute "occasion" when such re-

markable dramas as "Iris" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" are disclosed.

The pit and gallery are the real critics at a London first night. When a man pays for his seat he pays for the right to express his opinions, and he is very apt to take his money's worth. London audiences are particularly rabid against American plays and players. At the the first night of "Sherlock Holmes," at the Lyceum, the audience expressed its disgust heartily, yet the play had a long run. And when "The Girl from Up-There" was revealed the crowd raised such a note of disapproval that it was impossible to hear parts of the performance. Miss Virginia Earle was the principal object of their animosity. Miss Earle sang a song which had been sung before by Miss Mabelle Gilman, almost as great a favorite as Miss May. The pit booed and hooted, and at the end of the play the audience called and cried for the manager, shrieking abusing names, and long they waited, refusing to quit the theater even when the lights were turned out. While such behavior is unpardonable, it is hardly more disgusting than the actions of the audience at a New York failure. It has all happened within the last ten years; formerly a bad play was politely but firmly rejected. Nowadays, no matter how worthless the piece, the audience greets it with applause and calls for speeches from the author and the star.

Anything which strikes London as sacrilegious immediately calls forth angry protest. Mr. Hall Caine knew this, and feared it when "The Christian" was staged there. As might have been expected, there were calls for the author. The stage manager came out to say that Mr. Caine was out of town, but before he could explain this he had to dodge missiles thrown at him by gallery gods, who supposed he was the dramatist.

A first night of uncommon interest occurred in October when the old English "morality" play of "Everyman" was acted here for the first time. Most English dramas are imported within a year of their original production, but it took many centuries for this religious drama to come over. The religious seriousness of the subject excited great interest, and a keenly intelligent, although rather small audience assembled at Mendelssohn Hall to see the novelty that New York took little interest in but Boston has since so fully appreciated. An air of strange solemnity was given to Mendelssohn Hall by the erection of well-painted Gothic arches on the platform, and the presence, at the sides of the stage, of bowed monks. The names of the actors were not given on the programme, and all impression of the play-house was removed. Throughout there was no applause, and at the end the audience dispersed, in silent and serious thought. The tragedy of *Everyman* summoned by *Death* in the flower of his youth, deserted by his companions, and finally at the grave by his senses, was one of the most impressive exhibi-

Counting the house.

From the actor's point of view.

tions ever given on our stage.

It was at the London first night of one of his odd plays that Mr. George Bernard Shaw came before the footlights in answer to repeated and enthusiastic calls for the author. He had just opened his mouth to thank the applauders when a voice from the gallery called out "I think the play was rotten!" Mr. Shaw looked up at him quickly and said: "I agree with you absolutely, but what chance do we two stand against all these others?" It was another play of Mr. Shaw's, one that had been acted at a private matinee, which he left town rather than see. At the end of the comedy, in answer to calls for the author, the stage-manager came out and read a note from the author saying that, having seen the play once, he had gone many miles into the country rather than risk the danger of having to see it again. Mr. McLellan, who writes brilliantly under the name of Hugh Morton, is the only American dramatist I can think of who takes that pose. He never saw a performance of his uneven but remarkably clever satire called "The Girl from Up-There," and explained his actions by saying that he was paid for writing the play, not for seeing it. This was in an answer to the New York critics, who in almost universal dullness condemned Mr. McLellan's libretto as witless. That it had faults no one could deny, but that its satirical wit was in many parts worthy of Gilbert only people satiated with the vulgarity of the usual Broadway extravaganza could fail to see.

"Lady Windermere's Fan" was the late Oscar Wilde's first play and his greatest. All London was excited to see its first performance. Its progress was attended with startled admiration, and at the end loud calls came from all over the house for the author. At that time the St. James had curtains which parted from the middle, and instead of coming before them Mr. Wilde had them slowly separated, while he stood between them, effectively posed, with a dark drop as the background to his picture. A green carnation was in his buttonhole and a gold tipped cigarette between his fingers. His entire speech was one of congratulation to the audience, not only for having had the privilege of seeing his masterpiece, but for being intelligent enough to appreciate its greatness.

Philadelphia is more like London than any other American city in its unmanageable gallery. Mr. Sothern produced "The King's Muskeeter" there and the first performance lasted very late. In the last intermission the gallery boys sang, "We won't go home until morning," and when, in the final act, the queen majestically struck a gong, a boy called out, "Heavens, it's one o'clock!" Miss Ethel Barrymore, who was brought up in Philadelphia by her grandmother, the late Mrs. John Drew, long the favorite actress-manager of the city, made her stellar debut there in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." The gallery cheered her through the performance by calling her "Our Ethel," and reminding her at frequent intervals that "We knew your grandmother, and you're all right." At the end of the play, when she led Mr. Fitch forth, they showed very plainly that they didn't want him but only their "Ethel." "You're play's rotten," they called, "but you're the real thing, Ethel!"

The real artists of the American stage do not go out to Painted Post and East Little Rock to make their productions any more than London managers do. It is the men who say that their plays, which they call "shows," have "made good" and praise the star for having "done great" that find this necessary. The late Augustin Daly was artist enough to make his productions before New Yorkers, and Mr. Sothern, Miss Annie Russell, Mr. Richard Mansfield and Miss Bingham follow in his footsteps. So excellent is Mr. Sothern's staging, which needs no "trying on the dog," that the St. James stage manager came from London to copy his productions of "If I Were King" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" for Mr. Alexander.

Mr. Fitch usually makes his productions in town, although he has done them elsewhere. "Captain Jinks of

The final scene of "Everyman."

Everyman descends into the grave comforted by Faith and Good Deedes, the only friends who abide with him to the end.

the Horse Marines" and "Barbara Frietchie" were shown first in Philadelphia, and in both cases he was thus enabled to greatly improve his original work, making them the admirable plays whose merit New York immediately recognized. In the instance of "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," also, he made an out-of-town production, but the New Haven performances were too close to the New York *première* for him to improve that insipid comedy. The production of his tragedy of "The Climbers," a drama of deep feeling, natural and powerful situation, wit, observation of character, impressive realism and uncommon originality, was one of the artistic events of modern times. Miss Bingham, an actress of rather limited personal ability but artistic appreciation and monetary prodigality in the cause of art, kept the story and details of the play a secret, and when the first audience had assembled showed New York a play, a company and a production worthy of London. The day that sees Miss Bingham in actor-management at one theater and Mr. and Mrs. Sothern at another will augur well for the cause of American art. Mr. James K. Hackett, who is shown twice in our pictures in the same scene of his production of "The Crisis," in one photograph with the costumes and scenery and in the other without, has this plan for a theater of his own for one of his ambitions. Both Mr. Hackett and Mrs. Mary Mannering Hackett have frequently discussed with me their desire to act together again, as they did in the old Lyceum days, before they were stars, but this time as their own managers.

American actors have almost invariably failed when they took theaters of their own. The late Edwin Booth did not succeed with his house at Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, nor did Mr. Mansfield, some years later, with the Garrick. Mrs. Fiske has been unfortunate with the Manhattan, although her present production, "Mary of Magdala," which is pictured in this article, is a triumph of artistic staging.

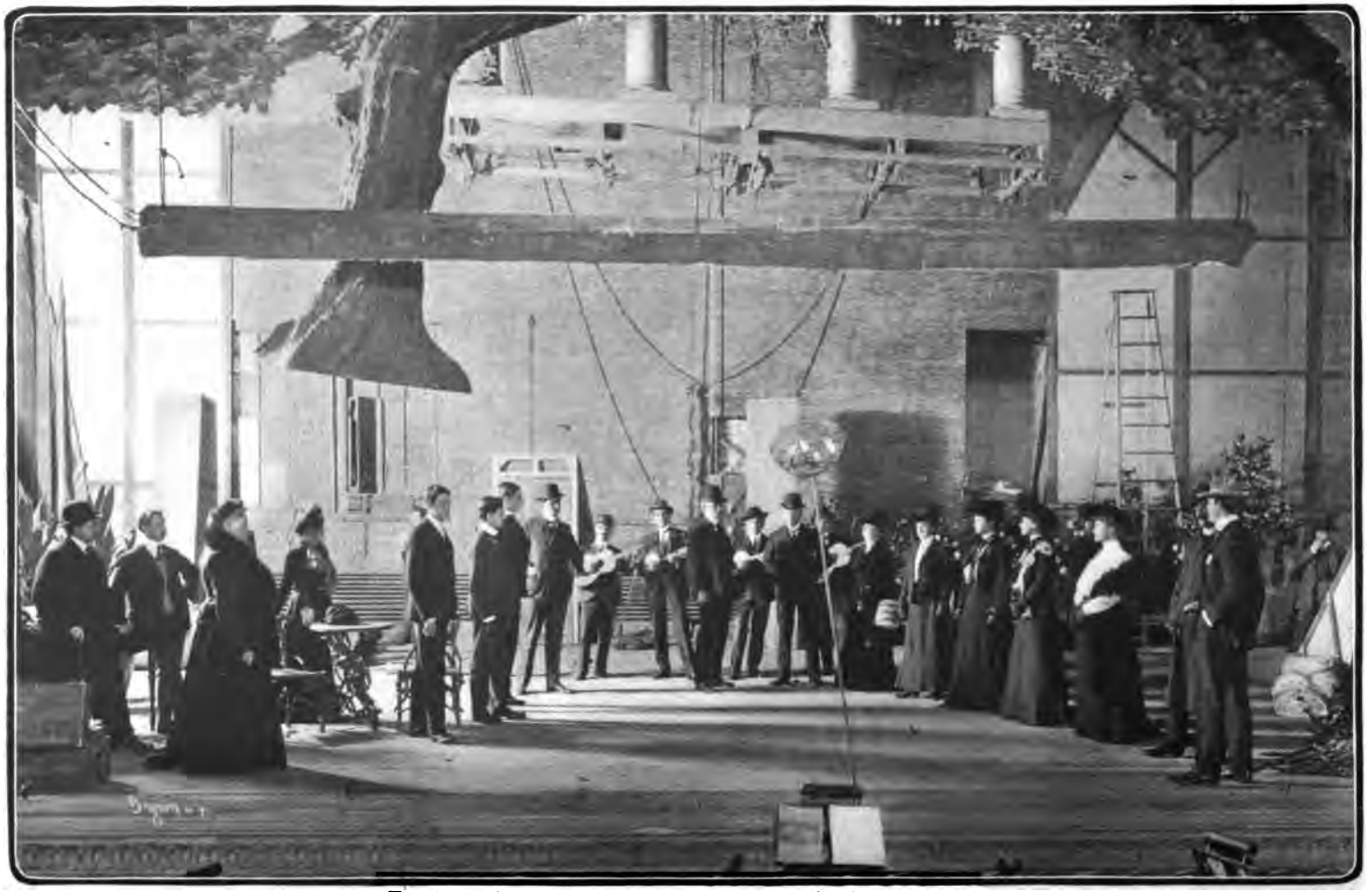
It has come to be so usual for audiences to add cheers and calls for speeches to their applause on first nights that it is hard to pick out an occasion or two as exceptional. And this first-night hubbub means little as far as the art of the achievement goes. Mrs. Patrick Campbell rarely excites more if, indeed, as much applause as the usual manager-made star in a dramatized novel, yet no player from abroad has made such a profound impression in many years. In the way of enthusiastic demonstration the reception that greeted Miss Maude Adams as *Juliet* was the noisiest I can remember, interest being added to the night by Mrs. Mary Anderson de Navarro, our former *Juliet*, applauding from a stage box. But Miss Adams has been greeted tumultuously in all of her stellar ventures, as is Mrs. Carter invariably. Miss Ada Rehan's re-appearance after Augustin Daly's death was one of the greatest scenes within my memory, and Miss Marlowe's acting and Mr. Fitch's tragedy carried the first New York audience at "Barbara Frietchie" to a hysterical point of appreciation.

Among the American dramatists few are good speechmakers. Mr. Belasco is most effective, pulling at his hair and wandering about among words in a strange, distracted way. To any one unfamiliar with him in everyday life his eccentricity must seem affectation. Mr. Clyde Fitch is a fair speechmaker now, but for many years after he had established himself as a dramatist he made a rather sorry figure of stage fright. Few women are good speakers, Miss Marlowe, Miss Ada Rehan, Miss Maude Adams and Mrs. Leslie Carter usually saying simply a quick "I thank you." Mrs. Carter delivers the words with splendid emotional effect, and usually between hysterical sobs and tearful gulps. Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Kendal are rather precise and distinctly unemotional speakers. On the first night of "Under Two Flags" Miss Blanche Bates refused to accept the applause as for her own admirable performance, and said, "You want Mr. Belasco. He's out among you somewhere, and if you find him you can have him."

Perhaps the most effective speech I

After the first performance of "The Climbers," Miss Maxine Elliott (to the right), Miss Ethel Barrymore and Miss Elsie De Wolfe warmly congratulated Miss Bingham and her company.

Mr. Hackett.



The Virginia Reel scene in "The Crisis"—the first rehearsal.

Mr. Hackett.

The Virginia Reel scene in "The Crisis"—the first night.

ever heard a woman make was on the occasion of the opening of Mrs. Osborn's Play-House in New York this autumn. Society was present in every box and almost every seat. The audience looked as though it had been transferred bodily from the boxes of the Metropolitan Opera House. When the curtain fell the house was in an uproar of enthusiasm. Again and again the crowd called for Mrs. Osborn. At last she came out before the footlights, looked about her, smiled, and then, with a world of meaning in her voice, said, "I hope you mean it." That was all.

Miss Bingham and Mr. Robert Edeson are the most "heart-to-heart" talkers; but the woman is no such artist as the man, before or behind the footlights, and there is a ring of insincerity in her tones. But Mr. Edeson makes every one in the theater feel that it is to him the actor is most indebted for the applause. Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Goodwin always say something worth while, and so does Mr. Sothern, but it is difficult to get him to say it.

Amusing speeches were made on the first night of "Soldiers of Fortune" in New Haven and in New York. Both times Mr. Edeson started things by saying just the right thing in the most sincere manner. In New Haven, Mr. Thomas, who dramatized the Davis novel, appeared in response to calls for the author, and began speaking in the person of Mr. Davis. He said that he hoped Mr. Thomas' "splendid dramatization" would help the sale of his book, and that he would like to have his latest story (at which point he named it and mentioned the price on any book stand), made into a good play and so boomed. But the novelist carried out the joke cleverly when he was called out. He said that Mr. Davis' story was pretty poor stuff, and it meant nothing to a man who had recently been acting before King Edward (meaning "Arizona") to dramatize a mere Dickie Davis novel.

Mrs. Fiske in "Mary of Magdala"—a most elaborate production.

THE CONTRACT

By MARTEN MAARTENS

Author of "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory," Etc.

HE was a man of business. So he was a cheat. The world he lived in highly honored him.

In America, to become President of a Trust, or of the Republic, it is necessary to teach, or at least to have taught, in a Sunday School. Thomas van Crook, not living in an American Koopstad, could peacefully sleep away his well-earned Sunday afternoons. He disapproved of Sunday Schools. He said that they delegated to strangers the holiest duties of the parent.

He was a Church warden. That may not have been necessary, but in his particular gin-trade it was desirable. For his peculiar business was the purchase, on a large scale, of the cereals, etc., required in the production of inferior spirits and cheap, colored liqueurs. It was an international business. Potatoes and beet-root in vast quantities from Germany, maize from America; glycerine for the sticky drinks; saccharine for the sweet ones; chemical essences with some fancy taste of fruit, from factories all over the world. These things he passed on to the distillers, who founded seventeen successful eye-openers and night-caps upon the potato alone.

His summers the merchant spent in a rural neighborhood not more than fifty miles from his office. He had a cottage there covered with crimson rambler and honeysuckle. It was always freshly painted, and in excellent repair, like all things dependent on him, himself included. He liked the peaceful Saturday to Monday amidst his prosperous family, he approved of the drowsy village church, in whose prominent pew a clean-shaven, red-necked city potentate, with stiff white collar and benignant eye, cut a figure deserving notice by God and inferior men.

Always he listened to the sermon, and frequently he enjoyed it. He would drop away for ten minutes unavoidably, while calculating gains and losses on the Corn Exchange, but he easily and willingly returned to the familiar estimate of sin and faith. Sunday after Sunday the minister reckoned out that illogical equation and balanced x with x. The corn-buying church warden nodded acceptance; there were no fluctuations in parsonry, as in his own terribly speculative trade.

In his religion, which was all theology, he was perfectly sincere. There was nothing of the hypocrite about this man. Unless you fully understand this, his little bit of story can have no interest for you. Read some simpler tale of a facile Uriah Heep.

He had grown up in a parody of Calvinism, sucking it in with his mother's milk and unconsciously seeing it lived all day around him. Made sure of his own election one morning by some wonderful chance—one against ten thousand—he had settled down into the easy conviction that man is very evil and God is very good. Henceforth all the rest was plain sailing. He read constantly the word of the Bible, not its contents; he prayed daily, against no individual sin. How could he have reproached himself with errors, of whose existence he was quite unaware! Had anyone suggested to him that religion and life were not inextricably intermingled, he would have burst out in indignant disclaimers. Faith without works, he would have repeated, is dead.

He was a loving husband and father, the happy head of a united household,

the careful tender of a sheltered home. His wife and children adored him. His servants, and the clerks in his office, respected and liked him.

There were no secrets in his life or ugly corners. In his intercourse with other men he was upright and very generous. Beggars spoke well of him. His trade was all untruth, over-reaching and cheatery, and that, of course, was very right.

He sat in his private office this beautiful August afternoon and cast wistful glances at the solemnly ticking clock. It was a Saturday. He hoped to get away by the 2.45, and spend a couple of hours playing with the children before dinner. The children had called after him that morning to remember their half holiday.

There were four of them waiting for him at home. He could see their expectant faces at the garden-gate—now, as he looked out into the dull droning of the city—he could hear their voices calling out to him, to come and play golf-croquet. He had grown too portly for tennis; from his youth up he had detested all games and preferred the multiplication table. He had been one of those boys who incessantly sell and bargain at school. He delighted in playing croquet with his children.

There were four of them, three girls, and the youngest, longed-for, cherished, almost worshipped, was the boy Tommy, Tommykin, Thomas van Crook, Junior, the hope of the family, and the firm.

A clerk entered and announced Mr. Loder. A faint smile of scornful satisfaction flickered up in the corners of Thomas van Crook's coarse, rubicund face. "Show him in," he said pompously "and send"—with another glance at the clock—"for a cab." Then he called the clerk back. "Is your mother better?" he asked.

"Not much, sir. She continues very weak."

"You must get her some more of that tonic wine. I forget the price. Bring me the bill."

"Thank you, sir. Thank you."

"Mind you bring it receipted."

Mr. Loder was shown in. A tall, spare man, with an intellectual cast of features and seedy clothes. Not a man like Thomas. Not a man with whom life had gone, or was ever likely to go, smoothly. Eyes that bore in them uncertainty, as regarded God and himself especially and the projects of his fellowmen.

"A beautiful day," said van Crook, motioning towards a chair. The other acquiesced, sitting down.

"I hope it will continue fine,"—Thomas spoke with importance, as if his wishes on the subject should be taken into consideration. "I like the Sabbath day to be beautiful, bright and sunshiny. That is as it should be. The—Sabbath—Day. To business men like you and me, Loder, worried with our daily business worries, an—inestimable—boon."

"Yes," replied the other, "yes." And he twirled his hat between his fingers.

"I am going down to my little place in the country, presently. Oh, quite a simple, humble little place—a mere cottage. But we are happy there, my wife and I, with the children. Do you get away into the country from Saturday to Monday, Loder?"

"Ah, yes, children!" exclaimed the visitor, and a sudden light flashed despairingly across his eyes, as if he had caught, with his hand, at a fading ray of sunshine. "You have children, van Crook?"

"Three girls and a boy. You see, I am in rather a hurry. My train goes at 2.45. I have sent for a cab."

"A moment—a moment," said the other, dazed.

"But business, of course, goes before everything else. Is it another contract for—"

"No, by God!" said Loder.

Horror-struck, Thomas van Crook lifted a deprecating hand.

"You mean that one ought not to swear," said Loder. "You are right. One ought not to swear."

The clerk entered, behind the speaker's back, and said the cab was waiting. Thomas van Crook took out his watch but, to make quite sure:—

"Still, I suppose it is a matter of business you have come to speak to

me about?" he said, a trifle testily.

"It is."

Van Crook leaned back in his chair and folded his fat arms across his stiff white waistcoat. And again that gleaming scornful satisfaction appeared about the corners of his face.

The wretched visitor, who had sunk away into his own lap as it were, made a great effort, bracing himself, bending forward.

"That contract of ours," he gasped. "About the maize! It holds good?"

There was but the faintest note of interrogation about his voice, but Thomas van Crook's eyes became round with astonishment.

"Of course, it holds good," he said.

"Of course it holds good," repeated Loder. He sat staring in front of him, and his lips moved as if he were repeating the words, like an echo, internally.

Van Crook struck his finger-tips impatiently on the desk by his side.

"Fifty thousand," burst out Loder, suddenly.

"Fifty thousand," repeated, in level tones, Van Crook.

"At five and three-eighths."

"At five and three-eighths," acquiesced the other.

"The price is up to seven and a quarter," Loder's voice shook; he dropped his hat on the floor.

"So I see." Van Crook rose from his chair. "I fear I must be going."

"Stop a moment! Stop!" cried the other, starting up. "That means a loss to me of ninety-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty. Stop! Doesn't that work out right? Ninety-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty?"

"I suppose so. Yes, yes, I suppose so," van Crook replied hastily. He tried to escape from the hand on his sleeve, as he made for the door. But a lean finger and thumb held on tight to a pinch of black cloth. "Listen to me. Listen for a moment," persisted Loder. "Ninety-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty. Just imagine what it means to me. Realize what it means. Ruin!"

Van Crook turned straight round, with the suddenness of a fierce resolve. "Are you out of your wits?" he said. "What have you come here for? Are you a business man or a fool?"

A telegram in cipher. *Drawn by Ch. Grunwald.*

"Both," replied Loder.

"Then I am sorry for you. Good-day."

But the unwelcome visitor stood across the doorway.

"You bind me down to this contract," he persisted, "you expect delivery on Monday next?"

"The man is mad," answered Crook.

"Of course. I expected you to do so. I have not come to ask you to rescind our agreement. I am *not* mad. All I ask is for a day's delay. Twenty-four hours; that is all. Tuesday, van Crook, not the day after to-morrow." There was entreaty in his voice, too much entreaty. The strain of his searching eyes grew intense.

The sharp business man opposite noted this yearning anxiety. A vague importance he could not yet fathom filled the atmosphere of the room. Thomas van Crook walked away to the window. His commercial instincts were a-field; he had forgotten about cabs and trains.

The youth who earned $400 per annum.

"Tuesday. Why Tuesday?" He turned, and said aloud: "You wish to wait till Tuesday. Why?"

"I cannot tell you."

"And I cannot comply with your request."

"My God!"

"Really, Mr. Loder, my clerks will hear you. You should abandon this bad habit of swearing."

"I tell you, the delay can do you no harm. To me it is a matter of life and death."

"That you ask for delay in this mysterious manner is proof sufficient that the advantage would be on your side. Ours is a speculative trade, Loder, as you know. You ask me to behave like an idiot. You would be the first to laugh at me, if I were so crazy as to say

"

"Have you sold?" returned Loder, quickly, abruptly. "For Monday?"

"What?" replied Crook, to gain time.

"I ask you have you sold? I don't believe you have, for I feel sure you are holding on. If you have already sold, at present prices, I ask nothing more. I am lost."

There was a moment's silence.

"But it isn't likely?" continued the desperate man passionately. "Our contract is only two days old, and the enormous rise came yesterday, and continued this morning. It isn't likely that you should have sold for delivery on Monday!"

"All this is folly!" exclaimed Thomas.

"If you haven't—and I don't believe you have—you can save me without loss to yourself." Loder came forward, pressing upon his adversary. "Swear to me, by the blessed Madonna, that you have sold and must deliver on Monday! Swear, and I will go!"

The blessed Madonna was to Thomas not an object of indifference but of positive disapproval. He was rather shocked to find himself locked up thus in controversy with a Romanist.

"Swear, and I will go!"

"I never swear," replied Thomas. "You have no right, sir, to put these insolent—yes, insolent—questions! My business concerns me alone, sir!"

"You have not sold; I know it. At least not for Monday. Then you will let me deliver on Tuesday?"

"I will not." The words fell like a pistol shot.

"I tell you, if I am obliged to buy on Monday, at seven and a quarter, I am hopelessly ruined. The transaction has been an enormous, a desperate speculation; I admit that. It has failed. I have been carried off my feet by the corner; the whole market has been for a week. I can deliver on Tue

"Why? Why?" stammered the other, faint with curiosity.

"You have children. I have not come here on my own account. At least not mainly. I have a wife, a daughter who has been an invalid for years. You are turning them out into the streets, flinging my sick child from her couch into the gutter. I plead for her. I—I plead for her." He could say no more, stopping suddenly.

"Why on Tuesday?" reiterated Crook. It was indeed a mad week in the annals of the market, unforgettable, often quoted and discussed to this day. The whole world had gone wild over a corner in Chicago; fabulous quantities, purely speculative, were sold every hour, not at long dates, as usual, but for immediate, entirely imaginary, delivery, every man being eager to have fresh quantities, however theoretic, to resell. A fortune came and went with an hour's delay. Ten times the possible produce of the year rose and fell in mid air. If Crook sold to-day he made nearly five thousand pounds, but he had not had the slightest intention of selling, convinced that quotations on Monday would indicate a further considerable rise.

"Sell to-day for delivery on Tuesday. That saves me and insures you."

"You know very well I can't in the present insane state of affairs. No man will give me more than twenty-four hours."

"Sell on Monday, then—on Monday!"

The look of suspicion deepened in the other's eye.

"Tell me what you know, or think you know. Say what you mean. At once. Or bring me your receipt on Monday morning."

Tear stains on her face.

Then Loder grew suddenly desperate.

"There!" he said, and flung down a paper he had held hidden until now. Van Crook pounced upon it. It was a telegram in cipher.

"Well?" cried van Crook, baffled, infuriated.

"Ah, yes—true!" Loder wiped his forehead. "That is a telegram from ——." His voice dropped, for he mentioned one of the greatest names over yonder. Van Crook's face assumed an expression of awe. Then of doubt. "What? To you?"

"He bids me do a stroke of business for him, because I am so unnoticeable and unimportant," said Loder bitterly. "Incidentally he proves to me the certainty of a great fall on Tuesday."

"And you show them to me? You have strange ideas of honor."

"Don't speak to me of honor—you!"

"And why not, pray?" Van Crook lifted his pink chin high over his tall white collar.

"Oh, leave me alone," replied the pale man wearily, "I must save the roof over my wife and child. If I buy on Monday to meet your claim, I am hopelessly lost."

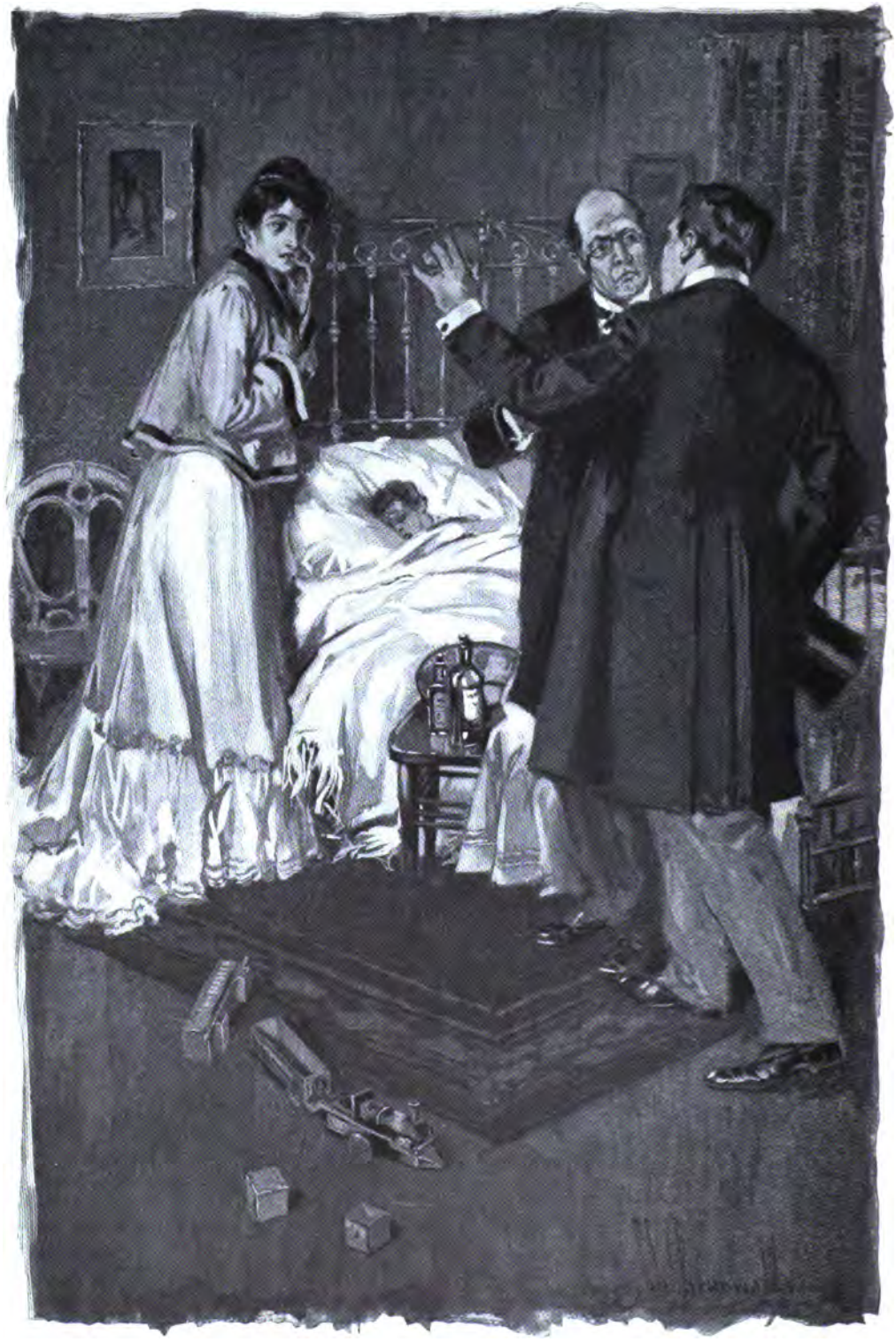
"Then why don't you sell twice the amount on Monday and make a fortune?"

"I can't, as you know very well, since men have begun demanding receipts. I haven't got anything to sell."

Van Crook gave a long, low whistle. Was it possible that this man posed as a speculator and tied himself down to bona fide receipts.

"I have receipts," he said drily. "Surely folks make laws, and wise men elude them."

"The more reason



Drawn by Charles Grvnwald.

"Nature! Nature! What can she do?"

then to have—mercy on me. Sell what you can on Monday but let me off. I am asking you for an enormous boon; I know it. But it doesn't mean loss to you. Only less gain."

"Less gain is loss to a merchant."

"Well, then, for mercy's sake! For God's!"

But Van Crook had been making rapid computations. The long-expected crash, the final reckoning was coming. In a day or two actual delivery—genuine receipts, that is to say—would be required. Loder's fifty thousand—an immense amount—would be a most important factor. He believed in the poor fellow's sincerity, but, after all, the telegram was in cipher; speculation remained speculation, even the great man over the sea might be mistaken—there are many slips between the cup and the lip. He had resolved to close that very night with a friend's offer. The friend lived at a summer place not a mile from his own cottage. He would drive over after dinner.

"I have sold," he said calmly.

"You lie!" screamed Loder.

Thomas van Crook had rung the bell. "You have not the slightest idea what you are saying," he said pompously, "I must now be going. Sit down and rest a bit. My clerk can get you a glass of water. Good-day."

He walked out of the inner room and closed the door behind him. "The gentleman in there has asked for some water," he remarked to the clerk. Then, in passing through the office, he paused and spoke with gentle reproof, "It is the 16th to-day, not the 15th," he said, "I have complained to you before on the subject." So speaking, he tore a leaflet off the clerk's calendar. It was a religious one with texts for every day in the year. A yearly Christmas present from Mrs. van Crook to the office. "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich," said Thomas, "and he addeth no sorrow thereunto. Ah, true, very true."

"Please, sir, it struck me as so beautiful, I kept it on an extra day," said the youth, who earned $400 per annum.

Thomas looked at him keenly, and the young man quailed. "Never tell untruths," said Thomas severely. Then he went out to the cab, but of course he had missed his train. There was one half an hour later. He sighed. "But it was kind to listen to the poor, stupid wretch," he thought, and felt he had done, as usual, right.

Unconsciously he had retained the little leaflet in his hand and, in driving along the familiar streets, he unrolled it, with mechanical movement, and smoothed it out. As he gazed down upon the thick black letters, he reflected how true they came in his own existence. His life had been singularly prosperous; all things ran smoothly with his comely, kindly wife and healthy children, his well ordered household and comfortable home. There had been one shadow during several years, an unfulfilled desire; they had prayed about it, and the answer had come; a son had been born to them. He threw out his chest and gazed upon the people walking on the pavement. Somebody, an unknown nobody, saluted with a humble sinking of hat and head. Thomas waved a benignant hand.

In the train he found an habitual acquaintance, a man in another line of business than himself, but a member of the same charitable committee. There then was an agreeable community of conversation not too personal. The two began speaking of a painful case which had applied for relief. Another man whom Thomas knew got in at an intermediate station, to his sub-acid annoyance, for this man was a revivalist, one of those people who have been converted and ask you if you have been saved. And this form of religion was peculiarly objectionable to Thomas.

"A man shouldn't attempt business unless he has business instincts," said the fellow committee member.

"I entirely agree with you," replied Thomas, his thoughts dwelling on Loder. "Otherwise, of course, he fails, and then he comes down on the community."

"Now, this man," said his companion, "was a fool."

"All men are who fail," replied Thomas.

The "revivalist" turned down his newspaper. "Surely—surely not," he said.

"Not only fools, but evil-doers," persisted Thomas, pugnaciously. "Ill-success is the result of wrong-doing."

"You would not find that easy to prove," said the pious man softly.

For all answer Thomas pushed a fat finger into a capacious waistcoat pocket, pulled out a crumpled piece of paper and held it under the other's nose. He was delighted at this opportunity of flooring the preacher.

"Behold your proof!"

His antagonist calmly adjusted a pair of gold spectacles, and read the sacred words. Then he looked at the florid personage opposite to him with an expression of very real pity in his grave, gray eyes.

"And do you really think that the riches of the Lord are dollars and cents?" he said. "Poor man!" Then he resumed his newspaper, hiding behind it.

"Let my son live, too."

Thomas van Crook got out at his station, feeling ruffled and perplexed. He walked at a quick pace, in the beautiful summer sunshine, along a road bordered by flower gardens, under the shadow of the beeches. He was vexed at being later than usual. Tommy would have expected him half an hour ago, and Tommy did not like being put out. The discussion in the train had been objectionable; what absurd ideas came to these people who broke away from "The Word" and went in for emotional religion. And the preceding scene in the office had been worse. The man Loder had made him quite uncomfortable with that outrageous appeal about "an invalid daughter" and "the gutter." Under such circumstances business became impossible. That must be patent to every human being with a head on his shoulders. Fancy allowing all your contracts to turn on personal considerations, selling cheap to a poor man and dear to a richer. Idiotic! There is no doubt it would be. He would drive over to his colleague's that evening and sell out at seven and a quarter.

The first thing that struck him, when he opened his own gate, was that no little feet ran pattering out to greet him. And the next thing was that his wife came into the veranda hurriedly, with tear-stains on her face.

She drew him into the sitting-room. "What is it?" A new alarm was upon him, the contact with an unknown emotion, suddenly at the throat.

"Never mind, dear; it will be all right. Only"—her voice broke—"Tommy has had some sort of a seizure. He is in convulsions. The doctor is with him. I dare say it won't be so very bad."

The father sprang away from her with a cry. In one rush he reached the bedside. A doctor was busy applying useless remedies. The child lay gasping

and twitching, oppressed beyond endurance, blue in the face, a terrible sight.

"Good God!" said the father, who deemed the words an oath. Then he turned on the doctor and angrily bade him give relief.

"I am doing what I can," said the man of medicine briefly.

"But it isn't enough."

"It is not. Nature must help herself."

"Nature? Nature? Will she do it?"

"There is no saying. You must not cry out like this. Although the child is not visibly aware of your presence, your agitation is communicating itself to him. I must beg of you to leave this room."

"But I can do something. Something more can be done. Just look how the child struggles."

"I am doing what little there is to be done. *You* can do nothing. Well, yes—you are a religious man, are you not? You can pray."

"Is there danger?" The man's voice rose sick with apprehension.

"Pray all you can," replied the doctor.

Van Crook fell more than walked into the adjoining room. Behind the closed door he could hear the gurgling and groaning of the child. "My boy, Thomas," he said, "my boy, Thomas," over and over again. At first he could say or think nothing else. As he stood at the window, wildly looking out, he drove his hands into his trouser's pockets, and there he struck against the crumpled bit of paper he had angrily thrust out of sight when the pious man returned it to him.

He knew well enough what the little lump was his knuckles pressed against. The letters arose in front of him and wrote themselves large in the sky.

"The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow thereunto."

The Methodist's remark had conveyed no meaning whatever to him. Nor did he now attach any significance to it. But in his practical mind, it was evident that, if sorrow—a new experience—came upon him, something must have gone wrong with the blessing of the Lord.

He had not believed much in the sick daughter and the gutter, but now, in the light of his own child's illness, the fact stood out, painfully glaring. His own child ill, in danger; none of the children had ever been ill before.

He wanted to pray, but he found that he couldn't. The words stuck in his throat. He was one of those men who can only pray by speaking their petitions out loud. Something had come between him and his prayers.

His wife was in the next room with the doctor, and the child. He could hear her. He crept to the door, but the doctor thrust him back. "There is no change," said the doctor.

"Not a little better?"

"No."

He stood alone, in the middle of the silent room. And suddenly a great conception was borne in upon his mind—the possibility of a magnificent compromise, a transaction with the Almighty, offering at any rate a chance of success. From so noble, so generous an action—unheard of in the annals of commercialism—the Lord could not withhold His blessing—that blessing which maketh rich, and—behold, He addeth no sorrow thereunto.

A life for a life. Loder's invalid daughter against his dying boy.

"I will do it," he said aloud, "Do Thou give me my child. It is a contract. I understand the message. I accept it. Loder's daughter shall live. Let my son live too."

He tottered downstairs to the telephone, which communicated with the local telegraph office. And he sent the telegram to Loder. "Consider contract annulled."

He slipped upstairs again, easy in mind. His heart was aglow with the munificence of the action he had just committed. And he was certain of his reward. There should be no sorrow mixed up with his wisely earned blessings. His share of the divine contract he had righteously fulfilled.

At the top of the stairs, the doctor met him. "The child is dead," said the doctor.

THE RISE ON CROOKNECK FORK

By HARRIET WHITNEY

Illustrated by GEORGE W. PETERS

ought to be called Jonah's Gourd," said the new insurance agent, "it seems to have sprung up in a night."

"Never sprung at all, young man." Aunt Rhoda Baskett, landlady of the Buckberry Hotel, gazed at her latest boarder through her great round glasses, like a benevolent owl. "It jest natchelly gethered itself up and moved fifty miles by team. 'Sides which, it saved itself from a washout, and made a weddin'."

"Hey?" The magazine young man came to life suddenly, as he sniffed "material" in the air. "Won't you tell us about it, Mrs. Baskett? Where was the town before?"

"Fifty miles yonder, on Crookneck Fork." Aunt Rhoda pushed her glasses up over her quilted forehead and began to rock ponderously in her big splint-seat chair. "It hadn' no name, only Crookneck, from the crick it was on, nor much of anything else, 'cept right smart of houses, mostly little ones, with big fambleys in 'em. And here at Buckberry was the county seat with nothin' whatsomever but a plank court house, a log boardin' house without any chinkin', a postoffice and station house and a couple of sloons. The Crookneckers was forevermore snarlin' at bein' so fur from the county seat and postoffice—they wasn't apinin' fer the sloons; leastways they told their wives they wasn't. The women folks, they wasn't so keen to move without they could take their truck patches along, but the men said shucks, what was a few green onions and some ole lettuce compared to seein' the train come in every day and bein' near the court house. And so when the men folks held a meetin', every Crooknecker voted for movin' the town over to Buckberry, 'ceptin' Kiah Larkspur. Kiah had a little shell of a shanty on the aige of the crick, and there he 'lowed he was goin' to stick till she riz and washed him further along.

"Kiah was a old bachelder, fifty if he was a hour, and he wasn't a bit pretty, Kiah wasn't. His face was wide and short and his hair jutted out kind of roundin' like a rim, so's his head and face made you think of a scalloped squash. But good-natured, and honest! He was jest like his ma in that, and she—I borrowed a cup full of parched coffee of her one time, and next mornin' after I'd paid it back here come ole Aunt Huldy Larkspur a-bringin' nine grains of coffee back, 'cause she said I'd overpaid her that much. She counted the grains! She wasn't livin', time I'm tellin' about, and Kiah was all alone. Kiah wouldn't vote for movin' the town, but he said he didn't care shuckins whut the others done, only if they moved it, he'd have to ride fifty miles every Satiday to ask Lindy Batwell if she'd be Lindy Larkspur, 'cause they knew well, he said, that it was his custom to ask Lindy that every Satiday, and he shouldn't give it up.

"Lindy Batwell, she must a-been somers about thirty-eight. She'd been riz by her brother, Bud Batwell, and his wife Manthy, bein' they was the only kin Lindy had. I reckon they meant to do well by the girl, but somehow they didn't. Work was the idle they set up on a halter and fell down and wushiped; and Lindy had to wüship it too, whether or no. They couldn't do enough work daytimes, them two; 'peared like one of 'em blew out the lamp at night while 'tother was strikin' a match to light it for mornin'; and Manthy, she'd make brag that her and Lindy'd been up and got breakfast over and the house slicked up and been a knittin' a good hour before daylight. Manthy was that kind of a woman that don't seem to need sleep any more'n

a chiny cat does, and I ain't a doubt in the world she could bat her eyes a couple of times and call it a night's sleep. But Lindy, she wasn't that-a-way; she couldn't help dozing a little scrap over her knittin' or her carpet rags or the dishes, whenever Manthy's sharp voice let up a minute, and she told me she jest natchelly drapped asleep once when she was a-milkin' and fell under the cow. That woke her up, but she said the cow was a-stannin' there a-chewing her cud and smilin'. Lindy couldn't have her way or say in nothin'. Every man and woman in Crookneck felt pizen mad at Bud and Manthy, but what could the' do? Them two bein' so much the oldest never 'peared to know Lindy was more than sixteen, and she never went aginst 'em; she wasn't that kind of a woman; you could see it in her looks, and I reckon she couldn't help herself. Plain, Lindy was, too, but she didn't mean any harm by it, for she was so tender-hearted she'd go round every evenin' with a broom and rescue the lightening bugs that'd got into spider webs, and always pulled the chimleys off the lamps to get out the June bugs that flopped in the top of 'em.

"She was tall and thin, Lindy was, and her furred was too high—kind of round at the top like a bowl—and she was freckled, and her chin slanted back a teenty bit. Her eyes was like a yellow-brown leaf deep down in a clear pool in autumn time, and when she wasn't too sleepy to laugh and talk, you'd be plum surprised at the dimple that danced at you all of a suddent in one freckly cheek and kep' disappearin' and coming back till you'd get watchin' for it. She never got time to slick up her hair but once a day—reddy-brown hair it was—and it used to slip down the back of her head, and the short tags curled up and come down over the corners of her furred, and the scoldin' locks quirled all up round the back of her neck.

"Bud and Manthy Batwell hadn't no notion in the world that Lindy should ever marry—she was too good and useful to 'em; fact, they'd run off every beau the girl'd ever had, long ago, all 'ceptin' Kiah Larkspur; they couldn't skeer ner shoo ner run him off no more than they could a big boulder on the mountain side. So Kiah, every Satiday afternoon'd slick up, and shine up his shoes and try to get his hair to lay down flat so's he wouldn't look so much like a squash, but it wouldn't; and he'd go polin' over to Batwell's and try and ketch Lindy alone if he could. Satidays Manthy'd be cleanin' house, and Lindy a-cookin' fer Sunday, and Kiah'd get a minute or two maybe, and he'd

"Lindy Batwell, will you be Lindy Larkspur?"

always stand up straight in front of her with his hand on his heart, or least ways where he thought his heart was, and he'd say:—

"'Lindy Batwell, will you be Lindy Larkspur?'

"And Lindy, she'd be a-rollin' pie dough, or fryin' crulls, and she'd stop a minute and say, 'I dassent, Kiah,' and by that time Manthy'd nose it out that Kiah was there, and in she'd go a-flyin' with her sharp elbows and nose and tongue and keep a-clatterin' and a-clackin' about, long as Kiah stayed.

"That's whut'd been goin' on every Satiday for ten years, and all Crookneck knew well Kiah was wastin' shoe leather runnin' there, unlessen Lindy could get some sense into her head; but I reckon the pore girl was always too sleepy to think real good; her brain couldn't a-worked jest right betwixt stayin' up late and gettin' up early and workin' like a beaver eighteen hours at a clip. I know she told me once if she could have jest one wish in the world it'd be that she could sleep three weeks hand runnin'.

"The Batwells, Bud and Manthy, was right well tickled to have Kiah stay on at Crookneck and them go to Buckberry, 'cause they thought it wouldn't be so easy for him to come pesterin' after Lindy fifty miles, and Bud he voted loud for movin'.

"Most of the Crookneck houses was portable and could be took by team, and whut wasn't was log and wouldn't be much loss to leave, so it didn't take long for the town to pick itself up and start over to Buckberry, everything being arranged. Me, I hadn't nothing much to move, only a couple of piller slips of dried fruit or so, being I was to tend to the new hotel Squire Hitchins was goin' to start at Buckberry, and have everything bran new, out and out. So brother Philetus come over from Sandy Gap after me with a two-seat buggy and oilskin hat of his'n against the rain.

Dismal as a terrapin.

"Bud and Manthy Batwell they had sich a lot of truck and plunder they couldn't hardly squeege it all into their wagon, so Lindy come over with the clock under her arm and a basket of lamp chimleys, to go with Phile and I.

"It was a sour, mean lookin' mornin'; it'd been rainin' and rainin' up north of us, and Crookneck Fork was riz considable a-ready. The east was a dark, streaky red and the sky put me in mind of a rainy wash day with a lot of wet close hangin' about. You could smell a wetness in the air. Me and Lindy felt as dismal as terrapins, but brother Phile,—he's a Methodis' preacher—and he kep' jokin' and tryin' to cheer us, but we wouldn't cheer, so at last he gave it up and settled down to singin':

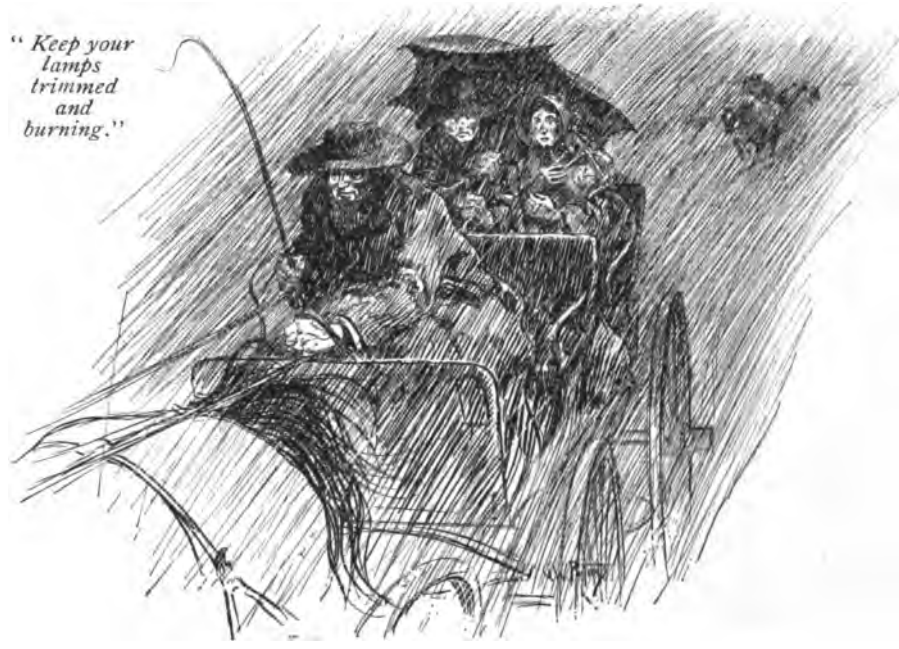
"'Keep your lamps trimmed and a-burnin',' over and over, till I told him I wished he'd quit, he made me think of the end of the world. And Lindy said she wasn't a-carin' if it was the end of the world, she was so mizzable and sleepy, she'd get a good sleep, she reckoned.

"The whole bunch of Crookneckers expected nothin' but to be soaked out of camp that night, but still, mornin' come and we got started on again and the rain hadn't caught us up yet, but 'peared like it was a-runnin' after us. Jerry Springer, he'd stayed behind to gether up some of his ma's garden truck

in a basket, and being he was a-horseback, he come lopin' along and caught us, and he said it was rainin' blue buckets full at Crookneck when he left, and the crick had riz and riz clean up over Kiah Larkspur's shanty and washed it loose and swep' it end over end down the crick and Kiah in it. How he knew Kiah was in it was 'cause he'd jest been in to borrow an umberill and Kiah was havin' a snack of cold baked beans; Jerry eat some too, and Kiah said he was goin' to take a nap, right after he took a smoke, seein' it was sich a rainy day. After Jerry'd left a bit, it kind of ketched his mind that the water'd been mighty high jist as he was a-leavin', so back he starts to warn Kiah, before he'd even got out of sight of the shanty, and behold you, before he gets closte enough to holler to him, the crick come a-bellerin' and swirlin' down in a great bunch, and snatched up Kiah's house like a chip.

"Jerry bawled the whole story right out where everybody could hear, like a loon, and there sat Lindy with her face so white her freckles looked like they'd been cut out of brown woosted and gummed on separate. And us never suspicionin' before that she felt any different about Kiah from what a pasteboard girl would have. And after Phile and me had soothed her up and she got natchel lookin' again, I couldn't fer the life of me help but feel aggravated at her—a-lovin' Kiah all them years and a-lettin' the Batwells cowardize her till nobody know she had any more sentiment in her than a rag doll. I had right smart of a talk with her, too, us two settin' in the back seat and Phile singin' like a gale in front, and I reckon I got it into her head after a while, that God didn't mean any human bein' to be a slave to any other one, let alone a pair like Bud and Manthy. I said: 'You might as well be a shuttle and done with it, if you let other folks spin you back and forth and weave all their webs with you, and twist up your soul into a wad to wind their yarn onto,' I says, 'didn't God give you your own soul and your own self to make the best out of, and not to let somebody else throw 'em about like a dish rag?'

"And Lindy said, yes, she seen jist what a no-account bunch of cotton battin' she'd been, but it was too late now to do her any good, for Kiah was most likely floatin' round in the Gulf of Mexico by then. But I said to her,



"Keep your lamps trimmed and burning."

she shouldn't be a bunch of cotton battin' no longer, Kiah or no Kiah. And I ain't shore but I was thinkin' right then, that if Kiah was drowned, why shouldn't brother Phile—a pore widower man with three children—have sich a nice good woman as Lindy for Mrs. Phile.

Off she scoots with Uncle Josh.

"Three good miles short of Buckberry the rain took us; first a little drizzly mizzly sprinkle, then a right smart hard come-down, and a fractious wind come up and twisted the rain all about from every direction, so's you couldn't shed it off with umberills nor nothin'. Brother Phile drove along lickety-clip for shelter, but we was pretty tollable wet time we got to Buckberry, and time they all got there, looked like sich a lot of us, all the shelter in town wouldn't hardly go around. The boardin' house—it had three rooms—was runnin' over and so was the sloons and the court house and the station house and whut few houses the' was in town; and as for the grocery and postoffice, it was cram-jam. The Batwells and me and Phile and some more was there. Everybody jawed and quarled, and eat snacks out of their baskets, or bread and cheese out of the grocery, for three mortal hours—off and on. Then the rain held up and the men all 'lowed it was time to go see about getting some sort o' shacks rigged up for the night. Bud Batwell yelled out to Manthy and Lindy to come along if they was a-comin', and off they poled. Brother Phile said me and him would wait awhile in the store, and then if the rain held off we'd make a try for Sandy Gap and get to his house. That's where I was goin' to wait till Squire Hitchins got his hotel ready. Seems like things always does go crooked-y on a bad day. The rain held off jist as long as we stayed in that old postoffice, and straight the next minute after we'd jumped in the buggy, here it come again with a contrary, stubborn kind of air, like as if it'd made up its mind to soak every rag we had if it never done another lick. And of all the old sticky red clay gullies! We mired before we got clean outside of Buckberry. It was right alongside of the blacksmith shop, a little squatty place like a frog-stool.

"'Look,' says brother Phile, 'yonder's Lindy.'

"He pinted to the shop. It had a kind of little dab of a porch outside, and there sat Lindy soppin' wet, for the rain come a-beatin' in every which-away, and she was a-cryin' till you'd thought she wanted to get a little wetter than whut she was. We hollered to her to come over and get in the buggy, and she come dragglin' through the mud a-holding onto the clock and the basket of chimleys. Bud he'd went over to the sloon with the other men and left Manthy and Lindy at the blacksmith shop—and there he was like to camp the rest of the day and night too, from whut I remembered of his ways. Lindy told us her and Manthy was afraid to set inside the shop, 'cause there was a kickin' horse in there the smith was shoein', and they sat on the porch till it come on to rain again. While they was a-quanderin' whut to do next, long come Uncle Josh Pickerel in a sulky, and seen 'em, and he 'lowed he could

squeege one or 'em into the sulky long side of him and pack her out to Aunt Betty Pickerel's, and at that up hops Mrs. Manthy and tells Lindy to wait for Bud, and off she scoots with Uncle Josh, slick as a whistle, and leaves Lindy to soak in the rain, never knowin' where to go ner which way to turn. So it was mighty well Phile and me found her.

"Soon after we'd gathered Lindy in the rain come drivin' like fury broke loose, and fast as we got out of one gully we mired in another, till I felt like having a duck fit.

"We'd just got a little piece away from Buckberry when Lindy give a sudden screech like a Patchy Indian and joggled my elbow scandalous.

"'Looky, Aunt Rhody,' says she, pintin' ahead.

"'Whut?' I says, a little crabbedy, I was so wet and mizzable.

"'If it ain't Kiah's cabin, whut is it?'

"I reckon there wasn't no part of the county that you wouldn't find Crookneck Fork a-crossing' or windin' about. It doubled and twisted itself worse than a snarl of yarn, and we'd come out on it where it curled round and come up nearest to Buckberry; and right on the aige, perkin' up sassy as Cuffy, was a little cabin as like Kiah Larkspur's as one black-eyed pea is like the next—even to the chimley, shaped sort of like a goose's neck, and painted light pink. And while we was a-stretchin' our necks like three geese, or two and a gander, at it, the door pops open and out steps a man with a short, round face like a scalloped squash, and hails us.

"'Don't you wish you was I?' says he; 'come in and have a snack.'

"And out he come polin' through the rain, all of a broad grin.

"'Kiah Larkspur,' says I, 'air you a live man?'

"'Never 'liver,' says he. 'I beat you all to Buckberry, and shore as the rain's a-fallin' it's Satiday, and here I am to ask Lindy Batwell if she'll be Lindy Larkspur?'

"'And you didn't get drownded?'

"'Not me,' says he; 'the freshet washed me and the shanty down stream slick as a peeled onion, but we hung together; the cabin's built like a rubber ball, but if we hadn't tangled ourselves up in a mess of trees and rubbage that headed us off, and some fellers come along and all of us worked like tinkers, we'd been way down the river by now. I never 'spected old Crookneck to act so pizen mean. But you all light out and come in. The storm's quit up at the head of Crookneck, so's it'll be a-fallin' quick, and I reckon the shanty can't wash loose again; we fastened it here good and stout, after we'd nammered it tight together. Run in, ladies, quick as you can, and dry. I've been cookin' in the sittin' room and jist tacked the kitchen on most any way durin' the rain, and I'll help brother Bartles put the nag in where he kin be eatin' some oats, then I'll dish the beans.'

"If ever three drownded wretches was glad to get into a dry room with a sizzling cook-stove and the loveliest smell of baked beans and bacon and corn pone and coffee flying round it was Phile and Lindy and me. We couldn't been wetter if we'd been put to soak a week. Lindy's hair was sticking tight to her head, and the brim of her hat had got as limp as a batter cake and flipped and flopped down over her eyes. She had a little blue woosted cape on and it'd run, and the blue was streakin' her hands and dress scandalous, and her shoes went 'squinch, squinch' when she walked, they was so soppin' wet. But them brown eyes of hers—there was a clear gold light way down in 'em, jist like a topaz. And Kiah, he was so tickled he kind of shed light round him while he was rustlin' up the fire and dishin' the vittles, like as if he was a great round sun.

"After we'd had our meal of vittles and was settin' round the stove enjoyin' ourselves, Kiah he says to me:—

"'Aunt Rhody, I'm a great feller fer follerin' rules. For better than ten years I haven't skipped a Satiday without askin' Lindy Batwell if she'll be Lindy Larkspur, and so I hope you'll excuse me if I ask her now.' And with that, he turns square to Lindy, and says he, 'Lindy Batwell, will you be Lindy Larkspur?'

"I was setting close the other side of Lindy, and I give her a little hunch with my elbow, and I whispers to her: 'Don't be cotton battin', Lindy.'

"And Lindy, she looked hard at the stove a few minutes, and says she, straight out: 'Yes, I will, Kiah.'

"'Well done!' shouts Kiah, jumpin' up and grabbin' all our hands and shakin' 'em hearty, beamin' more like a great sun than ever. Then he sits down by Lindy and puts his arm square round her, and says he: 'Lindy, we've wasted upwards of ten years; let's don't waste another minute, nor a second. Here's brother Philetus Bartles, and bein' a Methodis' preacher I know he needs that twenty I've got salted away in the blue coffee pot for this very 'casion; here's Aunt Rhody for a witness; here's you and me. And Bud and Manthy'll be after you soon's the rain clears. Lindy, will you be Lindy Larkspur right now?'

Mild as a spring lamb.

"And says Lindy, just like she done before:—

"'Yes, I will, Kiah.'

"Brother Phile stood up and married 'em right there in front of the cook stove, with the teakittle bilin' like fun and the big pan of beans settin' on the hearth; but law, who cared for that? I never was at a weddin' I enjoyed half as well, and brother Phile was most as tickled as the balance of us.

"The rain slacked up after that, and jist at sundown a streak of yallow gold run all along the west, so me and Phile set out for Sandy Gap, and left Kiah and Lindy a-beamin' on the doorstep.

"They say Bud Batwell got drunk in the sloon that night, and Manthy stayed at Aunt Pickerel's, so's they didn't know a thing of what'd happened tell next day; then they had duck spasms, specially Manthy. She went to Kiah's, bilin' mad and he wouldn't let her in, but she rared round and tried to browbeat Lindy into leavin' Kiah whether or no. Last thing she done was to bawl out: 'You Lindy Batwell, you come straight home with me.' And Lindy looked out of the window as mild as a spring lamb, and says:—

"'I dassent. I'm Lindy Larkspur now.'"

JOHN DREW

By FREDERICK S. HOPPIN, Jr.

With portrait of John Drew drawn from life by JOHN CECIL CLAY, and printed as frontispiece to this magazine

JOHN DREW is an excellent example of the force of tradition and environment in shaping a man for a profession, indeed, of compelling him to adopt it. The three generations of his family immediately before him were either actors or closely identified with the stage. He himself was brought up in Philadelphia while his mother, Mrs. John Drew, was the manager there of the Arch Street Theater. In her memoirs Mrs. Drew disclaims any credit for her son's success. "I look on him," she says, "with considerable pride, not personal, for I had nothing to do with his professional advancement. He came to Daly's Theater when twenty-one and was there under a much more energetic and capable manager than myself." Still, her son's constant companionship with her and the professional atmosphere that surrounded his early life, had undoubtedly an immense influence in stimulating and forming the boy's theatrical ambitions.

Mr. Drew was born in 1853, in Philadelphia, and went to school there during all his boyhood. His first public appearance was in 1873, as *Plumper* in "As Cool as a Cucumber," at the Arch Street Theater, and for the next two years he played a variety of small light parts in that stock company. Augustin Daly saw him there playing *Alfred Steel* in "Women of To-day," and shortly afterwards engaged him for the light parts of *Bob Ruggles* in "The Big Bonanza." This part he played in New York in 1875 for his first appearance in that city. He followed it up by acting there in a number of other plays of the same kind. His first Shakesperean role was *Rosencrantz* in "Hamlet," which he played in Edwin Booth's company during a short engagement when Booth leased Daly's Theater. After that he toured with Fanny Davenport in "As You Like It," and later with Frederick Warde and Maurice Barrymore in "Diplomacy."

It was during this period of his career that the coolness and self-control which have always been two of his most marked qualities, both off and on the stage, stood him in good stead on a certain important occasion. It happened that Drew for some reason or other learned how to take and send messages on the telegraph ticker. Harry Vernon, a friend of his, and a skilled telegraph operator himself, was working at that time in the office of a certain manager who was negotiating with Drew. When the talk between the actor and the manager worked round to the question of terms Drew hesitated to stand out for what he wanted. Finally the manager made an offer. The actor was on the point of acceptance when the ticker began to sound. Vernon was the operator.

"Drew, Drew, Drew," it ticked. "Listen, listen. Hold off terms a minute. Ask for ten more. He said he'd give it before you came in."

With a calm and impassive expression of deliberate consideration, Drew looked thoughtfully at the manager while he rapped with a pencil on the desk the dots and dashes which were good Morse for "Vernon, are you sure?"

"Sure," came the clicks.

Then Drew spoke and got his price.

In 1879, when Augustin Daly founded his new theater in New York he invited John Drew to become the leading comedian in his company, a position which he held until 1892. This was the most important and valuable part of Mr. Drew's theatrical training. No man could have acted in the great variety of plays, both classical and modern, which were produced at Daly's Theater, without at least gaining a technical excellence and finish in matters of de-

tail that it would be difficult to learn anywhere at this present time. Not only did Mr. Drew act there in Shakesperean plays:—"As You Like It," "Mid Summer Night's Dream," "Love's Labor Lost," "Taming of the Shrew" and "Merry Wives of Windsor," but also in many old standard comedies like "School for Scandal," "The Country Girl" and "The Inconstant." Besides, there were the numberless adaptations Daly made from German plays, varying from comedy to farce, and in all of these pieces Mr. Drew played the leading comedian part. It was not until 1892 that he accepted Mr. Frohman's offer to star in "The Masked Ball," with Miss Maude Adams as his leading lady.

Those years of training under Mr. Daly are largely responsible for the ease, the perfection of detail and the finish of Mr. Drew's work, for those qualities indeed from which the greater part of his popularity springs at the present day. Since he has been under Mr. Frohman's management he has appeared nearly every year in a fresh play, all of them cut on about the same lines —the lines practically of the star's strong points—gentlemanly comedies of no lasting interest, of which "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" is the latest success.

While Mr. Drew was with Daly his greatest hit in the classical plays was *Petruchio* in "Taming of the Shrew." His playing of this character was so excellent in every way that it has become almost a tradition of the American stage, and seemed at the time to promise a career of achievement which has never been realized. It is a far cry from *Petruchio* to "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," and there seems but little chance of Mr. Drew's progressing backwards to any work of that character again. He has struck an unmistakably popular note as a well-dressed first walking gentleman hero, and it is not likely that the public or his managers will ever give him a chance to do any other kind of work. The technical experience and training which he got in the earlier years of his career makes it possible for him to act these lighter and more uninteresting parts with a smoothness and finish that keep him in the front rank of the theatrical stars of the present time, and make these latter years of less strenuous work profitably popular.

Mr. Drew is conscious enough of his own shortcomings to appreciate with his characteristic dry sense of humor the fun that is sometimes made of them. Not long ago, while one of his most popular plays was running in New York, he went to a vaudeville show in which the chief part of the performance was a burlesque of the play and of himself. The take-off was done to the life, and after the show was over Mr. Drew was asked what he thought of the burlesque and especially of the chief burlesquer.

"Well," he said, slowly, "there is no doubt about it, one of us is pretty bad."

Mr. Drew has been called our best "frock coat" actor, but he is really a good deal more than that. If his personality grows less plastic, his art every year less rounded and more conventional, if every season he is more distinctly John Drew, it is because the public likes him as he is. The only time in recent years he attempted to branch off from the kind of play with which he has so closely identified himself was when he tried to fall in with the fad of the moment, and act, in a dramatized historical novel, *Richard Carvel*. The result of that experiment has fixed him more firmly than ever in that sort of work that brought him success before.

Although Mr. Drew's gifts and training perhaps fitted him for finer creative work than he has had a chance to do since he left Daly's Company, and for the acting of greater parts than the slight ones he has often played so gracefully and so skilfully, yet in these more ephemeral parts he has created a tradition and type of first walking gentleman that will be long and deservedly remembered on our stage. His position in his profession is and has been for some years past clearly and definitely defined. It is not likely that the future will show any great change in it, either for better or for worse.

THE TOBACCO WAR

By EARL MAYO

IT is said of Mr. James B. Duke, the head of the principal companies composing what is generally known as the Tobacco Trust, that some years ago, in company with two or three friends, he was traveling through Virginia on his way to his old home at Durham. The train passed a huge circular storage tank of the Standard Oil Company, and Mr. Duke, happening to glance out of the window, caught sight of it. Turning to his friends and waving his hand toward the tank he said:—

"That's what I'm going to do with the tobacco business before I get through."

Whether or not this story is true there is no doubt that Mr. Duke in large measure has accomplished in the tobacco business what Mr. Rockefeller accomplished in oil. And there is every indication that his work is not yet finished.

There are hundreds of so-called trusts in the United States, but there is not one—with the exception of the Standard Oil—that exercises a control so decisive over almost every branch of the industry in which it is engaged as does the Tobacco Trust. And this situation, it must be borne in mind, has been brought about in an old and long-established business, within the space of the past dozen years. Mr. Duke's achievement must be ranked as more difficult than Mr. Rockefeller's in that the latter dealt with a new industry, taking it from its very inception, while the former has had to meet and overpower old and firmly established competitors and has had to make war from the very beginning of his career as a trust magnate.

The first connection of the house of Duke with the tobacco industry was a very humble one. In this respect it was something like Mr. Rockefeller's two barrel refinery which was the nucleus of the greatest industrial organization in the world. The building in which the firm of W. Duke Sons & Co. began its career in 1865, and which may be regarded as the cradle of the tobacco trust, was a dilapidated cabin. All its operations were carried on by the elder Duke and his sons. "Buck" Duke, as he was known to his acquaintances, now the head of the dozen companies that make up the trust, was the salesman of the house.

Young "Buck" Duke was able to carry his firm's output in a hand-bag at first, but his energetic work soon gave a great impetus to the business. It was a time of wonderful expansion in the cigarette industry. Down to the time of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, the domestic cigarette business had been comparatively small, but the displays made by American manufacturers at that time gave a tremendous impetus to the trade. In 1877 the production of American cigarettes was almost double what it had been the previous year. By 1880 it had multiplied nearly six times in five years and was thirty times as great as it had been ten years before. By 1885 the business had doubled again and it once more doubled in the following half-decade, making the total output over two billion in 1890. Rarely indeed has an industry pro-

gressed by such leaps and bounds.

In this great development the firm of W. Duke Sons & Co. had its share. From being the smallest of the manufacturers of cigarettes it had come to rank among the five big firms in the business. The others were Allen & Ginter, The Kinney Tobacco Co., Goodwin & Co., and W. S. Kimball & Co. Although the business had expanded so remarkably, competition in it was acute. As the amount of business that a firm could secure depended upon the extent to which its brands were known and the favor in which they were held, the possession of a popular brand was the most valuable asset that a house could have, and it was necessary to keep its claims constantly before the public.

The Dukes were especially aggressive in this direction. Lavish advertising has always been a favorite weapon with the head of the trust. Not only the ordinary methods of billboard and newspaper advertising were employed, but the giving of coupons and pictures was adopted and the favor of the retailer and his customers was cultivated in every possible way. The pace set by one firm had to be met by its competitors if they wished to retain their share in the business. Thus the rivalry became steadily more keen and the advertising accounts of the various firms ran up into the millions and cut off a large proportion of the returns that otherwise might have figured as profits. At one time the competition had reached a point where a coupon, a colored reproduction of a photograph and a card bearing a representation of a flag, done in colors, were all given away with a five-cent box of cigarettes.

This was the situation in 1890 when Mr. Duke, imbued with the idea that enormous savings could be effected by substituting combined action for this cut-throat competition, broached the suggestion to the other leaders. The keystone of the plan was liberal treatment for everybody concerned, the logic of which has appealed to many another individual manufacturer in other lines. The result of this movement was the formation of the American Tobacco Company, which included these five firms, controlling between them the bulk of the cigarette business of the country. This was the first and most important step in the formation of the present Tobacco Trust.

Some years later, in the course of a State inquiry into the affairs of the trust, Mr. Duke revealed some of the details of the formation of this organization. He testified that the Duke and Allen & Ginter concerns received each $7,497,000 of American Tobacco stock in payment for their business. The Kinney Company received $4,998,000, and the others $2,499,000 each. The various companies each guaranteed to the combination a certain amount of "live assets" which aggregated $5,000,000. The remainder of the capitalization, amounting to about $20,000,000, was paid over to them for good will. This was indeed liberal treatment, but the economies resulting from the combination and from doing away with the necessity of fighting one another were such as to make the investment in its stock a satisfactory one.

Although the formation of the American Tobacco Company marked the conclusion of peace in the cigarette business, except for the guerrilla warfare of a few small independents, the result was by no means entire tranquility in the tobacco trade. Mr. Duke was soon plunged in another struggle in another branch of the tobacco business.

Along with its cigarette interests the American Tobacco Company had acquired a certain amount of business in smoking tobacco, especially from the Duke and Kimball companies, which had several popular brands on the market. The American Tobacco Company thus found itself competing with the manufacturers of pipe tobacco and Mr. Duke next turned his attention to bringing these firms and also the manufacturers of plug tobacco into line.

Two of the largest of these concerns were the P. Lorillard Company and Liggett & Myers, of St. Louis, the latter said to be then the largest tobacco manufacturers in the world. These two firms did not take kindly to the arguments advanced by Mr. Duke, and he thereupon proceeded to apply a course

of treatment designed to change their opinion of the advantages of industrial combination.

The campaign that followed was one of the most remarkable in recent business history, and it was waged on the part of the American Tobacco Company with Mr. Duke's favorite weapon, lavish advertising. The guns of the opposing forces were rival brands and these brands were pushed in every possible way with the jobbers, the retailers and the consumers. A single example will illustrate the scale on which the engagements were fought.

The American Tobacco Company brought out a brand of plug called "Battle-Ax." The very mention of the name will probably recall to readers the time when the name stared at one from every dead wall and fence, when the tags that accompanied it were collected by users of the weed and their young friends for the sake of the prizes that they brought, and when the dealers (to whom prizes also were offered) were eager to introduce it to their customers.

The pace was a hot one and it was set by Mr. Duke and his associates. Money was poured out in rivers, and even with the enormous sale developed by advertising there was a heavy deficit, but this did not trouble Mr. Duke. He was fighting not only for trade but for trade supremacy, and he knew that the bill would be settled later on.

A man prominently connected with the tobacco business is my authority for the statement that Mr. Duke said to him:—

"We sank $4,000,000 in making 'Battle-Ax' known and getting it established, but since then we have made $12,000,000 from it."

The influence which the popularity of an established brand exerts is well illustrated by an incident which occurred during the progress of this campaign.

At the time when the contest was at its height there were on the market two rival brands of "long-cut," one owned by the American Tobacco Company, and called "Honest," the other the "Red Cross" of the Lorillards. These two brands fought each other all over the country. In certain sections, however, "Red Cross" was so firmly entrenched that it seemed almost impossible for "Honest" to secure a foothold. This was notably the case in New Orleans, "Red Cross" being in great favor with the negro tobacco chewers there.

At that time it was customary in the tobacco business to make the same brand of varying strength to suit the demands of different markets. For instance, the "Red Cross" sold in New York was a lighter and milder quality than the "Red Cross" sold in New Orleans, the heavier and darker kind being demanded by the Southern market.

When several months had gone by and the effort to make "Honest" long-cut popular in New Orleans had proved unavailing, a mistake was made by which a large quantity of the lighter stock of "Red Cross" prepared for the New York market was shipped to New Orleans, and the shops there were stocked with it. As soon as the consumer inserted his jaws in a specimen of the new supply of his favorite brand, however, he realized that it was different and less satisfactory than his previous purchases.

At the same time a supply of "Honest" which had been made especially heavy for the New Orleans market was put into the shops and almost immediately the sale of "Red Cross" began to fall off while "Honest" went to the front.

The fight continued with unabated vigor until 1898. The great firm of Liggett & Myers, as well as some of the smaller manufacturers, had declared that they never would sell out to "the trust," but in 1898 this establishment, together with the Blackwell's Durham Company and the National Cigarette and Tobacco Company, was sold to the Union Tobacco Company, the capital of which was $10,000,000.

It was the general impression at the time that the Union Tobacco Company was formed to fight the American, but about six months after the consummation of this deal the American Tobacco Company took over the business of the Union Tobacco Company—and Mr.

The original factory of W. S. Duke Sons & Co., established ot Durham, N. C., in 1865. J. B. Duke, the preseid head of the Tobacco Trust, was selling agent for the firm and practically all the work at the factory was done by his father and brothers.

Duke was president of the American. Soon after this event a number of large independent houses were taken into the combination, the constituency of the two branches remaining practically unchanged since that time. The business of each of the companies is specialized to a degree, the American handling the cigarette business and the Continental the plug branch of the trade, but both companies have a share in the trade in pipe tobacco. A subsidiary concern, the American Snuff Company, took over this important branch of the trade. In spite of the general impression that snuff-taking is a more or less obsolete custom, the business shows a steady growth, and in 1900 the production of snuff, in round numbers, was 15,000,000 pounds.

Mr. Duke himself personally is a very modest man, always willing to attribute to one or another of his energetic associates the credit for the various business coups that are accredited to the tobacco trust, but his business methods, bold to the point of audacity, have often startled some of the more timid of the American and Continental stockholders. He never hesitates to pursue to its legitimate conclusion any course that he embarks upon, and he has the reputation of being a business fighter who never asks quarter, though he frequently extends it. A few years ago, when reference was made to the two salaries of $50,000 per year which Mr. Duke was drawing as President of the American and the Continental Companies, he is reported to have remarked that he earned all the money that was paid to him "by avoiding the fool mistakes that the other fellows made," a reason which may be held to apply to other combinations than the tobacco trust and to account for the high salaries paid to their executive heads.

There is no doubt that Mr. Duke knows the tobacco business thoroughly. Many harsh things have been said of him by his opponents, but that he enjoys the thorough confidence and loyal support of his associates is shown by the following story which was current Wall street gossip a few years ago.

It seems that a certain official of the trust was ambitious to succeed Mr. Duke as president, and to that end induced some of his Wall street friends to buy up a large amount of stock in order to control the election. The buying was done as secretly as possible, and the coterie managed to secure the con-

The present Duke factory occupying an entire block in the town of Durham and one of the largest manufacturing establishments of the Tobacco Trust. The difference between this building and the original Duke factory on the opposite page is typical of the growth of the tobacco business in the last thirty-five years.

trol. As soon as the matter came to Mr. Duke's knowledge he visited the offices of two of the financiers concerned and a colloquy something after this fashion took place :—

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Duke, in effect, "I understand that you have bought up tobacco stock enough to control the next election with the purpose of making a change and electing Mr. —— to the position of president. There is no reason why you should wait until the election. I have my resignation here in my pocket and it is at your service at any time. I have also the resignations of some of the other officers," and he ran over a list which included practically all the executive officers of the company.

His hearers were completely astonished by this manœuvre. They had expected a fight to force Mr. Duke out, but here he was apparently ready to step out without a protest—and to take the entire staff with him.

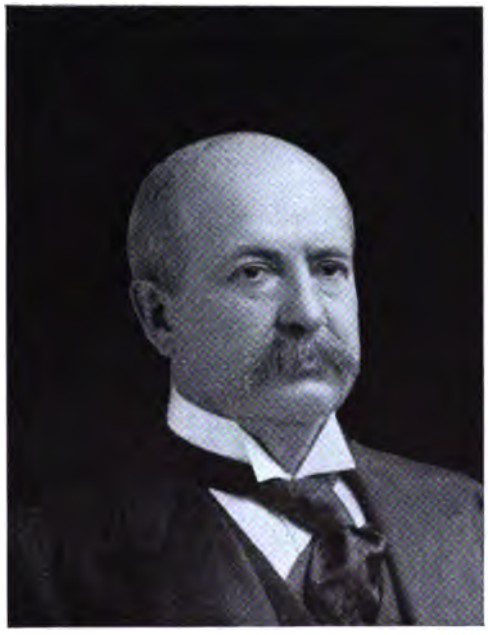
"But, Mr. Duke," they expostulated, "there is no occasion for haste in this matter. You are a young man still and have long been intimately associated with the tobacco business. It hardly seems reasonable that you should want to give it up now. May we ask what you are intending to do?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Duke. "That really is not a matter which especially concerns you, but I don't mind telling you. I had thought of going into the tobacco business. And," he added, after a pause, "in about five years' time I expect to be ready to buy your concern at twenty-five cents on the dollar."

When the meeting was held Mr. Duke was re-elected and there has been no serious effort to dislodge him since.

Having the domestic field well in hand so far as cigarettes and manufactured tobacco were concerned, the trust was ready to extend its operations in other directions. Within the past three years the scope of its activities has been greatly extended and a number of new tributary companies have been formed. One of these companies, which is designed to simplify the financial operations of the combination, is the Consolidated Tobacco Company. The Consolidated is simply a holding corporation. It does no manufacturing, but it owns most of the stock of the American and Continental companies which was retired in exchange for bonds of the Consolidated. The directorate of this company includes, besides Mr. Duke,

The four men who were the principal factors in forming



Peter A. Brown Widener.

Financier, street railway magnate and capitalist.

J. B. Duke.

President of the three principal constituent companies and head of the Trust.

such men as Thomas F. Ryan, P. A. B. Widener, Oliver H. Payne and Anthony N. Brady, names which indicate the financial strength that is behind the combination.

The trust has gone into the manufacture of cigars. One of its companies —the American Cigar Company—controls a number of popular brands in the cheap domestic cigar field. It has been in business less than two years and during the past twelve months it produced about a billion cigars. As the total production of the country is approximately seven billions this represents a very fair amount of business for an infant concern. This has been a period of remarkable expansion in the cigar trade, however, and the production of the American Cigar Company represents just about the increase for the year, so that the new enterprise has not interfered seriously with the independent manufacturers.

In the field of the domestic-made Havana cigar—that is, of cigars manufactured in the United States from Havana tobacco—the trust is represented by the Havana-American Company, which secured a number of the factories at Tampa, which is the chief seat of this industry. It also controls the Havana Tobacco Company, with factories in Havana, which supplies the bulk of the Cuban-made Havana cigars imported into the United States.

A conflict that was brief in duration, but decisive and vastly important in its bearing upon the tobacco trade of the world, was the struggle waged during the past year and a half in the English market. This international war was started in the year 1901, when the Americans bought Ogden's Limited, one of the best known of British tobacco houses, and began a campaign of American methods to push its goods.

The British tobacco trade was thrown into great excitement by this step. The Imperial Tobacco Company was organized, taking in the leading English houses, and proceeded to fight the invaders.

Intending to wipe out the Americans by a single master-stroke the Imperial offered to divide one-fifth of its total profits among dealers not handling American goods, and in addition announced that $200,000 would be distributed among the dealers taking advantage of its offer within the first six months. Not to be outdone by his adversaries, Mr. Duke promptly announced that his company would dis-

the Tobacco Trust and are to-day in control of its policy.

Thomas F. Ryan.

Director of the Consolidated Tobacco Co. and one of the original promoters of the Trust.

Anthony N. Brady.

Like Mr. Widener and Mr. Ryan he had no connection with the tobacco business, but is a financial power in the Trust.

tribute $1,000,000 per year for four years, and that all the profits of Ogden's for the same period would be divided among the dealers. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Mr. Duke's royal offer was that it contained no stipulation as to the exclusive handling of his goods. He simply agreed to give $4,000,000 and all the profits of Ogden's for four years to the British tobacco dealers irrespective of whether they handled the Imperial brands or not. England gasped at the daring of the move, for such methods of capturing trade had never been heard of there before.

The rivals presently decided, however, that peace was more profitable than war. In the autumn of 1902 it was announced that an amicable agreement had been reached, by the terms of which each was to handle the goods of the other in its own territory, while the British-American Tobacco Company had been formed to handle the trade in foreign countries. Mr. Duke gave a magnificent dinner to his associates and some of his late rivals and then sailed away for home. The British Press jubilantly announced that a crushing defeat had been administered to the Yankees, and that the latest American invasion had been a failure.

As a matter of fact the terms of the peace treaty were as follows: The Imperial purchased Ogden's at Mr. Duke's own valuation and gave the Americans a large, though not a controlling, interest in their company. It was also agreed that the Imperial should have the trade of Great Britain and Ireland to itself. It was likewise arranged that the American company, in which of course the British had no interest, should remain in undisputed possession of the United States, Cuba and the Philippines. To deal with the outside trade the British-American Tobacco Company was formed, with both English and American directors, but with the Americans in control. In other words, the Imperial surrendered the entire foreign market to the control of the Americans and gave them an interest in its own business as the price of peace.

One of the branches of the tobacco trade that has expanded wonderfully and has been exceedingly prosperous during the past few years is the Turkish business, especially the making of Turkish cigarettes. As a beginning in the

occupation of this field Mr. Duke and his associates acquired the business of S. Anargyros & Co., the owners of several popular brands. As an example of the remarkable growth of this industry it is said that the founder of this house, who began business with an infinitesimal capital about ten years ago, returned to Europe with upwards of three-quarters of a million dollars after selling out to the trust.

As a further step toward the expansion of the Turkish business it is reported that the trust has acquired about seventy-five per cent of all the Turkish tobacco in the market. A spirited campaign is being carried on to secure the trade in this line of tobacco.

Having achieved a dominating position in the cigarette, manufactured tobacco, snuff and Turkish tobacco trades, and being in a fair way to assume a similar place in the manufacture of cigars, there remains but two portions of the entire tobacco business in which the trust is not concerned. These are the growing and the retailing of tobacco. There is little likelihood that it will care to take up the business of growing the leaf, and heretofore it has shown no disposition to trench upon the retail field. With the knowledge before them, however, of the vast strides which the combination had made in acquiring other branches of the business, it was not surprising that the retailers have been alarmed at the recent appearance and rapid extension of a line of retail establishments elaborately fitted up and manifestly backed by a large amount of capital, which have spread through a dozen or more of the principal cities within the past few months. They believed that they saw in this the final aggression of the tobacco trust—an attempt to supplant the small dealer and manufacturer. Their alarm was shared by the independent manufacturers and the leaf tobacco dealers, who feared the result upon their business if the situation were to become such that there would be only one large customer in the market.

This situation and the conclusion thus reached have brought about the latest of the many battles in the tobacco war. On the one side are the retailers, backed by the leaf tobacco dealers, who have organized a national association with branches in all parts of the country. On the other side is the combination above referred to, known as the United Cigar Stores Company, which is steadily expanding its sphere of operations, opening new and finer shops than the tobacco trade has ever known, and making a tempting appeal in displays and price for the patronage of the tobacco user.

The retailers assert that the United Cigar Stores Company, if not actually a creature of the tobacco trust, is working in close conjunction with it and receives from it special favors in the matter of prices on trust-made goods which are not extended to other dealers.

This the officials of the United Cigar Stores Company indignantly deny. They maintain that they are trying merely to operate the tobacco business in a better and more businesslike way than that in which it has been run. They assert, moreover, that their only connection with the trust is that of a customer, and that they are able to undersell the small retailer only because of their large purchases and sales and the narrower margin on which their business consequently can be conducted at a profit.

The statement of the officers of the retail combination that their enterprise was started as a business undertaking independent of other considerations seems a reasonable one. It is not impossible to believe also that a concern with some four hundred large and attractive shops can purchase at better prices than the one-store dealer, or that they may be able even to obtain rebates on goods whether made by the trust or by independent dealers for giving window displays and pushing the sale of individual brands. But it is also a possibility that the trust might find it easier and more worth its while later on to acquire a single great combination of retail stores than it would in the case of thousands of separate small concerns. The United Cigar Stores Company is a manufacturer as well as a seller of cigars, and if this branch of its business

were to be greatly extended it might seem advisable to the trust to endeavor to stop this growing competition by fighting or acquiring the retail combination.

In its desire to secure the best class of trade, the United Cigar Stores Company naturally seeks the most desirable situations, and many of its shops are situated at what may be termed strategic points. Frequently these localities were formerly occupied by retail stores, and in many instances the company has bought up these stores to obtain a lease or to secure the local influence of the proprietor, whom the United Cigar Stores Company wished to employ as manager.

Thad Howe.

President of the National Association of Retail Cigar Dealers, the organization of small dealers which is opposed to the United Cigar Stores Co.

In instances where the dealer has declined to sell, or where it has been thought scarcely worth while to buy him out, other means have been adopted to secure his trade. One simple and effective method is to place a company store right next to the show window of the recalcitrant dealer. There are a number of places in New York, for example, where one may see the wide, bright and attractively decorated windows of the United Cigar Store Company's store overshadow the smaller display of the small dealer, which looks exceedingly humble by comparison. In such cases it is not long before the individual dealer begins to watch his trade fall from him, and if it does not fall fast enough to suit his strong competitor, it is not uncommon for the larger concern to sell some favorite brand of fifteen cent cigars at six cents apiece, until the blinds shut down on the small dealer's windows and the sign, "To Rent," is nailed on the outside.

Occasionally a small dealer is shrewd enough to overreach his big competitor, whom he is far too weak to fight. When the combination first began to open stores in New York, a dealer in one of the downtown cross streets was approached and asked to set a figure on his business. He did so, and prudently made the amount twice the actual value of his establishment. As a natural business precaution the prospective purchaser set one of his other agents to watch the daily receipts of the man's store for a week. The dealer had expected this, and so prepared for it. Very quietly he had gone around among his friends and arranged with them to buy boxes of cigars and jars of tobacco, by the dozen or case, purchases to be returned at the end of the week, and a bonus given to the purchaser for his trouble. Naturally, the representative of the United Cigar Stores Company was much impressed by the stream of purchasers who left the avenue to buy of their favorite dealer, and the sale was effected at the end of the week, at the dealer's own figure. For a time the new owners could not understand why business fell off so astonishingly after they had taken possession, but when a couple of months went by with no improvement, the true situation dawned upon them, and they closed up the shop.

For its finest New York shop, which

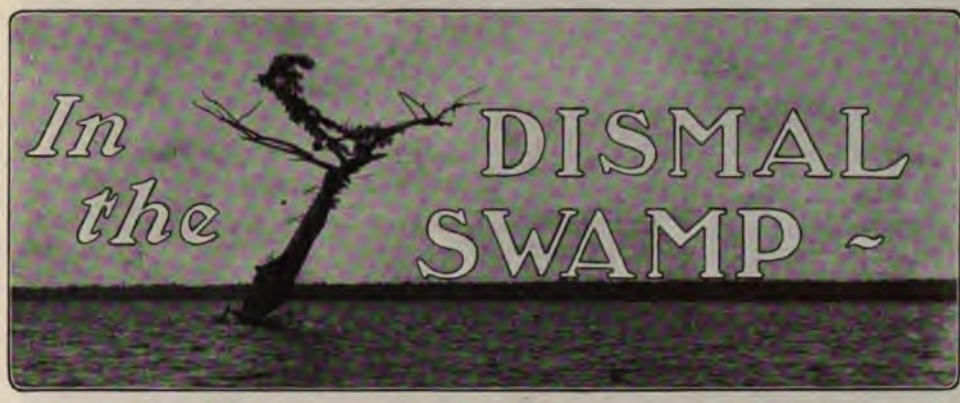
is perhaps the most luxurious tobacco store in the world, the United Cigar Stores Company pays a rental of over $30,000 yearly. Thus, to pay rent alone, it would be necessary to sell at the average retail profit, a million ten-cent cigars and a third of a million five-cent packages of cigarettes. When you add to this the cost of operating it is obvious that a prodigious business can alone prove profitable.

The contention of the United Cigar Stores Company's officials that the tobacco business has been run with less enterprise and more lax business methods than any other important trade is well founded. The tobacco shop in which the dealer's stock has been attractively displayed has been the exception rather than the rule, while a large part of the business has been in the hands of restaurant-keepers, saloons, newsdealers, groceries and other establishments where the tobacco stand has been a side issue and little effort has been made to consult the tastes of patrons.

The small retailers see a grave menace in the rapid spread of the United Cigar Stores Company's establishments, and are endeavoring to realize for themselves the advantages of combina by the formation of a national asso tion. They have adopted the sloga "down with trust-made goods," are appealing to the anti-trust se ment for support. In many pl they have adopted the scheme of United Company of giving coup with all purchases. As time goe the struggle is likely to become m widespread and acute. Unless the tailers are able to stem the progress the retail combination, the result m be the realization of the prophecy tributed to Mr. Duke. The contes one that affects every tobacco c sumer and the consumer himself is arbiter.

The enormous extent of the toba business in America may be reali from the fact that seven billion cig three billion cigarettes, and two h dred and eighty million pounds of m ufactured tobacco are produced ev year. The retail value of all the sm ing and chewing tobacco, in its vari forms, approaches $500,000,000 an ally. It is indeed a business of ro proportions, and its control is wo fighting for.

An illustration of the way in which the United Cigar Stores Co. tries to capture the retail trade. It opens a l store with a fine window display close beside the shop of a small dealer, and offers special bargains and cut prices.



By FREDERICK STREET

WITHIN twenty miles of one of the largest and most energetic of the Southern cities of the coast, and on the border lands of two of the oldest Southern States, there lies a district some two or three hundred square miles in extent, but little better known at this day than it was 150 years ago when George Washington himself laid out a route through its wilderness. The name alone, "The Dismal Swamp," is a by-word everywhere, and a legend has grown up around it of a dreary, boggy, unknown region of snakes and dark, damp thickets, swarming with mosquitoes, malaria and owls, where runaway slaves fled for refuge, to lead an existence scarcely less miserable than that from which they had escaped.

The swamp is old historically. The first settlers at Norfolk and the region roundabout knew of it as a wild, impassable bit of country full of game and of valuable timber; cypress, so good for making shingles; juniper, black gum and beech. In 1728, Colonel Byrd, while endeavoring to establish the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, ran a survey across it, working with the greatest difficulty and only making a mile a day through the thick growth. He named it then "The Dismal Swamp."

Later surveys and government maps show that the wilderness contains about eight hundred square miles of wood and water, lying in a tract twenty miles wide and forty-five long, and extending twenty miles into Virginia and twenty-five into North Carolina. The soil is a sort of rich black vegetable mold, dry and cakey at some seasons and saturated with water at others. The whole region is like a huge sponge, alternately dry and wet, and as the swamp level, curiously enough, is twenty feet above tide-water, it is the source of many rivers and streams. Four rivers of name and worth besides many brooks, flow from it into Pamlico and Currituck Sounds.

The center of the swamp, and the most attractive part of it, is a pond called Lake Drummond. It is three miles long and two wide, with an average depth of ten feet, though both size and depth vary considerably with the seasons. From this lake radiate the waterways called ditches, the only practical means of penetrating into the wilderness.

These water pathways were the result of an attempt to exploit the riches of the swamp. Long before the revolution men began to cut the cypress and juniper that grew to such astonishing height and girth in the rich, wet soil. The difficulty was not to find trees but, as they began cutting farther and farther in from the solid land on the edges of the marshy country, to get the logs out to the settlements. The swamp luckily gave a natural means of transportation through the water in its soil. If a shovelful of earth is taken up the hole left fills instantly with water. So the early woodsmen dug shallow canals, three or four feet deep and ten or twelve

Interlaced vines and swamp reeds tall and supple.

wide. They called these waterways ditches, and floated out their logs along them. George Washington laid out one of the canals that leads in six or eight miles from the edge of the swamp to Lake Drummond, and is still called the Washington Ditch, and still used as one of the best approaches to the lake.

The ditches pass beneath the camp's veranda.

There are many other ditches cut through the swamp. The "Jerico," that leads in from the town of Suffolk to the lake, the "White Oak Spring," the "Heron" and the "Feeder Ditch." This last has been raised to the dignity of a canal and equipped with locks at each end and acts as a passage and feeder from Lake Drummond to the main Dismal Swamp canal, which gets its water supply from the lake. The Dismal Swamp canal itself is a serious modern work of present utility, cutting across the eastern edge of the swamp and furnishing a water route from Norfolk to Pamlico Sound, via Elizabeth City and the Pasquotank River, and it has been the subject of many Government surveys and many violent discussions, as one of the best inland water routes from Norfolk to the South. It is by this canal that the easiest approach to the swamp can be made at present in launches, and on it is carried all the trade and business travel that still filters through this wilderness. Modern dredges rattle and bang along the big canal all the year, keeping it deep and passable, and truck boats from the country bordering the swamp are poled or towed slowly through to the docks of Norfolk, paying a toll for the right of way.

It is in the spring that the festival time comes to the swamp. There is a comfortable stable camp near the shore of Lake Drummond, where the Jerico and Washington ditches meet and flow together for a few hundred feet before they join the lake. The ditches pass by beneath the camp's veranda, and some fifty yards away between the trunks of the cypress and the gum trees the lake shows placid and quiet. When the spring is far enough along for the wild honeysuckle and jasmine and the arbutus vines to be hanging in delicious masses over the sides of the ditches and reaching down to the red-brown water, of a color so clear and warm and sunny, companies of people come from the villages lying around the borders of the swamp. Twenty or thirty young people at a time, with some slight camping outfit, embark on large, flat-bottomed dugouts that draw but little water, and

A feeble sprig of new growth like a tiny green parasol.

then are poled up the ditches for ten or twelve miles from the fertile farm lands of the outer world to the savagely luxuriant beauty of the lake. Then at the camp they spend a night or two, fishing in the lake, poling along its shores, doing a little shooting perhaps, much dancing in the evenings and merry-making, until they are poled out again, often by a different route. A real spring festival and one that has been a habit in that country for many years.

The botanists and ornithologists follow the merrymakers and dig and press and skin and mount the curious things the others had wondered at—a scientific post-mortem of the beauties of the swamp. They slip out by the ditches before the baking sun dries up those waterways and the long, hot summer comes in. Then the swamp lives its own life. The lake draws in from its shores; the feeder ditch runs very low, and the great black vultures, with their square fringed wings, sail lazily over its loneliness.

Those few persevering ones who do work their way into the swamp at that time of the year, who disregard the long, hot tramp along the bed of one of the ditches, where the mud and the water left from some shower make an oozy footway inexpressibly wearying, who brush aside the yellow flies and plunge through short cuts of interlaced vines and swamp weeds, tall and supple as bamboo and tougher; those few who have the desire of loneliness strong enough within them to attempt this will find their reward. Along the shores of the shrunken lake the old cypress stumps have risen to the surface, crowded thickly together, like an age-old abattis warning off landing parties. Great heaps of huge white logs and branches worn to smooth grayness and twisted into strange shapes by time and the water, lie tangled among and above the stumps, making the shore like the burial-ground of races of great antediluvian monsters. They are all shapes and sizes, these logs, all gray and very smooth. Here and there a cypress stump rises far above the water on long, stilt-like roots, so high indeed that the chimney swifts build their nests in its hollows. Sometimes from the square tops of one of these stumps there springs a feeble little sprig of new growth, its branches spreading out like a tiny green parasol. It is only in the whitened stumps around the lake that any memory is left of the great woods of those past times when that water was probably but a little pond, its present surface covered by the forest.

In this summer season the game retires into the deeper, cooler, wetter portions of the swamp; the dry, passable regions spread out their borders, and the swamp grows more penetrable. The remains of the old corduroy roads made in the active logging days, over which the mules dragged out to the ditches the logs cut far back in the woods, come up to the surface. Largely overgrown and half obliterated they still lead like the memory of pathways through the wilds of the swamp. Near these old tracks hunters now and then stumble on the remains of huts used years ago by runaway slaves, and even more lately, perhaps, by runaway criminals. No man can follow a bloodhound through the brake, so dogs are of little use in tracking fugitives, since the guards cannot keep up with them. When a slave reached the swamp he was safe, from men at least. And, besides hunting and fishing, there was for the runaways in the old times a safer, surer way of getting food. In those days of the middle century the logging and cutting of cypress shingles was done by the negroes who lived in huts along the outer edges of the swamp and were sent in to bring out so much wood or so many cypress shingles for a day's wage. The runaways did the work for the paid negroes, or even worked regularly in the gangs with them, and earned in return food, and powder and bullets, and occasionally money enough, it is said, to buy their own freedom. There are known cases where runaways lived thirty years or more in the swamp, depending chiefly, both for food and clothing, on the "coons," the most plentiful species of game in the wilderness. Even at this day criminals have escaped to the swamp, but starvation or the lack of ammunition has generally forced them out at last to recapture.

The old cypress stumps have risen to the surface.

Even in summer the water of Lake Drummond never loses its clear brown color and fresh coolness. There are one or two springs in the lake from which the water bubbles up with peculiar purity and possesses the property of keeping fresh for a long time. In old times the war ships sailing from Norfolk always filled their water casks before a long cruise with this juniper water from Lake Drummond.

The autumn brings with it coolness and rain, the ditches become navigable, the lake covers its dead shores, and the hunters float in comfortably in their flat boats to lie in wait for the game which comes out then from the deep inner haunts of the swamp to the waterways and open lands. Then it is that the little "hog" bears and the larger "cow" bears roam along the ditches and climb the cypress and gum trees along the lake shore. There are not so many now as in the prosperous hunting days of fifty years ago, but still enough are left to make it impossible to raise hogs in the clearings on the edge of the swamp. There are one or two little ponds hidden away in the depths of the wilderness, great haunts of wild fowl and well known to hunters, and there are deer, too, in the woods, but it is the wild cattle that give the best sport. The ancestors of these "reed fed" cattle, as they are called, strayed in from the fields and took up their abode in the swamp. The result is a race of small, active, wild cattle, whose meat is a delicious combination of wild and tame. It is impossible to track them through the canebrake, so the guides clear out a number of the old mule paths and the hunters wait along them for the game, which is stirred up by a dog, to cross. The fishing, too, in the lake, is good at times; then there is the bird shooting, duck, partridges, quail, not to speak of many more, for the naturalists report forty-two varieties of birds, game and otherwise, in this region. When the last of these outsiders has left, the swamp settles down to its own life again, and apart from the business canal, stays silent and undisturbed through all the cold season.

There is a chance that before many years the greater part of the swamp will be redeemed from its present wildness into civilized farm land. The hopes of those who are attempting to do this work rest on the fact that the surface of this wilderness is that of a slightly rolling country, the level varying three or four feet in places.

The beginning will be made in the fields along the main canal where farms already exist, and indeed have been cultivated for years, though civilization has spread but slowly from them. There are rumors of a western syndicate which is to buy a large tract with the definite endeavor to make peaceable, conventional agriculture profitable there, but it will be many years before the bear and wild cattle and moccasins disappear from their refuges and before the swamp's rare plants and birds that still draw botanists and ornithologists from all parts of the country, will be found only in museum show cases.

MARGINALIA

"LIMERICKS" BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE origin of the term *Limerick*, as applied to a certain form of five-line stanza, seems to be as yet undiscovered. A statement was recently made that this stanza is so-called because it was invented by Edward Lear, and that he was born in Limerick, Ireland.

But Mr. Lear was born in London, and furthermore, he emphatically disclaims the credit of having created the type, and says that it was suggested to him by a friend as a form of verse lending itself to a limitless variety of humorous rhymes. Another suggestion offered is that the first stanza of the kind referred to the town of Limerick. This can scarcely be true, for the type dates back many centuries, although the title is of comparatively recent application.

Another explanation, and possibly the true one, is that a witty Irishman of Limerick made this particular form of stanza popular in political squibs. But whatever the origin of the title, it has been rapidly and widely accepted and fills a positive want.

The earliest known examples of the stanza are found in Halliwell's collection of English Nursery Rhymes, among a large mass of jingling folk-lore, to which it is impossible to ascribe definite dates, but which was current about the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

The first line of these stanzas is usually a string of meaningless words which also forms a refrain at the last. A well-known one is:—

Diddledy, diddledy, dumpty!
The cat ran up the plum-tree;
Half a crown
To fetch her down,
Diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.

Another very ancient specimen is:—

Upon my word and honor,
As I was going to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honor.

But these lack the distinguishing trait of the modern Limerick, which is a first line stating the existence of a certain person in a definite place.

So far as may be verified, the oldest of these are also found among the "Mother Goose" rhymes, collected by Halliwell.

There was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived upon rice, gruel and sago;
Till, much to his bliss,
His physician said this:
"To a leg, sir, of mutton, you may go."

There was an old soldier of Bister,
Went walking one day with his sister;
When a cow, at one poke,
Tossed her into an oak,
Before the old gentleman missed her.

After these, the earliest Limerick of positive and authenticated date, is one current in an English public school in 1834:—

There was a young man of St. Kitts
Who was very much troubled with fits;
The eclipse of the moon
Threw him into a swoon,
When he tumbled and broke into bits.

In 1846 Edward Lear published his first collection of "Nonsense Rhymes," which, though not called Limericks, are all written in that form.

Aside from their first-rate nonsense, the distinguishing qualities of Mr. Lear's Limericks are their coined words and their rhymes to difficult geographical names:—

There was an Old Man of Aôsta,
Who possessed a large cow, but he lost her;
But they said, "Don't you see,
She has run up a tree,
You invidious Old Man of Aôsta?"

There was a Young Person of Crete,
Whose toilette was far from complete;
She dressed in a sack
Spickle-speckled with black,
That ombliferous Person of Crete.

There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!
Two Owls and a Hen, Four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard."

There was an Old Man of Apulia,
Whose conduct was very peculiar;
He fed twenty sons upon nothing but buns,
That whimsical Man of Apulia.

Lear's verses were followed, in 1864, by two books full of Limericks, which were privately published and sold for the benefit of the New York Fair in aid of the Sanitary Commission. A few of these rhymes are here given:—

There was a Young Lady of Lynn
Whose waist was so charmingly thin,
The dressmaker needed
A microscope, she did,
To fit this Young Lady of Lynn.

There was an Old Man who said, "How
Am I going to carry my cow?
For if I should ask it
To get in my basket,
'Twould make such a terrible row."

There was an Old Man who said, "Do
Tell me how I'm to add two and two.
I am not quite sure
That it doesn't make four,
But I fear that is almost too few."

Among English authors of Limericks may be mentioned the late Cosmo Monkhouse, who published a book of them, of which we subjoin two:—

There was an Old Person of Benin,
Whose clothes weren't fit to be seen in;
When told that he shouldn't,
He replied, "Gum-scrumrudent!"
A word of inscrutable meaning.

There once was an Old Man of Lyme
Who married three wives at a time.
When asked, "Why the third?"
He replied, "One's absurd,
And bigamy, sir, is a crime."

Walter Parke is responsible for the next.

There was a young man who was bitten
By twenty-two cats and a kitten;
Sighed he, "It is clear
My finish is near—
No matter; I'll die like a Briton."

There once was a baby of yore,
But no one knew what it was for;
And being afraid
It might be mislaid,
They put it away in a drawer.

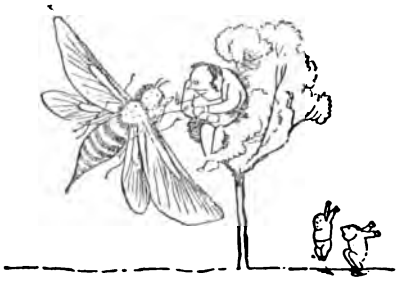
The only Limerick that Rudyard Kipling is known to have written is the oft-quoted:—

There was a small boy of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to his neck;
When asked, "Are you friz?"
He replied, "Yes, I is;
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

Another well-known one is W. S. Gilbert's "Nonsense-Rhyme in Blank Verse."

There was an Old Man of St. Bees
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp.
When asked, "Does it hurt?"
He replied, "No, it doesn't,
But I thought all the while 'twas a hornet."

This is said to have been inspired by Edward Lear's



There was an Old Man in a tree
Who was horribly bored by a bee;
When they said, "Does it buzz?"
He replied, "Yes, it does!
It's a regular brute of a Bee."

George du Maurier wrote many Limericks in French under the name of "Vers Nonsensiques."
Two of his follow:—

Il existe une espinstere a Tours
Un peu vite, et qui portait toujours
Un ulster peau-de-phoque,
Un chapeau bilicoque
Et des nicrebocquers en velours.

I am gai, I am poet, I dwell
Rupert Street, at the fifth. I am svell.
And I sing tralala
And I love my mamma,
And the English, I speaks him quite well!

In America the writers of Limericks are legion. Indeed, it would be easier to enumerate the non-composers of this classic stanza.
But among those acknowledged in print, we may quote:—

There was a Young Man of Cohoes,
Who wore tar on the end of his nose;
When asked why he done it,
He said for the fun it
Afforded the folks of Cohoes.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

There once were some learned M. D.'s,
Who captured some germs of disease,
And infected a train,
Which, without causing pain,
Allowed one to catch it with ease.

OLIVER HERFORD.

I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have ears than a nose;
And as for my hair,
I'm glad it's all there,
I'll be awfully sad when it goes.

GELETT BURGESS.

There was an old Cat named Macduff,
Who could joke till you cried "Hold! Enough!"
His wife and his child,
So persistently smiled,
That their cheeks got a permanent puff.

J. G. FRANCIS.

There was a brave knight of Lorraine,
Who hated to give people pain;
"I'll skeer 'em," he said,
"But I won't kill 'em dead."
The noble young knight of Lorraine.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

There's a lady in Kalamazoo
Who bites all her oysters in two;
For she feels a misgiving,
Should any be living,
They'd kick up a hullabaloo.

WILLIAM BELLAMY.

Many of the best and best-known Limericks are anonymous. All efforts seem unavailing to trace the authorship of the famous:—

There was a Young Lady of Niger,
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

Other anonymous gems are these:—

There was a Young Maid who said "Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
If I put my mind to it
I'm sure I can do it,
You never can tell till you try."

There was a young man so benighted,
He never knew when he was slighted;
And out at a party
Would eat just as hearty
As though he were really invited.

There was a young man of Ostend
Who vowed he'd hold out to the end,
But when halfway over
From Calais to Dover,
He done what he didn't intend—

There was an old man of Tarentum
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em,
When they asked him the cost
Of what he had lost,
He replied "I can't say, for I rent 'em."

When thatte Seynt George hadde slain ye Dragon,
He sate him downe forninst a flagon;
And wit ye wel
It soone befel
He had a bien pleasaunt jag on.

A favorite diversion of Limerick writers is to rhyme words (usually proper names) which are illogically pronounced.

Said a bad little youngster named Beauchamp:
"Those jelly-tarts how shall I reauchamp?
To my parents I'd go,
But they always say 'No,'
No matter how much I beseauchamp."

A very polite man named Hawarden
Went out to plant flowers in his gawarden.
If he trod on a slug,
A worm, or a bug,
He said: "My dear friend, I beg pawarden!"

There was a young fellow named Knollys,
Who was fond of a good game of kbollys;
He jumped and he ran,—
This clever young man—,
And often he took pleasant kstrollys.

A similar device is rhyming well-known abbreviations.

Oh, think of the hosts without no.,
Who are slain by the deadly cuco.,
It is a mistake,
Of such food to partake,
And it leads to an eternal slo.

There was a rich man in N. Y.,
The gayest who ever Dr. C.,
All manner of beasts
Were seen at his feasts,
But he never was known to Ch. P.

There was an old fellow of Me.,
Who was fond of the works of Hall Ce.,
With a wide, vacant smile,
He said, "They're good style;"
Alas! the poor man was inse.

Another side-issue in Limerick lore is the repetition of similar sounds.

There was a young man of Typhoo
Who wanted to catch the 2:02,
But his friend said. "Don't hurry
Or worry or flurry,
It's a minute or two to 2:02."

I venture to quote one or two of my own for the sake of Mr. Herford's delightful illustrations:—

A Tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot;
Said two to the Tutor,
"Is it harder to toot, or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

There once was a Happy Hyena
Who played on an old concertina;
He dressed very well,
And in his lapel
He carelessly stuck a verbena.

There once was a corpulent carp
Who wanted to play on a harp;
But to his chagrin
So short was his fin,
He couldn't reach up to C sharp.

A very grandiloquent goat
Sat down at a gay table d'hote,
He ate up the corks,
The knives and the forks,
Remarking, "On these things I dote."

"There's a train at 4:04," said Miss Jenny,
"Four tickets I'll take; have you any?"
Said the man at the door,
"Not four for 4:04,
For four for 4:04 is too many!"

And the end is not yet. Our witty poets, or rather our poetical wits, seem to approve of this vehicle, ~~and new and~~ superior Limericks are to be found in every fresh issue of our current periodicals.

WHAT MAW SAYS

By SAM S. STINSON

Maw says I'll never 'mount to much,
An' gen'rally maw's right.
I never seem to git in touch
With things, jest like I might.
Maw says to me the other day:
(Maw's sixty—in her prime)
"What makes you fool your time away
A-fishin' all the time?"

Maw says to me: "How old be you?"
I sorter hung my head.
You know I'm nearly forty-two,
An' Maw knows, too. She's fed
An' clothed me now for quite a spell.
I never earned a dime.
A feller can't do nothin' well,
A-fishin' all the time.

Some day I'm goin' to go to work,
An' make a lot o' money.
Well, say, you needn't smile an' smirk;
It ain't so gol derned funny.
Worse folks than me has made their pile,
An' loafin' ain't no crime,
An' when I'm rich I'll rest awhile,
An' fish the whole derned time.

THE RULES OF THE GAME

By MacGREGOR JENKINS

THE Princess lay under the apple-tree in the garden. Her eyes and her little mouth were closed with a fine determination which allowed no suspicion of "peeking."

At her side reposed the conventional dragon, and he looked as much like a dragon as a well bred bull-terrier could.

The white petals of the apple blossoms sifted down through the branches and an oriole sang somewhere in the blue distance. The hard lumps in the mossy ground began to cut into the back and shoulders of the Princess, but still she lay in the rigid make-believe of the game.

There was a scraping of boyish boot-heels on the stone wall and the dragon barked. The eyes of the Princess closed tighter as the Prince approached with wooden sword, in hand. With a yell he rushed upon the dragon, who, in violence to all accepted tradition of romance, fled, and the Princess opened her eyes.

Horrors! It wasn't a Prince at all. Only that freckled Perkins boy from over the way. There was a moment of wild panic, and then, with an utter disregard of royal decorum, she followed the dragon.

Precipitantly and fiercely, she fled, with an indignant flash in her eye, and scorn upon her lips. Through the long grass, down the meadow, across the stone wall, with eager eyes fixed on the coolness and seclusion of the woods and swamp beyond. The wall was high and very rough, but over she went, only to hear the fearful sound of her pursuer following.

She dove headlong into the woods and the brambles caught her dress and scratched her hands. On she went until her strength began to fail her. In desperation she called back "It isn't fair to chase. You are supposed to be dead, eaten up by the drag-o-o-n," and then headlong she floundered into the dark ooze of the swamp. She did not struggle now, she was too spent. It was wet and cool and dark, and her one defiant thought was "Oh! I hope I'm drowned."

Then she began to move, heels first, face down, and she felt sturdy young hands tugging at her skirts and ankles, and the dragon whined as he helped at the rescue.

Oh, dear, now it was all spoiled, the game was ruined and the happy afternoon was to end in an inglorious and bedraggled homecoming.

With as much dignity as she could muster she strode toward the house, the Prince and the dragon following.

She stamped up to the door and slammed it after her.

The Princess sat and watched the maid as she packed the trunks. How well she did it, but, oh, how slowly! The little French clock on the mantel struck noon, and there was lunch to be eaten, and the train went at two.

It was spring, and the Princess had suddenly decided to go to the country. She hated the town in June anyway, She hated almost everything this morning, and she thought if she could get away from every one she knew she could be happy. Things had all happened badly of late, and there must be rest and peace somewhere in the green country.

The carriage rattled through the hot streets and in the rush and the roar of noisy downtown the Princess felt a catch in her breath and a quickening pulse. It was exciting doing things suddenly just because one wanted to.

They were late, and as she breathlessly followed a porter to the train, dimly remembered words formed upon her lips: "It isn't fair to chase. You are supposed to be dead—eaten up by the dragon."

The Perkins boy bad grown into a man with traces of freckles.

He lead a very matter-of-fact existence on the fourteenth story of an office building, and had quite forgotten where he last laid his wooden sword. To-day he turned his chair to the window and watched the boats in the harbor. It was noon, and the air outside was rent with the screaming whistles of the city, but all he was conscious of were the little white clouds of steam floating over the buildings.

He held in his hand a little note on blue paper written in a firm, black hand. She was to be "away indefinitely, and they were not to meet again."

Only two days before life had been remade for him, and he had received a faltering promise of hope. But it was evidently a blunder.

He felt dull and numb and wanted to smoke. Then he looked at his watch, twice started to raise the telephone from his desk and twice withdrew his hand.

Leaving his office he walked mechanically through the crowded streets, out into the avenue and turned uptown. Hot and tired he reached the park. He sought out a lonely bench and, throwing himself on it, evasively lit a cigarette. As the flame of the match dwindled and died out he smiled and said, half-aloud, "I wonder if it is fair to chase."

The Princess thought she was happy. The weather was ideal, the country was beautiful, and there were many miles between herself and the chance of future trouble.

The book was half-read and lay neglected by her side, the book was a dull book, and after two days she was compelled to admit that it was a dull place. It would be fun to have someone to talk to. Then she flushed with indignation at a miserable, weak, cowardly thought that crept into her head.

There was a sound of wheels in the roadway and some one jumped over a stone wall, and was coming through the long grass. She shut her eyes still tighter; whoever it was would discover their mistake and leave her. But some one did not—on the contrary, some one was very close to her when she looked up. She was too indignant to speak and too surprised to move. He sat down beside her and threw his hat on the ground at her feet.

"Where is the dragon?' he asked.

"Dead," she answered with monosyllabic intensity.

There was a long pause while he filled his pipe and picked up the book.

"Shall I begin where you left off?"he asked.

"No," she answered, "let's begin it all over again."

He stretched himself comfortably on the warm grass.

"Do you think it's fair to chase?" she asked.

"Do you think it's fair to run away?" he questioned and began at Chapter I. to read aloud.

The eyes of the Princess closed tighter.

MEN, WOMEN

ONE pleasant day in the year 1920, just as the leaves of the summer novels were turning, I strolled out of the city along a pleasant road, on either side of which were withered billboards bearing the remains of the posters of last year's dramatized novels. I had an appointment to meet the Great American Novel at the next turn of the road (the Great American Novel is always at the next turn of the road), and I sang blithely as I strode along, for I believed it would be one of my own children. When I had passed some miles of the billboards I came upon a gate over which was an arch bearing the words "The Literary Cemetery," and looking in I saw a quaint old man busily scraping the moss from one of the many headstones. As I paused he looked up and shaking his head sadly he said, "So many die young."

"Die young?" I queried, "What die young?"

"The novels," he answered, mournfully. "Nearly all of them. See," he added, pointing out one stone after another, and I read the sad words "Died in its first edition," "Died at birth," and "Died in its first thousand," repeated again and again.

"I have grown old in this work," continued the old man, "I used to be a second-hand book dealer, and I was official undertaker to the novel publishers, but one day I came out here and scraped the moss from one of these stones, and my tender heart bled that these poor books should be so soon forgotten, and I have done my best to keep their memory clear."

"And your name?" I asked.

"They called me Old Mortality of the Novels," he muttered, and then, "Come," he said, "I will show you my treasures."

I followed him past row after row of graves of books that had died of inanition, dislocation of the plot, style-ache, over-padding and other infant maladies, and at length he paused before a stone on which he rested his hand lovingly.

"He was an old friend," he said, "I sold hundreds of him to young maidens."

I knelt down before the stone, and although the letters had been rendered somewhat illegible by time's ravages, I made out the following:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN MACKLIN.

Peace, matinee girls, dry your flowing tears,
Silence your sighs, and banish all your fears;
Beneath this stone, 'tis true, your hero lies,
But from the tomb in triumph he will rise,
And, by some other name, will win fresh glory
When K. H. Davis writes his next new story.

"I love to look on that stone," said Old Mortality, "because he lived many editions. I knew him in all his lives. When he was a lad he used to come into my book shop and tell me about the doings on Park Row. We called him Gallagher then. But I knew the kind of man he would be! And he will appear again! You cannot keep a good charac-

AND BOOKS

ter down. Ask Dr. Doyle about *Sherlock Holmes*. Ask W. D. Howells about—but come!" he said.

He led me past the graves of many more early demised books, and stopped where a railing of iron fenced off a bit of ground.

"It is a family plot," he said. "Some people call it a lot, but I like to call it a plot, because they deserve a plot. They had none in life to speak of, poor things!"

One stone did duty for all, and I noticed that Old Mortality had taken especial care to keep it free from lichens. I read as follows:

IN MEMORIAM. THE KENTONS.

Here lies a family which day by day
Did nothing much in a most charming way.
Their bodies rest beneath this waving grass;
Their souls, we trust, have gone to Boston, Mass.

"Why Boston, Mass.?" I asked him.

"I do not know," Old Mortality replied, "unless it was necessary to make a rhyme. You wouldn't have said 'blue mass.' would you? I have often thought they might have omitted the 'Boston' as well as not. 'Their souls, we trust, have gone to mass' would make sense. I should have put 'heaven' myself, and I once thought of changing it so, but I could think of no good rhyme. And, by the way," he said, with more life than he had yet shown, "do you notice that I have let the grass grow long here? That is realism. The epitaph says, 'Beneath this waving grass,' you see. But come!"

Again he led me, and we paused before a stone on which was carved:—

HIC JACET MARNA

My poor little wife.
The confession habit ended her life;
She confessed her sins and confessed mine, too;
In fact, she confessed whatever she knew,
But she dared not confess her author's name
And she kept it secret until there came
A time when the secret with which she was loaded
Was bound to come out, and so she exploded.

"It was a sad death," said Old Mortality, and some of the pieces were never found. But she was always sorely tried. Her husband used morphia. It was worse than the Sunday Magazine Supplement habit. He began when he was in South America, by taking an injection every time there was a revolutionary war and he was soon taking an injection every hour. Ah! those South American revolutions! What crimes are committed in their name! But what greater crimes our own revolution has been responsible for. Look!" he said, and leading me to the top of a small knoll he pointed out a small valley filled with thousands of grave stones. "All historical novels based on the American revolution," he said, "and Washington is in every one of them. But come! I will show you the longest-lived of them." The stone he pointed out bore this epitaph:—

Here Richard Carvel rests from Strife
After a much-editioned life;
A Crisis checked his long career
And death soon laid him on his bier;
The malady that quenched his light is
Too-much-historic-novel-itis.

"It was a virulent disease," said Old Mortality, "and was an outgrowth of historic-novel-write-osis. At the beginning of this

century men, women and children had the latter disease, and historic novels became so numerous that we used them for paving blocks. People who never wrote before wrote historic novels, and dialect writers, negro minstrels, advertisement writers and bookkeepers, all turned to it. According to authentic statistics, George Washington appeared in 7,642 historic novels; Lincoln in 897; Jefferson in 54, and Mother Goose in 1. I," he said proudly, "wrote one myself. It had all our public characters in it, from Christopher Columbus to President Roosevelt. The slain were 98,642. It should have sold well, for it was very bloody, and the female characters were properly insipid, but it did not go. It is buried over there."

He stood a moment, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, and then he turned and led the way to a double grave. "This," he said, "is one of my favorite epitaphs; the sentiment is so soulful."

I read as follows:—

Here, side by side, the Two Van Revels lie
Where one alone had lied.
As gentlemen of Indiana vie
In love, these rivals vied.

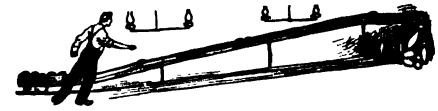
Both were great beaux, all other beaux above,
And it was strange to see
One beau in reckless manner making love
And one Beaucairefully.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

WHILE "A Daughter of Raasay," by William MacLeod Raine, was running as a serial in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* its author took a flying visit to the Pacific coast. The inevitable reporter found him out of course, and had difficulties over the title of the story. In Seattle the *Post-Intelligencer* had the title "A Daughter of Roasay." The Tacoma *Ledger* went them one better and printed it "A Daughter of Roosay." At Portland the printer set it up, "A Daughter of Rooney." It seemed hardly worth while fighting against such impossible odds. When a San Francisco reporter called on him, Mr. Raine joined the procession and gave the name as "Rooney's Gurrl," and explained with some particularity that the story was after the manner of the Dooley dialogues.

Collectors of old china, whose numbers, as well as those of the old curiosity shops, are daily increasing, will be interested in a book of old china by Mrs. N. Hudson Moore, which is to appear very soon.

Mrs. Moore is well known to collectors and lovers of old china through her numerous magazine articles, but in this book she treats her subject more exhaustively than ever before. The recent notable increase in the prices of the old wares, an increase which has unfortunately kept pace with that of the number of collectors, makes this book interesting to any one who possesses any old china as well as to those who search for it. There will be one hundred and fifty reproductions of famous examples of Staffordshire, Wedgwood, Leicester and other English pottery and porcelain.



It is long since the Boer war has lost its interest for the public at large, but the story of a hero has an eternal interest quite independent of the conditions under which he lives. This it is which marks out Gen. Christian deWet's "History of the Three Years' War" as the one permanent memorial of the useless struggle in South Africa.

The early history of every nation which has risen to greatness holds some such heroic figure as deWet, and about him gathers, as is even now gathering in South Africa, a cloud of heroic legend. The feats of deWet need no legendary setting. His straightforward soldier's narrative is as effective as an epic. Read of him leading a band of his demoralized people, 2,000 of them, including boys and women, with 60,000 English troops forming the net which Kitchener was spreading round about him. "A whole army lay before us," he said; "An army so immense that many Englishmen thought it would be a task beyond the stupid, illiterate Boer to count it, much less to understand its significance. I will pander to the English conception of us, and say we have seen them, and they are a great big lot." Yet he escaped, fought when he could, ran when he must, and surrendered with a reputation such as comes very rarely to a beaten commander. It is not too much to say that the continent of Africa has never in its history put forward such another man.

"OPENED BY MISTAKE"

RAHWAY, N. J., Jan. 7, 1903.

MY DEAR MISS DASKAM:—

Honestly, now—as one woman to another—who wrote those stories in your new book "Whom the Gods Destroyed"? To be sure, they are published over your name, but you know and I know that you couldn't have written them, for your sense of humor never could have lain dormant long enough for you to get off that series of graveyard gurgles. To read all the stories at one sitting, as I have just done, leaves me with a feeling that I have assisted at a wild orgy of Death and Drunkenness.

Now this is distinctly the opposite of the sunny, funny, mental pictures which any mention of your name has hitherto brought to my mind. When I think of the Imp and the Vicar, when I remember Philip and Aurelia, my Sherlockian perspicacity refuses to believe that the same mind created Harriet Brooks and Philippa Cooley.

But, of course, as a fellow-scribbler, I realize the mad desire you felt to write grown-up stories; I know the ghost-story obsession that is not satisfied with juvenile themes, however perfectly they may be worked out. And, indeed, one has only to read one of your unparsable Henry Jamesisms like this:—

"As the brisk March wind swept across the corner just in front of him, he meanwhile settling his glossy hat more firmly on a fine, close-clipped gray head, a sudden, kindly impulse, not entirely unusual with him, sent him bending to his knee to pick up the fugitive slip of white, scribbled foolscap that fluttered by him, hotly pursued by a slender young man."

—to realize that you have read Browning and believe that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp."

But, my dear Miss Daskam, you must remember that not only your readers, but your own early creations, have rights which you are bound to respect.

What would the Vicar think of Sarah Storrs? And what interest would the imp take in your Tipsy Pianist?

Oh, pray, Miss Daskam, heed the advice of your envious but admiring contemporary, and when your gods must make their victims mad, let it be with the madness of a Philip; if you must feature sashes, let them be like the delightful sash of the Lieutenant, which was forever coming untied and trailing after him, and not like the ghostly sash of the Maid of the Mill.

And with best wishes for your continued success, social, popular and financial,

I am yours very truly,

CAROLYN WELLS.

P. S.—If you decide not to suppress "Whom the Gods Destroyed," couldn't you bring out a new edition with Fan Cory's pictures? I know of no other way to lighten its gloom. But perhaps a sight of Harriet Blake in a short, beruffled dancing costume, with a big bow sidewise a-top of her curls, or the Bayard of Broadway in a belted blouse and kilt, and huge white silk necktie, *might* enable us to take a more cheerful view of the doleful victims of your destructive gods.

C. W.

TO MISS JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

RAHWAY, N. J., Jan. 7, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. BARRIE:—

I suppose you think now that you have bestowed "The Little White Bird" upon the reading public, that you have done a very creditable thing.

But there is no accounting for tastes, and even though I must, in honesty, admit that *I* think it the best piece of fiction ever written, you must not feel unduly puffed up, for many there be who denounce it. To be sure my judgment is sound and well-trained, and my opinion carries weight among the intellectual circles in which I move; also one Mr. Mabie has expressed himself in accord with me on this subject, and that in more fitting terms than I am master of, yet you must remember, Mr. Barrie, that others, who think their ideas quite worth while, call your book "vague" and "queer." Of course, these minds cannot discern the consummate humor and exquisite pathos that run through the book in such fine strains that one might deem them introduced by hypodermic aid. But this lack of discernment is not the fault of the said minds. Doubtless they are also too obtuse to appreciate the fancy and imagery that throw me into a deep, dumb ecstasy as I read. But one may not blame a man for being born blind.

A great New York daily remarks, among other sapient and perspicacious statements, that your book is "a formless and sickly-sweet production."

Ha, ha! Mr. Barrie, how do you like that? Are you now quite so proud of those cleverly-turned phrases of yours, phrases which have been so carefully polished that not a trace of the pumice-stone remains in their delicate chasing? Are you now chuckling quite so heartily over those splendid jokes adroitly tucked away in long paragraphs of straight-faced description?

And, sir, though in print you modestly refrain from pluming yourself on your repeated achievements, yet you cannot fool your experienced readers. Quite palpable to us is your satisfied smile as you triumphantly clutch at the word which expresses the exact shade of meaning you desire, and which you have been stalking for a day and a half. Easily seen between the lines is the delight you take in a fairy fancy worthy the creator of "Oberon," or a nonsense idea that I might have invented myself.

Ah, laugh while you may, Mr. Barrie, but remember that, though better judges are better pleased, yet there be some lackwits who cannot get head or tail to your "Little White Bird."

Respectfully yours,

CAROLYN WELLS.

TO JAMES M. BARRIE, ESQ.

Mr. James L. Ford, who, according to one critic, is an author who has raised literature to the dignity of a sport, was a working journalist for many years, and first burst forth upon the amused literary world with his delightful satire "The Literary Shop." This was quite successful, although it only appealed to a small class, and the first edition was soon exhausted. Then the publishers of the book failed, and as most other publishers were unwilling to handle the book since it made fun either of themselves or of their friends, three of Mr. Ford's friends purchased the plates. They published the book under the imprint of the Chelsea Company, and it has run through several new editions. Every year the three friends make Mr. Ford give them a sumptuous dinner out of his royalties, in return for rescuing the plates.

James L. Ford.

During last year Mr. Ford, besides writing a great many short articles, brought out three books, "The Story of Du Barry," "Mrs. Leslie Carter in David Belasco's Du Barry," and a poetical year book which he edited with his sister.

Samuel Harden Church, author of "Penruddock of the White Lambs," was at one time a colonel on the staff of Governor Hoadley of Ohio, and was presented with a sword for his conduct in handling troops in the riots of 1884. He is secretary of the Pennsylvania Railway lines west of Pittsburg, and also secretary of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg. "Penruddock," his new novel, is of the Cromwell period, for its author's "Oliver Cromwell, a History," made him, perhaps, the foremost authority in America on that particular time. Mr. Church has adopted the somewhat original plan of printing a list of his characters in the front of the book, with a foot-note to show which ones are historical and which are fiction. Out of the seventy-five characters fifty are historical. This proportion of two-thirds history and one-third fiction is rather higher than is usual in novels of this sort. The reader who can now tell exactly how much of a dose of history he is getting with his fiction will doubtless approve of this most commendable frankness on the part of the author.

"Penruddock."

When an author writes eight books a year, apologies are in order. Miss Carolyn Wells suggests that her eight for 1902 were not altogether her own fault. "One of them, the 'Anthology of Nonsense,' I have been working on for five years," she writes, "and it just chanced to come to a finish this year. As the time really seemed ripe for a burlesque historical novel, I wrote 'Abeniki Caldwell.' 'Folly in the Forest' was inevitable as a sequel to my other 'Folly' book, and the 'Pete and Polly Stories' I wrote because I loved to. 'Eight Girls and a Dog' is an enlarged version of the story I had in *St. Nicholas*, and 'A Phenomenal Fauna' is due to the fact that Mr. Herford and I have to make a book together about once in so often. 'Children of Our Town' just happened because the publisher had some verseless pictures which he wanted to make into a book, and except for 'Trotty's Trip,' a small juvenile, that is all I have written for this year's book list, and you must admit it was a temptation to write when I was promised illustrations by such illustrious illustrators. Of course, I don't spend much of my time writing books."

This speaks reasonably well for Miss Wells' industry. The more as she confesses also to a play, a light opera libretto, puzzles, advertisements, children's work and book reviews. It is fair to add that the sales of the books proves that the public accepts her apology.

The Chain Fern.

"The Fern Collector's Guide," by Willard Nelson Clute, the author of "Our Ferns," is a new and ideal field book for all

William Henry Carson.

lovers of ferns. The idea of the book is to show any one how to identify the ferns that he comes across in his walks and to teach in the easiest and simplest way, the names and distinctive qualities of the different kind of ferns. There is a special chapter on collecting and preserving specimens, and besides a check list of species with blank pages for notes to be made by the student or collector. But best of all, the author offers to help his readers by naming for them any specimens of ferns which they cannot identify, provided they will send him the fern for the purpose. This is rather a novel idea in hand books of this kind and decidedly enlarges the labors of an author.

Miss Chapin's work, good as it sometimes is, holds rather more promise than fulfillment at present.

Frederic H. Isham.

One successful story is in these days generally the prophet of another by the same author and in the same year. Frederic H. Isham, who wrote "The Strollers," published last spring, is ready with another novel now, called "Under the Rose," to be published before very long. If this is successful, too, it will probably be only the beginning of a series, for as one good book makes a man write another, so two make the wisest man a confirmed novelist. The second book is almost as critical a point in a literary career as the first.

The local color in William Henry Carson's new novel, "Tito," should be of the most genuine and unfadable kind. The scene of the book is laid principally in the valley of the Arno. The author went there to live for a time, and one day while strolling along a country road met a small Italian boy, just the model he wanted for the hero of his story. Mr. Carson became great friends with the boy, who proved to be wildly anxious to go to Florence to study art. The two finally went to Florence together on a mutual agreement, by which the boy studied art, while Mr. Carson studied the boy. The result, as far as Mr. Carson is concerned, is "Tito."

Anna Alice Chapin.

From telling for young people the stories of the heroes and heroines of Wagner's operas, to writing short stories of the tense and rather problematical kind, is a decided variation in a literary career. Miss Anna Alice Chapin, whose volume of short stories, called "Discords," has just been published, first made her name known by her Wagner stories for children. "Discords," which is most elaborately gotten up by the Pelham Press, is not exactly adapted for children. The title aptly describes the stories.

Some years ago, while Ismail Pasha was Viceroy of Egypt for his holiness the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, Mr. Henry Haynie, author of "Paris, Past and Present," was offered a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the Egyptian army. The Khedive was preparing to send an army into Abyssinia, or in that direction, to punish King John for some fancied wrong, and he wanted additional white officers to lead his dusky troops. So a trusted agent was sent to Paris and to London to engage a dozen men who had had military experience, and Captain Haynie was one of those then chosen. He stipulated, however, that he should be permitted to return to America to settle some business affairs before proceeding to Cairo.

On his arrival at New York, the news of that day was the suspension of the Bank of California and the collapse of the Khedive, so announced. The first event interested him not the least; but the second, as it indicated that Ismail Pasha had lost all his vast fortune and was insecure on his throne, was of the highest importance to Mr. Haynie. He at once cabled to the Chief of Staff at Cairo asking whether he should start, and the answer was "Wait for letter."

In that letter he was told that things looked very bad in Egypt, and was advised not to come. He followed this advice, and kept out of the Egyptian service. Soon afterward the Khedive, having recovered somewhat from his financial distress, sent an army to meet King John's army. The Abyssinians fell back, and the Egyptian force was drawn into a great ravine and thousands of Ismail's soldiers were massacred. Every white officer, save one, of those who were engaged with Mr. Haynie—Americans, English and French—perished in that battle. In all probability, if the distinguished author of "Paris" had not come to America on private business, his bones would now be bleaching on the burning sands of Northern Abyssinia. After that terrible event Mr. Haynie lived in Paris for about twenty years, and although he was twice in Africa he did not see Egypt until February of last year.

Authors who began their career as printers are rare nowadays, but there are still a few of them, even among the successful ones who are capable of turning their MSS. into proof. Harry Leon Wilson, the author of "The Spenders," entered the literary world through the pressroom of his father's paper, a country journal, published in a little town in Illinois.

"On Wednesday afternoon," he says, "when the paper went to press, I used to be allowed to stay out of school to ink the forms. Sitting on a high stool back of the old Franklin hand-press, I would run the big roller over the forms after each impression. It was my pride on those occasions to bedaub myself copiously with ink, so that I might feel mysef somewhere near the level of the office 'devil.' If I became weary of the task before the edition was run off, the conscienceless printer at work on the other side of the press would beguile me into zest by announcing that the cast iron eagle perched over the press would flap his wings and scream three times when we reached the last paper. This interesting phenomenon occurred several times, I was assured, but only at periods when I had incautiously gone into the composing-room for a drink of water.

"As a very small boy, I was also permitted to perch at a case and 'set up quads.' When I was old enough I was taught to set 'real type' in the summer vacations. One day I set a whole column of long primer, which, in view of my youth and inexperience, was considered to be an achievement worthy of public mention in the paper's own columns.

"Our country contemporaries thereupon quoted our mention of the feat favorably, and predicted a brilliant future for me. It was hinted that with perseverance, I might become one of the swiftest compositors in the craft."

Roy Rolfe Gilson.

Stories about children written for the reading of their parents seem to have taken the place of stories about parents made for the reading of their children. The first child stories were about grown-ups or else about children eminently satisfactory from a grown-up point of view. Then came the boy's book for boys and the girl's book for girls and now this last development of the book about children written entirely for the parent. Kenneth Graham and Roy Rolfe Gilson in particular, have carried this gentle art of interpreting children to their elders to an excellence that makes their work a perpetual delight. Mr. Gilson, in his book of short stories, "In the Morning Glow," as in his story "A Princess Listens," in this number of the magazine, has shown a finish and delicacy of work and a combination of graceful sentiment with a saving touch of humor that gives his work a very high and permanent place.

Boston clings fast to the memory of her literary supremacy and her publishers are gathering comfort from the fact that the town is still the publishing center for juveniles. Seventy-five new books for boys and girls were sent out last year from Boston to the youth of the rest of the country. But these writers of books prefer to write for their own contemporaries if they can, and one of the best known of those who makes girls' books, Anna Chapin Ray, is testing the older public this year most successfully with a novel, "The Dormant Strain."

When W. D. Orcutt's volume of fairy stories, "The Princess Kallisto," was being planned for the printer, it was decided to put the decorations and illustrations in black and white. One Sunday morning the author's eldest son, aged eight, got hold of the proofs and with the help of his private paint box colored the pages of the first story. The effect was so good and the fact that the child felt the lack of color so striking, that the scheme of the book was changed and the illustrations done in color, with excellent results.

N. C. GOODWIN.

American Stage Series.

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CHILDREN OF LABOR

By WILLIAM S. WAUDBY
Special Agent U. S. Department of Labor

THERE are about seventeen hundred and fifty thousand children between the ages of ten and fifteen years employed in the mines and factories of the United States. These true figures form as serious a menace to our political future as any which exists. The following article is certainly reliable, and quite as dispassionate as it is well to be in the face of conditions which may properly be called appalling. Photographs are convincing evidence. Those on the following pages were secured in spite of systematic opposition by the employers of child labor.—The Editors.

IN the face of such material prosperity as surrounds us, with matters weighty and trivial engrossing the attention of the framers of our laws, with the omnipresent problem of immigration restriction always before us, with innumerable strikes and rumors of strikes ever fanning the flame of public sentiment, we are yet confronted with a problem that is practically lying dormant in our minds, the subject of child labor. How many workingmen, especially those belonging to trades unions and labor organizations, are giving any thought to this matter? Are the members of society at large doing their duty to their fellowmen in regard to it? Do they realize its effects, for good or evil?

The alarming rapidity of the increase of this traffic in human flesh and blood has been so insidious as to have, like the rising tide of the sea, engulfed us before we discovered it. Child labor of the past and child labor of the present are two different problems. In the first instance the child was not considered as a "wage-earner," but was sent into the mills, the mines, and the factories *for the purpose of learning a trade.* Nowadays he is sent into these hives of industry to become an integral part of a machine, and as such is looked upon with no personal regard whatever. His employer has no interest in his welfare beyond what his productive capacity will bring forth.

I do not wish to appear an alarmist upon this subject, but my observations in the so-called factory towns, as well as in all the cities in the country, induce me to call the attention of the workingmen to the evils which will arise from the homicidal step that they are taking in forcing their immature children into the labor market. Undoubtedly the workingmen are largely at fault in this matter. They not only permit, but insist that their boys and girls should leave the public schools to go to work. They are thus not only perpetrating a crime against these infants, but they are imperilling the safety of the republic by stunting the mental growth of their children and foisting upon the community a large class of illiterates.

Under modern conditions these children become the employees of a great corporation at an early age, and their

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whole environment is that of one particular class. They derive their sustenance from the mill or factory, and in turn, as consumers, they are fed by the corporation. Finally they are buried in a hospitable corporation graveyard.

The factories, the mines, the workshops, and the great mercantile establishments of our country, teem with the labor of children. Some of them are of the age required by the laws of the State, but innumerable thousands are much below the limit these statutory laws provide for, and far, far below the limit which the laws of nature demand. There are few branches of our great industrial life which are not overcrowded with child labor. During the year 1890 there was a total of eight hundred and sixty thousand seven hundred and eighty-six children between the ages of ten and fifteen years at work in various gainful occupations in the United States. Alarming as these figures appear, I have been informed by Mr. William C. Hunt, chief statistician for population, that the report of the census office for the year 1900, when issued, will show that for the mainland of the United States, excluding Alaska and Hawaii, there were, approximately, *one million seven hundred and fifty thousand* persons from ten to fifteen years of age, inclusive, reported as engaged in gainful occupations. It will be well to inquire what has brought about this state of affairs. Are these children employed from the actual necessities of their parents, or as practical necessities upon the part of their employers in order to successfully conduct their business operations upon a profit-making basis?

A question of wages.

The introduction of so-called "labor-saving" machinery is to a certain extent responsible for much of this kindergarten labor. The whirring, buzzing, clanging, noisy machine which brings so many luxuries to the rich and comforts to the poor, has also played its part in this exploitation of labor. In the cotton and woolen mills there appears to be real need for labor of this character, and such legislation has prevailed in the New England States to curtail and minimize the evils that would surround these immature bodies and minds. But for all this there is a constant increase in the employment of children, for which the parent is to be censured. Instances are cited wherein the employment of the father and mother depended entirely upon the number of working children contained in the family circle. Cases of this character relieve the parent from the responsibility, but cast it upon the employer. A weaver made application for work, and was refused for the reason that he was a single man.

The next applicant was a man with a wife and five children—*and they were all employed at once!* They were valuable to the employer from the fact that the entire family were workers *as well as consumers.*

Much has been written of the factories in the Southern States, but authentic statistics of the government show that the State of Pennsylvania alone has many more of these little workers employed than have the combined Southern States. The data show specifically the States which are pushing this sort of material into their industrial and mechanical life. Hundreds of thousands of little children are being defrauded of their American heritage—the right to a liberal education—by being compelled to work in the mills, the mines and the workshops, thus being stunted in body as well as in mind! Had not the trades unions and the various bodies of organized labor filed their protests years ago, and followed this up with legislative interference, this number would have been at least doubled. It now becomes the duty of each parent to see that there shall be no further increase in this class of laborers.

I have seen parents in the mercantile and factory inspectors' offices (in cities that have these officers), and listened to the varied excuses made by them for putting their little ones at work—and it is almost beyond comprehension how deliberately they will lie as to the ages of their offspring in order to bring them within the prescribed age-limit of the State. When the inspectors are incompetent, or at least lax in the enforcement of the laws, there is no difficulty in the filling of men's places with these little boys and girls in the factories and workshops at starvation wages, which is the prevailing rate of pay for child

The "breaker-boy" makes the most of what sunshine he has.

Large numbers of little boys are employed in the coaling docks to clean the coal by picking the slate from the coal. This method is cheaper than the introduction of coal washing machinery.

labor. It is not necessary to quote statistics to prove the steady growth of this class of labor. Especially are the lately-landed immigrants and foreign-born citizens promoters of this infant industry. Each workable child is valued at so many dollars per head—just like any other live stock—their entire value being based upon the wage-earning capacity of the child.

There is little or no uniformity in the laws of the several States relative to child labor—what is legal in one State being quite the reverse in the next. Children under the age of fourteen years are forbidden by statutory enactment to work in the factories, mills, mines or mercantile establishments of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota and Missouri. Several States have restrictions which cover the mining industries only—Arkansas, Idaho, Montana, Utah and Washington prohibit those under fourteen years from this kind of work. Kansas prohibits children under twelve or sixteen years who cannot read nor write from mine working. Iowa, Missouri and West Virginia prohibit boys under twelve years from being so employed, while Alabama tags along with an act which prohibits "Children under ten years from working in mines."

The age-limit is minimized at thirteen years in the factories and mills of Pennsylvania. In the coal mines they have two limitations for some unexplained reason—in the bituminous mining regions they may work at the age of fourteen; in the anthracite region the law allows a boy to work in the breakers at the age of twelve; and at the age of fourteen he is permitted to drive mules, and open and close the doors in the dark labyrinths of the mine. To the intelligent observer it must appear that these children are either very small for their age, or else there has been a gross mistake in the enumeration of many of them. The rumor is current in these great anthracite valleys that the parents are in the habit of swearing falsely about their children's ages in order to get them employment, and to prove this I have the unsolicited testimony of a number of miners and mine workers that "they went to work in the mines at the age of from seven to nine years."

Large numbers of these little boys are employed in the roaring dirty coal breakers picking the slate from the coal—and yet this labor could be largely dispensed with through the introduction of the automatic slate-pickers, should the coal-operators see fit. A few of these slate-pickers are in successful operation, so that it is not a matter of experiment. It may be possible that the flesh and blood machines are *cheaper* than the automatic ones, and are so held by the coal operators, which would account for their limited use. No greater good could result from machinery than if it were to be used for the emancipation of these little wage-slaves, who are made to feel the pangs of poverty and the hardships of life in their most acute forms and become hardened to their condition with stolid indifference. There are many night schools provided by the school boards in the region, but they are slimly patronized, for a boy who has been whacking mules all day, or listening to the sullen roar of the endless breaker, is far too tired in body and mind to attempt study at night. He must sleep in order to furnish the necessary power to enable him to attend to his next day's toil. It is no pleasant sight to witness these little chaps on their way to work at five or six o'clock in the morning, some of them having to walk several miles before reaching the breaker, in all sorts of weather, there to continue for a full ten hours' daily toil. Truly, *breaker* is a well chosen name, for these boys are well "broken." And yet their employers have the hardihood to claim that "these boys are happy and well-paid," drawing five cents per hour for their daily wage! Surely they would be far happier at school, with their fathers drawing a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. According to the report of the superintendent of the Pennsylvania bureau of mines, for 1900, there were employed in and at the anthracite coal mines, boy workers, as follows: Slate-pickers, 20,698; drivers and runners, 10,177; doorboys and helpers, 3,128—an aggregate of 34,003

in this industry alone. The testimony of Mr. E. E. Loomis, superintendent of the coal mining department of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company, in the report to President Roosevelt on the Anthracite Coal Strike, submitted by the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, was quite explicit when he stated that "Breaker boys at the coal mines received from five to ten cents an hour; the majority about eight cents an hour—these boys are from twelve to fifteen years old." This is testimony from an interested party that shows that the corporations are well posted on the ages of the breaker boys—but it does not account for the fact that soon after the Strike Commission commenced to take its testimony, large numbers of boys that appeared to be under twelve years of age were dismissed from their employment. Many of the boys' parents informed me that their boys went to work in the breakers much below the age of twelve.

Accidents to the boy mine workers are of daily occurrence, and many of them are of a fatal nature. A horrible story was related to me by a miner's wife, of a little boy who was returning home from his day's work on mule back, and having halted at a watering place, he was thrown over the mule's head into the trough, and was then partially eaten up by the mule, his body being unrecognizable by his parents. While I was in the vicinity of Scranton, last November, Charles Bieberich, a fourteen year old boy, was killed in the Gibbons Breaker, and before the machinery could be stopped the body was horribly mangled. The boy was busily engaged at his regular duties, which consisted of "tending the harbor," that is, keeping dirt and waste away from the rollers or cogs, when his end came. He was standing on an iron flooring at the headway, when he suddenly slipped and fell in the direction of the rollers. The "Breaker Boss" sprang to his rescue, and in a moment he reached the spot, but in vain, for the boy's body was already halfway in the cogs. The horrifying sight chilled his blood and for a second stunned him, as the body passed all the way into the rollers! It was but a lapse of a few minutes before everything in the building was silent—every bit of machinery having stopped—and willing hands started to take the body from its terrible death hole; but this was found to be impossible until all the machinery was loosened and displaced, and then the mangled body of the young boy was recovered. After the accident the entire plant was shut down for the day.

More than a thousand children are kept at work in the coal cellars of New York alone.

Do not imagine that the little girls are forgotten in the anthracite villages and towns, any more than they are elsewhere—for they, too, have their monetary value as wealth-producers and consumers—and numerous silk mills have been established which employ them.

Here is the

story told me by a former girl employee of the "———" Wire Works :—

"They first employed men, but thought if they could get girls to learn to operate the large machines used for weaving the wire for screens for doors and windows, they could get the work done cheaper—so they advertised for girls. I applied, and was taught with the other little girls how to run the big weaving machines—and it took all the strength of my poor little body to push the lever that set the machines in operation and to stop them (we had to run three at a time). We worked from seven o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night, with half an hour to eat our cold lunch by the side of our machines, with the nauseating smell of rancid machine oil as an accompaniment. For this labor I was paid from $3 to $3.50 per week. Then there was danger connected with this work, too; big revolving belts that were not guarded in any way, and seemed like a serpentine monster lying in wait to catch a corner of your apron and dress, or your hair. Many accidents, like crushed fingers, occurred, and well do I remember when a loop of wire caught my finger, and before I could stop my machines the loop had tightened and cut the flesh to the bone—a moment more and the flesh would have been stripped from the finger. The place was so grimy and greasy that we had to change our street clothes when we came in; and when we stopped work at night, our faces and hands were like any machinists, covered with grime and oil."

Replacing a bobbin requires some dexterity.

When we consider the poor wages paid to girls, the dreadful physical strain and suffering, and ofttimes deformity, that the work causes—when a girl's mirror tells her, as she is budding into womanhood, that she is pretty; and that the soul-wearying work amidst the hellish clashing and clanking of machinery will spoil her face, ruin her health, cripple and distort her hands—is it any wonder that some of the pretty ones prefer an easier and a worse life?

The city of Rochester, N. Y., has a most capable mercantile inspector in the person of Mr. Samuel McAuliffe, who very kindly gave me access to his official figures, and told me the history of many cases of illiteracy and prevarication which came under his observation during the six years of his inspectorship. During the year 1901 he issued 1,810 permits to children of the age of fourteen, who secured work in the mercantile houses of Rochester. This being an increase of 301 over the number for the previous year. During this period he refused the applications of 306 children, mainly on account of their not coming up to the educational requirements of the law. Were it not for the law limiting this class of employment in the mercantile establishments, there would be no end to this influx. The New York law for the government of these establishments is one of the best that has yet been formulated. The issuing of permits requires not only discretion, but also involves considerable work on the part of the inspector. First, an affidavit stating the date and place of birth of the child must be made; then the permits are issued in triplicate—one being given to the child to be kept on file in the establishment where it is employed, one sent to the chief factory inspector at Albany, and the third kept in the local office. A ledger is also kept where the names of the children to whom permits have been issued are alphabetically arranged. These permits give a complete description of the child in order to prevent fraud in their use, but occasionally fraud is practiced. The

The Legislature of South Carolina, acting under pressure from the manufacturing interest

Photographs taken for Leslie's Monthly by C. A. Volberg.

The noon hour: tired out.

Up and at it again.

fact that the inspector is associated with the health office gives him ready access to the registry of births. A case occurred where a child was given his elder brother's certificate by its mother, not being old enough to obtain one himself. This child received fatal injuries by the bursting of a steam-pipe, and the parents sought to recover damages, but were non-suited. The child would not have been in the factory but for the deceit practiced by the mother. The proprietors of the larger stores and shops are in the main willing to comply with the law. It is in the smaller shops, where only one or two children are employed, that evasion is most frequently practiced.

Many parents are imbued with the idea that when a child arrives at the age of fourteen, regardless of its preparations for the duties of life, it must at once go to work. Large numbers of permits are issued the very month the children arrive at the age required, and many on their birthday. Parents over-anxious to place their children at work without reference to their equipment in the matter of education, will argue against and even abuse those whose duty it is to issue the permits. The educational test requires at least an elementary knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar and geography. Often the child is unable to perform the simplest sums in arithmetic where two figures are used in the multiplier. It is plain to be seen that the pittance resulting from the children's labor is the prevailing motive of their employment at an early age.

While in the anthracite region I met a miner who had lost his leg in a mine accident, who had a fifteen year old daughter at work in one of these silk mills receiving $2.10 per week for full time, and another little girl of thirteen who only got $1.80 per week. These children were compelled by the necessities of the parent (who was only able to work half-time) to wear out their little lives in this manner for these pitiful sums. Two lives for $3.90 in a civilized community!

These practices are not confined to the absolutely poverty-stricken—many parents with a fair income are seemingly as anxious to get their children employment as those whom stern necessity compels to call upon their offspring

of the State, defeated a bill to prohibit the employment in factories of children under twelve.

The single wholesome hour of the day.

Where bobbins take the place of reading and writing.

to help support the family. An instance is cited of a child who was not quite fifteen years of age who obtained a permit to work, and upon inquiry it was found that the mother was the sole owner of two houses, and was buying the third, part of the purchase price being the weekly earnings of her little boy.

One of the most notable features of this work of inspection is the comparatively small value that many place upon an oath when making an affidavit to their statements, as it is required by the law that the parent or guardian shall make an affidavit as to the age of the child. Many of them will hazard a guess at the year of the child's birth, and when told that it is necessary that they should be positive upon this point, will answer :—" Oh, I'll swear to it."

There was one instance where a parent was refused a permit because the boy would not be of age under the factory provision until the following December, who turned to the boy and said : " Well, go and run around the streets, smash windows, and raise h—l generally." What opportunities will this boy have in the world's struggle for existence, brought up by such a parent? The school truant officer was notified of this case, and the boy was kept in school.

Inspector McAuliffe states that in Rochester there are over five thousand children employed that are of the required age, and in addition to this number there are at least five hundred under the minimum age who are surreptitiously at work. When the inspector visits these places the children are concealed from view, and one case was exposed where the children were hidden under a pile of sacking until the inspector had departed. The statement was made that there are at least two thousand men and women compelled to remain in idleness because the parents are too ready to throw their offspring into the whirlpool of the struggle for existence.

The New England States which maintain a low standard are those that do not rank very high as industrials. New Hampshire has an age-limit of twelve years, which is entirely too near the " cradle age"; prior to 1901 the limit was ten years. Rhode Island's minimum age is twelve years, with limitations as to educational ratings. Vermont prohibits the employment of children under ten years of age absolutely, and restricts those under fourteen to a

school attendance of at least twenty weeks during the year; there appears to be considerable room for reform in this State. In Maine no child shall be employed to work in a cotton or woolen manufactory without having attended school for four months if under twelve years of age; if over twelve and under fifteen, for three months of the year preceding such employment.

The restrictive laws in the Southern States are few and far between. Many

Published by courtesy of the Industrial Betterment Department of the American Institute of Social Service.

The family sweat-shop. This photograph shows with accuracy the conditions which attend "piece work" in the Italian quarter of New York.

have no laws whatever. In Florida the restriction is fifteen years. In Louisiana no boy under twelve and no girl under fourteen shall be employed in any factory, warehouse, workshop, mine, or establishment where any goods are prepared for manufacturing. In Tennessee it is unlawful for any proprietor, foreman, owner, or other person, to employ any child less than fourteen years of age in any factory, workshop, mill, or mine; prior to the year 1901 the age was twelve. The Constitution of Texas expressly provides that the legislature shall not pass any local or special laws "regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing"—consequently there are no laws upon the subject of child labor in that State. Alabama had an age limit at one time, but it was abolished a few years ago. Virginia prohibits children under fourteen years from working more than ten hours in any one day of 24 hours, which is a slight concession. Georgia fights shy of legislation upon this matter, and notwithstanding the efforts of the labor organizations all attempts to push matters through the legislature have met with defeat. North Carolina has not attempted any legislation, notwithstanding the fact that there are employed in the cotton and woolen mills of the State 3,857 boys and 4,139 girls under fourteen years of age, whose period of labor ranges from ten to over

twelve hours per day. The legislature of South Carolina at its last session defeated a bill to prohibit the employment of children *under the age of twelve* in its mills and factories; I have been reliably informed that there were over one thousand children between the ages of *six* and *fourteen* employed in five cotton mills which stand within a mile of the State Capitol! Maryland provides that no child under sixteen years of age shall be employed in laboring more than ten hours per day in any manufacturing business or factory "in any part of the State"; the employment of children under the age of twelve years is forbidden, but establishments for manufacturing canned goods appear to have very considerably escaped this provision of the law.

The western States furnish a varied assortment of laws. In California no child under the age of ten years is permitted to work in any factory, workshop, or mercantile establishment. In Colorado it is unlawful to employ children under the age of fourteen, unless they have attended school at least twelve weeks during the year. Nebraska provides that no child under the age of twelve shall be employed in any railroad shop, factories, shops or mines to exceed four months in any one year. Oklahoma forbids any child under fourteen to work longer than ten hours daily. In North Dakota the labor of children under twelve years of age is prohibited.

Published by courtesy of the Industrial Betterment Department of the American Institute of Social Service.

Another picture of home translated into a sweat-shop. So many dozens of garments are taken in on contract. The sanitary conditions speak for themselves.

No legislation as to the hours of labor of children prevail in the States of Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Texas, or the District of Columbia.

Such laws as relate to child labor, like most of the "labor laws" in the revised statutes of the various States, are so held up with "provisos" that they are of little effect, even when there is an attempt made to enforce them.

I do not believe that laws should be passed regulating any of the social or industrial affairs which can be settled by our own common sense and mutual agreements, but in this question of child labor there appears to be no other way of checking the desires of the employer on the one hand for cheap labor, and the necessities of the parents (or their greed in many well substantiated cases) to force their children into the shops, the factories and the mines. The compulsory registration of the date of birth, and the presentation of this certificate, would do away with the misstatements as to the child's age; furthermore, a certification of the school attendance, together with an examination as to educational fitness should be made, and the legal age of employment raised in all the States to that of *sixteen years* at least.

The labor organizations generally favor the limitation to sixteen years, with the educational restrictions. Tinkering with this problem cannot be carried on forever; the social conditions require a thorough overhauling. The insufficiency of the reward of labor is absolutely one of the direct causes of the employment of children, and we should expect to see a decline in this labor from the great material progress of modern times. The people must make up their minds, first of all, that the future belongs to that nation which puts the social relations of its citizens upon the most satisfactory footing.

It has been fully shown that the limitation of child labor depends more largely upon the parents than upon any other factor that enters into the problem; but this system is too largely encouraged by the employers of labor as a source of revenue, regardless of the results upon the human family—either as to their mental, moral or physical welfare—and the general public must now step in and become the arbiter in the final settlement.

Georgia fights shy of child labor restriction. This is the result.

ON DEEP WATERS

By W. F. SKERRYE.

With Illustrations by H. C. EDWARDS

"Right 'stern, sir!—'bout quarter mile!"

"AH-H, blo-o-ow! Ah-h, bloo-ow!"

Captain Black, short and square, stopped abruptly in his quarter-deck promenade, and, removing his meerschaum from his mouth and blowing a noble cloud of smoke to leeward, bawled back to the crow's nest: "Where away?"

"Right 'stern, sir!—'bout quarter mile!" loudly piped Tony, the masthead lookout, gazing down proudly upon the captain from his lofty perch, and vainly striving, against a grin that drew a wide white line across his black face almost from ear to ear, to maintain a gravity of expression suited to the occasion.

At once every hand and tongue was stilled, while all eyes were turned in the direction indicated, till, only a few lengths away, something that resembled a low-lying, humped reef when the tide sucks away from it, rose to view, and a fountain of spray spouted up, spreading at the top like a palm-tree.

"Ah-h, blo-o-ow!" Like the distant sound of a mighty, rushing wind, the word ran along the deck in a low, deep murmur.

Captain Black's experienced eyes needed no second look to assure him that the long, smooth, gently-rounded back, and huge blunt head, were those of a cachalot, or sperm whale, one of the most colossal of animals.

The effect upon the captain was as if he had suddenly come into contact with an electric battery. Every vein of his body seemed suddenly to swell. His eyes dilated, and the chords of his hairy, bronzed throat, which a shirt-button was never allowed to profane, bulged mightily.

"Call all hands! Get the boats ready! Lower away the foresail!" His commands were rapidly issued in a tone easily heard at the masthead, and his most masterful spirit quickly communicated itself to the men, a part of whom hastened to execute his orders, while those below, without waiting to be called, came tumbling up in headlong haste. Falls were cleared, cranes swung in, and four boats lowered as rapidly as the words could be spoken. The bare-footed, lightly-clad crews dropped nimbly into their places, pushed off, and with a long, strong stroke of the great ash oars, were away.

It was Tony's first experience in the chosen calling of his people. For he was a Maio boy, of the Cape Verdes, and this was his first voyage before the mast. The thought that he was a man had not yet lost the charm of novelty; therefore was his own good fortune somewhat bewildering to him. He could scarcely believe that he had "raised" the first whale of the season—a deed always well rewarded as a bribe to fortune, usually with a five-dollar gold piece.

Once before he had been the owner for a day of that amount. That

was when, in his home-keeping days, the bark Mary and Susan, of New Bedford, in one November's howling northeaster, was desperately and unavailingly endeavoring, with split topsails and a badly sprung jib-boom, to claw off the many-toothed, white-tossing shore of St. Thiago. Seeing and appreciating the certain destruction that awaited her, Tony had ventured to her aid in a cockle-shell of a boat that was intended for no stormier work than that of chasing bonitos. By taking advantage of the comparative shelter afforded by the southern shore of little Maio, he had gained a position well to windward, from which point, flying free before the gale with barely enough sail to enable him to run from under the hungry, hurrying seas, he had reached the bark and, by piloting her safely through the narrow channel between Maio and St. Thiago, brought her to a sheltered and safe anchorage in English Road, on the other side of the island. It was for this service that he had received his first five-dollar gold piece, since which time the possession of such a sum had represented to his imagination the farthest reach of human desire with respect to things material.

"Call all hands."

The excitement of the chase, added to the thought that his glittering ideal was about to be realized, flushed his boyish face. He tugged at his oar as if all depended on his individual exertions, and, with splendid enthusiasm, puffed now and then to the man in front of him, in somewhat unpracticed English:—"Hit 'im up, John! Hit 'im up, meh boy!" John was a grizzled veteran with ships and strange sea-folk monsters tattooed on his arms and breast, and little gold rings in his ears for a charm against rheumatism. To him, greasy forecastles and diddery whale-boats had been home before Tony was born. Yet he nodded approvingly to the latter's every urgent admonition, without the least change in his stroke, and even allowed the ghost of a smile to flit across the settled placidity of his coppery face.

They had reached the spot where the whale was first seen, before Dominique, who had proudly taken to himself the name of the whole island that he claimed for his birthplace, threw up a hand and hoarsely whispered:—"Ah-h, blo-o-ow! Ah-h, blo-o-ow!" Twenty lengths ahead, the great black back, from which the waters slid in turbulent, sounding masses, rose glistening.

"Pull, men, pull!" urged the captain, in a rumbling undertone, swinging eagerly but easily with their swaying bodies, as a good coxswain should, while, to steady his nerves for the coming ordeal, he twisted off a goodly chew of tobacco with a familiar twitch of his broad brown fist.

"Ship in oars!" he growled, as they drew rapidly nearer. "Take your paddles! Paddle now, boys! *Paddle!*"

The men, seated on the gunwale, dug their blades deep, and, with a quick, fierce, backward lift, maintained the boat's speed almost undiminished. Tony's long, lithe body worked with the grace and precision of some beautiful wild animal. His black eyes were aglow, and the hot blood leaping to his face showed like a dull flame beneath the dark, shiny skin. Tom, the boat-steerer, crouched in the bow, with his two irons laid along close to his hand.

When almost within striking dis-

tance, the captain called, in a voice barely audible, "Stan' up, Tom!" And, as the nose of the boat almost grazed the whale's body just back of its hump, he ejaculated in rising tones that gave to his last two words the roar of a tempest:—"Now then! Give it to him! Stern all!"

The *iron* (never called harpoon), attached to six hundred fathoms of the best Manila line, coiled into two tubs in the bottom of the boat, was hurled into the whale's broad back with all Tom's strength, and the eighteen-foot oars, shooting out, sent the boat flying back with one mighty sweep. For the briefest space in which the eye can see and transmit a picture to the brain, the whale's flukes stood up as straight and tall as a church-steeple, then vanished, plunging straight down, while the line hummed over the little sheave in the bow at smoking speed.

But before the larger line-tub was emptied the speed stopped, and, for a breathing-space, there was perfect quiet. The line hung limply over the bow; the men sat, alert and watchful. Tom, the boat-steerer, kept firm hold of the great steering-oar, and the captain, who had taken Tom's place in the bow, stood, lance in hand, gazing steadily into the depths with puckered eyes, motionless as a statue.

"Keep him in the hold on bread and water."

He had not long to wait. There was a warning thrill of the line, a wabbly half-turn of the sheave. Then a massive truncated head broke water an eighth of a mile away. Zip! zuh-h! siss-s-s! sang the line; swish, swash, leaped the boat. But Tom had taken an anticipatory turn of the line round a logger-head in the stern, and was holding every inch that he dared, only occasionally easing away a few fathoms to save the stern-sheets from being jerked out bodily. The boat leaped from wave to wave as a stone skips across a pond, and struck deep into the breast of each with a spank that threatened to burst it asunder.

As soon as the line had slackened again, the men began to haul in. Cautiously and steadily, foot by foot, they drew up on the unsuspecting monster.

"Past hauling!" said the captain. "Hand me the gun, Tom!"

The bomb-gun was a short, ponderous, brass

"The end desired, however, was very near."

weapon, more resembling a gigantic carbine of some bronze age than any modern arm. But there was nothing ancient in its manner of working. For its projectile, the bomb-lance, was certain death to any living thing that it fairly hit, as Captain Black was prompt to demonstrate. Taking careful aim, he fired. Simultaneously with the report, the whale leaped nearly out of water and was seen charging at the boat through clouds of flying spray.

Then every oarsman's eyes should have been turned inboard. For the fight was on, the issue of which would depend wholly on the rapidity and skill of the boat's manœuvres in response to the captain's least word or sign; and it is not conducive to the maintenance of discipline for men to see a black death sixty feet long, open-mouthed, with teeth as long as a man's forearm, from elbow to wrist, sweeping upon them with the speed of a whirlwind. All this Tony knew, in theory, as well as any man. For it had been told him often, with appropriate warnings. But because this was his first whale, and because, for that very reason, he should have remembered his teaching then, above any other time, he forgot for just one horribly-fascinating moment, and little though it was, it was enough.

The sight that Tony saw in that one fatal second's glance drove the hot blood from his face, and made him shiver, as if with cold. His heart seemed to turn a double somersault and stop. Then a strange feeling of quietude possessed him. It was as if he had been sitting there a thousand years.

"Pull two! Back three!" roared the captain.

But Tony sat upright, motionless as the dead. One hand was grasping his oar so tightly that the knuckle-bones showed whitish and bloodless, while the other remained half-extended, fixedly pointing. That left only one man to pull against the three who backed water, with the result that the boat instead of describing a half-circle within twice its own length, thus evading the whale while keeping within lancing distance, swung bow on. All that saved them for the moment was Tom's strength and skill at the steering oar.

The captain turned in a fury, and took in the situation at a glance. Seizing a heavy piggin, the only thing at hand that would serve his purpose, he hurled it with good aim at Tony's head. The lad's arms dropped and he fell backward, while blood was seen to slowly discolor his straight black hair. Leaping lightly over the heads of two men, Captain Black thrust the handle of the oar into his heavy, twitching fingers, and, raising him to a sitting posture without being troubled to use his hands, shouted: "Row! Row, you dago, or overboard you go!"

But it was too late. The mischief had been done. For even while he was speaking the dying whale charged again.

"Pull all!" bellowed the captain.

One good stroke would have saved them. But before an oar could effectually catch the water, there came a crash, cries, and sudden silence. For, once in the water, every man had enough to do to keep clear of the line. But no one was hurt, and all were soon rescued by the other boats. The whale, however, though certainly he did not survive his hurts long, was seen no more.

As soon as they were aboard the captain ordered Tony into irons.

"Keep him in the hold on bread and water till I tell ye to let him out," he said to Mr. Beetles, the mate. "He's lost you 'n' me a thousan' dollars apiece to-day, to say nothing of the gear." Then he told what had occurred, and poor Tony was glad to go anywhere away from the scornful faces of men.

Day after day and night after night, in the darkness of the hold that was less black than his thoughts, he revolved the endless, answerless question: How had it happened? or hitched his manacled knees up under his chin and yielded himself utterly, without conscious thought or volition, to feelings of desolation and despair, worn out with vainly beating at an impassable wall, and clearly conscious only of the fact that he could never face the light of day again. In ten days his thoughts aged ten years. At the end of that time he

had faced most of the deep things that a man is called to face in this world, which is more than some of us ever find courage to do, though they dog our retreating footsteps.

He had been in his narrow, reeking prison about two weeks, when, one stormy afternoon, a large whale was seen close at hand. From the sounds over his head Tony could follow every movement. He knew when the men sprang into the boats, heard the captain cry, "Give way, men!" and caught himself trying to look through six inches of solid planking, to see who was occupying his seat.

"Somebody that ain't a coward, anyhow," he muttered.

Either because it was true that his place had been taken by a better man, or for some other reason, the whale, notwithstanding the fact that he measured ninety feet in length, was easily killed. But to get it alongside, in a rising wind and sea, was another matter. After infinite labor the ship was manœuvred near enough to take the end of the line. Then the crews clambered aboard, and, with a turn round the windlass, began lustily to bang the brakes up and down, to the tune of "Ronzo," heaving their mighty prize in hand over hand. But the line parted on the sudden heave of a sea, and the weary sailors saw their toil counted for naught, as the whale quickly drifted from their sight, blending with the tumultuous, black-ridged seas in the gathering night.

Minutes were golden and the captain at once ordered his boat away in pursuit. But since every drop of fresh blood counted for much in the worn condition of the men, he bade Manuel, the steward, bring Tony on deck, and, when he had appeared, removed the manacles that bound him and sent him into the boat, in his old place.

"Mebbe you can face a dead whale if ye can't a live one," he said, curtly enough.

With downcast eyes, Tony obeyed. He spoke to no man and no man to him. If any even looked at him he did not know it. Nevertheless, he was secretly glad to be in the boat rather than on deck, for more reasons than one. In the boat no man could see his fellow's face. Moreover, the night was growing singularly wild and, therefore, to him, the more inviting.

No man knew what the next minute might bring. Despite the utmost degree of caution, they were at any moment liable to descend full upon the inert mass of the dead whale and be wrecked ere they were well aware. That, indeed, was almost the very thing that occurred. Only that it was not at the moment of discovery that it came, but while, swung between the black-banked, low-arching heavens and the deep-yawning, hungry sea-gulfs, they were endeavoring to make a line fast to the whale's wide-spreading flukes. Then, from the near confines of mysterious, impenetrable night, rose a rushing, clamorous wave that held the boat suspended as long as a man foreboding catches his breath, then dropped it instantaneously, incredibly swift, with a mighty thud, upon the gigantic bulk of the whale's body. As a man breaks a stick across his knee, so the boat was broken, and the two halves slid, shrieking, into the all-embracing, devouring waters.

The men shouted loud and long. But the ship was far to leeward. For the whale had gone to windward with the tide. When half an hour had passed they ceased calling, needing their strength for a dearer purpose. Many times during that half-hour a wondering voice of wondrous appeal to Tony, swooped low to his ear and whispered:—"No man will know. They will say that you passed in the fulfilment of duty. This night hallows all. What an easy way of escape from days of intolerable shame!"

"Yes, if I were alone," his steadily-beating heart replied. "But already I have once betrayed these men to your hands."

"But you cannot help them. Your responsibility is at an end," murmured the voice, cuddling softly upon the laughing ripple at his ear, "and you have made atonement. Lie down and sleep, and be troubled no more by heavy awakening."

"I can help! I can and will!" thought Tony, with such conviction that he was afraid the thought had been heard.

Only shame, the shame of hearing his own voice among men who knew what these knew, had kept him silent so long. Now, however, he spoke, saying timidly: "Cap'n, I swim ship. Take ship long time beat up here. She don' know. I swim, get boat, come. Cape Verde man swim all same fish."

Though Captain Black knew right well that there was no other chance short of a miracle, he made the only reply that a brave man and a good officer could make: "Ye wouldn't live no time in this sea, Tony," he said; "and there wouldn't be time, anyway. 'Twould take ye 'n hour to reach the ship. Better hang on with the rest of us."

"Cap'n," said Tony, speaking quickly and eagerly, for joy of the first fair words that he had heard for many days, "I swim more furd' 'n dat for fun in my co'ntry. You le' me go, Cap'n, I bring back boat quick, sir."

His ringing, happy tone greatly puzzled the captain, who could only ascribe it to some secret but well-founded assurance of success, and was, therefore, the more inclined to yield. Looking at the ship's light he saw that she was tacking, and would still be a good mile away at the end of the next leg. It seemed absurd and wicked to match a man against a ship. But he could not help reflecting that it added no new element of danger.

"As well slip one's cable out yonder somewheres as here," he thought. And then there was, allowing a belief in miracles, a chance.

"Well, Tony," he said, loud enough for all to hear, "try it, if ye want to so bad. Watch the ship, 'n' point well up to wind'ard of her."

"Yes, sir! I gone, sir!" Tony spoke as if he were hailing a long-lost friend. "I come back quick, boys! Good-by."

"Good-by, Tony! Good luck!" cried all, cheerily, while death quavered in their voices.

Half the distance had been covered before he knew how weak and weary he was. For it was like old days to him to play once more that he was a blackfish chasing a school of flying mackerel, and to dart headlong through the waves, only now and then delaying to ride over a crest while he drew a deep breath; or to imagine himself a flying-fish pursued, and leap from the backward slope of a passing wave into the soft lap of the next. When he wanted to get his wind he turned on his back and, with half-closed eyes and hands at his side, swam swiftly with a slow, measured leg-drive, letting his legs trail out straight and limp to the very toes at the end of each kick.

Gradually, however, the spirit of play left him. The boy lagged behind to continue his sport in the windy caverns, leaving the man strangely solitary and sad. He had not exaggerated his swimming powers, but he had overestimated his strength, forgetting that a diet of bread and water does not make for muscle or wind. For the first time a sense of the unearthly loneliness of his situation pressed upon him. Beneath were the desolate deeps; above, night and the flying clouds. He felt as if only the good God and he remained in all the boundless universe, and God was far, far away.

He swam deeper now, for his body had lost much of its buoyancy; and for speed, on which alone all hope depended, a corresponding increase of effort was demanded. Though his strokes were still strong and regular, he felt no joy in them. The water's ceaseless dashing in his face fretted him, and the waves seemed to grow bigger and more threatening. His fingers ached, and his legs, below the knee, were devoid of all sensation. He dreamed waking dreams, saw little Maio, bare, barren and wind-swept; saw his mother stooping over her hoe in the maize-field, crooning a song of the sea-waves; and heard Captain Tobey, of the bark Mary and Susan, say to him before all the applauding crew: "Here's five dollars, my boy, an' I wish 'twas five hundred." Again and again he was roused, as from a deep sleep, by a sound of splashing, followed

by a deep, drowning gurgle, and woke to find the water cutting off his breath and bubbling at his ears. But the sleeps grew deeper and the waking moments fewer and shorter.

The end desired, however, was very near. The rays of light from the ship's big lamp touched the tops of the waves over which he so heavily floated, and the voices of men were heard. But now all his senses were entranced. A pleasant sensation of numbness possessed him, body and mind. He still swam, but feebly, without knowing it, and, while faintly conscious that the ship was at hand, had no desire to dispel the charm. So accurately, however, had he judged, that the big jib-boom was directly over his head as he crossed her bow, and he almost scraped against her side as she passed.

Though all were watching for some such sight with little hope left of even that poor satisfaction, Mr. Beetles, the old mate, was the only one with eyes sufficiently weather-wise to discern what the dark object floating so heavily and passively past, might be. At his sudden, wild cry, the helmsman jammed the wheel down with hand and foot, and the ship, responding, raced up into the wind with a rush that drowned the noise of the storm, and left all the sea to leeward afoam.

While she still forged ahead, a boat was dropped into the water, on the run, the men crowding for a place. Standing in the main-rigging, with his scanty gray hair streaming in the wind, the mate pointed the way with hand and voice. "Starboard! Starboard! Steady! Right ahead now! Careful, men! Don't run him down! That's it! Handy, now, handy!"

Tony's arms were still moving, though his long, straight, black hair streamed dreadfully over his clammy, blind face. But in the dancing light of the lanterns, he was, to all appearances, as he lay stretched on a sheet of canvas across the big main-hatch, a dead man, save for a barely perceptible quivering of the eyelids. The old mate, however, read the signs more truly. Forcing a mighty bumper of brandy between the unresponsive lips, he supplemented it with the untender but willing service of many excellently rough hands. Suddenly the sleeper woke from his lethargy, drew a broken, shuddering breath, and, staring wild-eyed, reeled to his feet with a moan that seemed to tear his very heart-strings, crying dismally: "Send boat quick! Mile to wind'ard! All man's there!" then dropped in a huddled, wretched heap, as if, with that cry, the last spark of vitality had fled.

"Starboard! steady!"

The men shrank, as if from the cry of a ghost, from the dead, shrunken face, whose fixed, unwinking eyes had seemed to see the horror of which it spoke. But the old mate understood. It was what he had already half-guessed.

"Take him into the cabin and put him in my berth," he said, and then, rapidly issuing the few necessary directions to the next in command, ordered

his own boat cleared away, and, with his six silent oarsmen, was speedily swallowed up in the night.

When the first faint streaks of morning were breaking across the gray, desolate waters, ship and boat met, and in the boat was every man, rescued and rescuers, safe and sound.

It was several days before all, including Tony, could once more stand and walk, and then a very unusual ceremony took place on the quarter-deck. The men were drawn up on two sides; the officers stood in a line across decks, facing forward. Stepping out from the line, the captain called: "Tony!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Here!"

As Tony walked toward him, the captain advanced, saying, in his sternest manner: "Tony, you're a coward." Poor Tony hung his head. He knew it was true, and yet he had hoped—well, he hardly knew what he had hoped, and it didn't make the least difference anyway. Only he wished that he had been allowed to—but the captain was speaking again: "You're the d—dest coward I ever saw!"

At that point the captain's voice cracked harshly for reasons best known to himself, and the rest of his carefully prepared little speech was quite forgotten.

"Take that!" he blurted, and, thrusting something into Tony's hand, dived into the cabin in a most undignified way, leaving Tony standing puzzled and foolish, for the three bright gold pieces in his hand, and the men shouting his name.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHOP GIRL

Illustrated by CHARLES HENRY WHITE

THE genuine Autobiography of a Thief, which appeared in these pages some months ago, occasioned a great deal of comment. We have much satisfaction in publishing now the Autobiography of a Shop Girl which gives at first hand the actual conditions surrounding a working girl in the great centers of our population, uncolored by theoretic criticism or opinion which inevitably accompanies the work of outside observers however acute. It is a fresh example of the desire of this magazine to lay emphasis upon narratives of actual human experience.—The Editors.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago I was born in a small New England town, of an American family which had been in this country for two hundred years. My parents died when I was very young, and I was brought up and educated by my uncle, a professor of literature in a fresh water college in Illinois. My uncle and I were very congenial, and through my close companionship with him I acquired refinement and cultivation beyond most girls of my position.

My first great sorrow was my aunt's death. She had been like a mother to me. Shortly afterwards my uncle married again, and home became so different that I soon realized I should be happier away from it. I determined to seek my fortune in the world, and after a struggle my uncle let me go, arming me with letters of introduction and twenty dollars in money. With this modest capital I started for New York. I at once began on my search for work, but met with no success. People seemed willing to listen to me, but nobody would offer me a place suitable for a young woman of my refinement, until an editor tried me for a while on his staff. This was not the kind of work I could do, and I soon gave it up. Then came a long, distracting wait. I answered one advertisement after another and tramped to office after office without success. The great city became very depressing. I grew to hate it with a personal hate.

In this frame of mind it occurred to me to apply for a job in some big department store. At first the notion was repugnant to me, but, like a thousand others, I convinced myself that I should

be there only for a short time. That was five years ago, and I am still in the store to-day, absolutely unable to work myself out of it. Am I unhappy? Well, yes and no. At first I was miserable most of the time. Everything rubbed me the wrong way, but the atmosphere that so grated on me at first has become part and parcel of my life. I have lived so long in the store that I have grown into the ways of thought and feeling of the people in it. I have grown to enjoy it, and at one time, as I shall describe later, I was really intensely interested if not happy.

Well, I went into the store on that memorable day with a letter of introduction in my pocket, but determined not to use it unless I was put to my trumps, for I didn't want my new friends, if I should make any, to know anything about my old life. Trembling and confused I was taken before the superintendent. He was a slow, phlegmatic, gentlemanly man, with a drawl, apparently fond of his ease. So he struck me then; but afterwards, to my surprise, I learned that he was as shrewd a hustler as there was in the business. I think I impressed him favorably. When I told him timidly that I had a letter of recommendation, he smiled gently and said politely that it didn't matter, and that he would give me a trial.

Though I am not pretty, I am chic.

I now know that it was the atmosphere of my uncle's house which attracted his attention. Then, too, though I am not pretty, I am chic and delicate in appearance, small and graceful. My voice is musical, and I have the air of refinement characteristic of a nice American girl.

I think that almost anybody must be struck with the beauty and apparent refinement of the girls in some of the large department stores. Managements, indeed, look upon beauty and style as an asset, to be keenly sought for. The shop-girl refinement is a thing by itself, and for the most part a manufactured article. It is as indefinable as the walk of a sailor, but it immediately affects all the girls who come into its atmosphere. Girls who come from rough surroundings change at once. They are not taught, but it is in the air about them, and they insensibly learn. I remember a red-haired girl, with a peculiar chuckle, who entered the store rough and raw as a bog-trotter. She got in because she was pretty, but how awkward! She used to shut her eyes, stick out her lips, and say "For land's sake!" or "Oh, my!" Within three weeks every trace of this disappeared. It was fun for me to watch her try to be a lady.

After several days of experiment, I was put as "saleslady" in a certain department, under a buyer, a lady. You must always say "lady" in the store. Women customers like to buy from well-bred-looking girls. Women may hate pretty women, but they hate ugly ones worse, and I had a nice little way with me that people liked.

For weeks I was very miserable. I felt I was a misfit more now than ever before. My refinement was appreciated by the management, and the girls were somewhat awed by the real thing which they tried to imitate. And yet the two different atmospheres of culture, the one I had been brought up in and the artificial one at the store, did not belong together. I often felt that I should have to change my own refinement for the vulgar affectation about me. The

difference between what I had always known and what I found in the store is just the difference between a real canvas and stage scenery. Effects must be large and striking in stage scenery. The subtle refinement that one hardly notices at first, does not produce its effect in the store. Shop girls disagree about this, but my own experience goes to show that when you treat a well-dressed woman customer with real courtesy the effect is lost because of the artificial atmosphere of the place. It is too fine. It must be sharp and screaming to be noticed. You must be refined in head lines, so to speak. Perhaps it is because I am not so broad in my refinement as the others that I did not rise rapidly. To this day my salary, although it is higher than when I began, is very much lower than that of many of the salesladies. My book, that is the amount I sell during the week, is never very big. I am not obvious enough to attract big crowds to my counter.

Mamie's looks depended on the light.

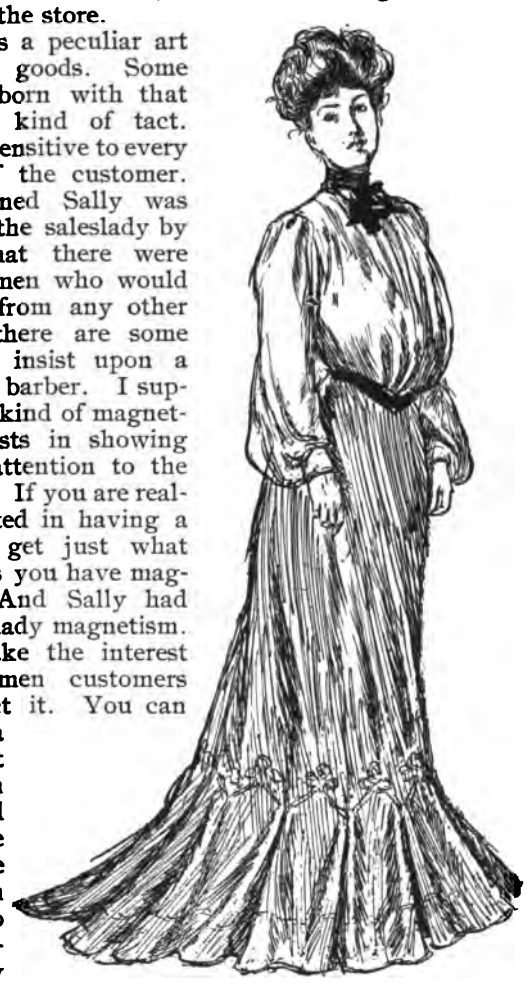
On each side of me, behind the counter, was a girl who sold more than I did. At my left was Mamie, a nervous girl, whose good looks depended very much on the light. Sometimes she seemed young, fresh and beautiful, at other times ten years older. I was introduced to her on the first day of my arrival, by the assistant buyer, and at first she was very friendly to me, but I made some remark, I don't know what it was, which struck her as being "stuck up." It must have been some natural phrase that I carried with me from my uncle's home. She felt that I was out of her world, and it struck her cold. It was a good while before I learned to avoid saying things that jarred on these girls, but I gradually broadened and coarsened my refined dialect. They told me afterwards that when I first came to the store I was horrid; that I talked as though I had just slipped out of a novel.

Mamie became particularly refined in the painted scenery fashion, when I was introduced to her. I saw that she and the other girls were willing to be kind to me provided I were willing to fall in with the traditions of the store. Of course, they had their small jibes and venomous remarks, yet they were very kind and good to one another when anything went wrong. At bottom they had a really magnificent feeling that they were there to help one another if it were necessary; a kind of *esprit de corps*, as it were. But whenever they were kind they dealt out their friendliness as if they were delivering goods to a customer. They could not get rid of their professional mannerisms.

The girl on my right (Sally was her name) was a monument of indifference to me. She was one of the best sellers in the store. She attended strictly to business, looked as if she enjoyed her work and cared for nothing else. She was tall, pretty and cold; one of those girls who never tell a lie and are never enthusiastic about the truth. She enjoyed the rush and crush of her work, liked to feel herself a part of the big machine, and when she was making a big book her prominent gray eyes kindled a little, just a little, with feeling. She sold many more goods than Mamie, who was nervous, self-conscious and coquettish, and when she was selling was aware of the customer, of me, of Sally and of herself. Consequently, she was often absent-minded, and missed a chance to sell, a weakness that Sally was never guilty of. Mamie used "extra" language and was particularly stilted when she addressed a customer, while Sallie stuck by the ordinary traditions of the store, and so used the "scenery" language more smoothly.

Sally was silent and sombre between sales while Mamie cracked jokes. She was an observant little hussy and said many funny things. Slang, the natural language of her home, she turned to humor at the store.

There is a peculiar art in selling goods. Some girls are born with that particular kind of tact. They are sensitive to every caprice of the customer. Large boned Sally was so much the saleslady by nature that there were many women who would not buy from any other girl, as there are some men who insist upon a particular barber. I suppose one kind of magnetism consists in showing genuine attention to the customer. If you are really interested in having a customer get just what she wants you have magnetism. And Sally had that saleslady magnetism. If you fake the interest your women customers will detect it. You can deceive a man, but a woman never; and yet there are some women who like to be deceived. They know it is a fake, but they like it all the same.



She can trail skirts to the best advantage.

I find that most shop girls watch the fashionable world very closely. Their brothers and fathers read the sporting news while they pour over the society news. They are familiar with the gossip of the four hundred, and many of them know the names of the lords and ladies of English society.

When shop girls enter the store they are as a rule above the average in beauty, and they soon learn to improve their looks just as they do their manners, only in more definite ways. When a girl is engaged by the superintendent she is assigned to the department to which she is best adapted. Well-built girls, who can trail skirts to the best advantage, are sent to the millinery department, or to the cloak and suits department. Some ignorant Irish girl will learn to carry her shoulders like the duchess of the department store imagination. She gets into the habit of being swell, for this is her business upstairs, and when she goes down to the dressing-room in the basement, where nobody but the girls can see her, she keeps it up. This dressing-room down stairs, with its mirrors on every wall, is a most popular resort. Girls walk in as on the stage, give a swift touch to their hair, and pass out with a joke. On the walls about there are pasted announcements such as "Look Pleasant when you Speak to a Customer." I shall never forget the first time I was in the dressing-room, when one of these tall, impressive creatures swept down and passed me in search of the mirror in which to arrange her hair. I humbly asked her the time of day, and she said, in the tone of a duchess, "It lacks twenty minutes of two."

The girls whose duties conceal their skirts behind the counter devote all their attention to their dress above the waist. I have often noticed how shabby are the skirts of girls who, to the shopper, seem the perfection of neatness, and then the deep shadow and the electric light add to the effectiveness of the shop girl almost as much as if she were on the stage.

The business education of the girls is continually stimulated by means of lec-

tures given by the buyers, who are the real bosses. With a bunch of pretty girls to talk to the buyer is apt to develop mannerisms, but he talks business just the same. "Try," he says, "to make your customer take the goods with her, to avoid deliveries; but don't carry this out too strictly, for if your customer is the right sort it is well to accommodate her." To "accommodate" a customer means that other things she may be carrying beside the articles purchased at that store, will be delivered at her home. "Try to have as few C. O. D. sales as possible," is a phrase frequently dinned into our ears. Some women customers love to have a delivery wagon pull up before their houses every day, with goods they fully intend not to accept, just for show. I know one woman who has a mania for buying C. O. D. goods which she never accepts. She does it so often that the store detectives have frequently been on her track, thinking she was dishonest, but they are wrong. She is simply insane upon this single subject. Some women can even raise credit in this way, for it impresses the butcher or grocer to see a delivery wagon stop so frequently at the house of a customer. The arrival of a delivery wagon in the tenement house district is an event indeed, and throws the whole neighborhood into excitement. In the store, however, the girls get so experienced they can tell whether a customer means business or not. "Try to sell hard selling goods," is another frequent remark of the buyer. Each department is under the general supervision of a buyer, who not only buys the goods, but also sees that the girls sell them. At the end of the season, if any particular department is not a success, that department may be abolished and the buyer will be out of a job. He is, therefore, very anxious to get rid of the goods, particularly of the hard selling ones—more anxious, perhaps, than the firm itself. Often the buyer is a woman. If she is, you may be pretty certain that she has worked up to her present exalted position from the lowest status of a cash girl, through the stages of packer girl, inspector girl and saleslady. One woman buyer whom I know is sixty years of age, and has been in the same store for over forty years. Every buyer has a little office upstairs, but much of the time he is on the floor,

Mamie used "extra" language and was particularly stilted.

looking after his department. The shopper could hardly tell him from the floor walker.

The floor walker is an important figure in the life of a shop girl. He is a machine. With an aisle to look after he walks up and down directing customers to the department in which they want to buy. His salary ranges as a rule from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a week, and it is part of his high office to dress imposingly. He wears a Prince Albert coat, and if you ask him where you can purchase a pair of stockings, he will say in a Prince Albert voice, "Stockings, second aisle to the right." In appearance, he is usually tall, erect and lordly. They used to break my heart, these men. At first I laughed at them, but I found out that the floor walker in my aisle had a family of six, an invalid wife, and a mother-in-law, too, to support, all on twenty dollars a week, and when I saw him wearing a frock coat, with an air of dignified ease, I did not feel much like laughing. At the first of the month the rent question glared out of his eyes, and yet he strutted about as usual, with his broad, affected voice, stereotyped manner, and his printed smile. The thought occurred to me afterwards if he could pawn his Prince Albert it might come handy, but I felt rebuked at the thought, for certainly he was a striking tragedy.

"Try to have as few C. O. D. sales as possible."

"You must know how to talk with a customer, so that she will buy," is one of the things the buyer says over and over again in his lectures down in the basement. Even when the girl is behind the counter at work the buyer will often step up and give her a hint. For instance, he will give a new name to an old piece of goods. There is everything in a name. He came up to me one day and said, "Call that line of goods 'the Marlborough,'" and it was not long before I had sold the entire stock. The sweller a name is, the better, of course. "Cumberland" pins will sell much better than plain pins, even if they are the same thing. French names are much in vogue, too, and they are sometimes coined. For instance, one day a French woman came to the store, and asked a girl for a line of goods she called Creme de Lis. After that the girls sold those goods under the name of "cram-dely." This was a case of unintentional coinage. Names taken from swell sports, such as "Ping pong," are also very good sellers. Another thing, of course, which helps a girl to sell the goods is genuine knowledge of them. Some girls get to be experts very soon. Some never. I never learned much about the goods, because, I suppose, I was looking for human nature all the time.

The tricks by which women are induced to buy are sometimes very amusing. I have seen many a little attenuated woman buy a cloak simply because it looked well on the fine shoulders of some strapping saleslady, but the little woman herself must have looked a horror in it. So, too, I have seen nervous little Mamie confuse a customer by piling all manner of goods before her, so that she finally bought at random, in despair.

As I have said, I am not a particularly good seller. Sometimes I do well, and make a big book, but I am not

steady. I follow my moods too much. The buyer would say to me, "Last month you did well, now you are not doing well at all. What's the matter?" When I am interested, I am a good saleslady, but my interest falls away for months at a time. At one time novels took my attention, at another time popular books on philosophy; at another period the pale-faced gentleman clerk across the aisle. Of him I shall have more to say later. I have, in a word, too much temperament to be a good saleslady. Then, too, I was not very well a good deal of the time. For some time I had headaches regularly at a certain hour, because of the four large steam pipes which were directly over my head. When I was feeling most miserable perhaps a fat, well-dressed woman would come to the counter to buy, and treat me as if I were her servant. On such occasions I could not muster up any fire for my work except bad temper. The buyer often noticed it, and sometimes had a sharp word for me, but more often a word of sympathy. But when I was feeling well, and was interested in making a big book, I did very well. When I said to the customer "If I were you I would take this," it was usually successful. She would often buy as I advised. When Mamie recommended anything I noticed that the customer generally selected something else for spite.

"Stockings, second aisle to the right."

When I entered the store I received five dollars a week, and I am now getting ten dollars a week. I don't believe I can rise higher than that, for I am not, as I have said, a very good saleslady, and have no particular pull. Girls rise, indeed, for many different reasons. They may attract attention by the large sales they make. They may know how to get around the buyer, so that he will recommend a rise in wages. A threat to leave sometimes accomplishes this. Sometimes a simple request for a raise will be granted. Some girls have business instinct, and get more than other girls who are better salesladies. I am neither a business woman nor a first-class saleslady, nor do I make any personal appeal to those higher up, so that I have not been very successful. My "rise," as far as I went, was due to my looks and manners. Good looks and other ability to sell—these are the big things. Girls are terribly jealous of any girl who makes a particularly big book during the week, almost as jealous of it as they are of a finely set head on a beautiful pair of shoulders.

The salaries of salesladies in the big department stores range from five dollars to twenty-five dollars a week, with occasionally thirty dollars or even more to exceptionally competent girls in silk, fur or suit departments. Very few girls get as high as fifteen dollars. There are the fitters, however, who sometimes get as high as fifty dollars a week, but they are not really salesladies; they do not rise from a lower position, but are dressmakers by profession, who are taken into the store for their special work. The fitter superintends the alterations in the cloaks and suits, and she is a woman primarily of business. She does not strut about like the other girls in that department, for she is absorbed in her art. She pays little attention to her looks, for she has not risen from the ranks, and she does not need that superficial aid. She goes about busily with her tape measure, scissors and knife, fitting dresses to the customers, determining the alterations and the price for them. She has, under her, many alteration hands. In the large department stores there are sometimes as many as sixty of these hands.

The pale faced gentleman clerk across the aisle.

I don't think I am irritable or ill tempered, but I certainly learned to think that there are a great many very trying customers in the world, mainly women. The general idea of the public seems to be that salesladies are impudent and don't give proper attention, in spite of the lectures and dressing-room notices. On the other hand, we shop girls think that customers are born to give us trouble. They seem to us a special disagreeable class by themselves, and I suppose we appear to them in the same light. I dare say there is fault on both sides. It is certainly true, however, that the great majority of women who visit the store make life miserable for us. They don't know what they want, and they expect us to teach them, and when we try to do so they resent it. After standing all day long on your feet, it takes an iron nerve to stand the onslaught of this kind of a customer, and yet you have got to keep on smiling, no matter what your feelings are. Perhaps the girl is making a very small book that week, and is anxious to make up, when a feather brained woman comes along whom you can see at the first glance is not going to buy, but will simply take your time from other customers. Imagine how we feel. The woman who makes us pile mountains of goods before her, and says to each piece of goods "How nice," or "How sweet," just as if she was in the Metropolitan Museum, and with just about as much intention to buy, is a particularly irritating type. How vicious I have often felt. How often have I vented what I felt on the goods, by smashing them back in their places. Occasionally a girl forgets herself and takes it out on the customer, and then she is apt to lose her place. For instance, a friend of mine, tired from standing all day, exasperated by the repeated questions of some woman who kept asking whether the goods were really all wool, finally snapped out "All except the buttons," and promptly lost her job. Another friend of mine came very near losing her place for the same reason, but escaped through her cleverness. A dumpy woman, with no figure and a painted face, a would-be coquette, insisted after a long investigation, on purchasing a certain garment. Tired as the girl was, she advised another garment, for she knew the one selected would not fit the woman's ugly figure. "This is better for your figure," she said, really with a malicious intention. "Figure," shouted the customer, "Let me tell you, you hussy, that my figure is better than yours." The buyer was standing by, and the saleslady, as quick as a flash, replied, "Exactly, madam, that is why I recommended this piece." The buyer, who had heard her reply, complimented her warmly on her tact, after the sale was transacted.

I must confess, however, that when we are feeling badly we, too, are mean, and are apt to vent our spite on the customers. We usually take it out on the poorly-dressed women. An ordinary

We shop girls think that customers are born to give us trouble.

shop girl does not dare to be venomous or icy to a well-dressed woman, for this latter will usually write a letter to the management on her husband's letter-head paper, and make such a well balanced complaint that the saleslady will get into trouble. A poorly-dressed woman, on the other hand, will usually go in person to bother the superintendent, who, in turn, will be angry and give her no satisfaction. The well-dressed woman, too, may have an account at the store, and that will increase her importance. Snobbishness accounts for the rest. The best intentioned shop girl in the world feels this snobbishness creep upon her, so the poorer class of customers often have to stand the ill nature of the saleslady. And yet the poorer class often buy more quickly than the swell ladies. Sometimes they are overpowered by the swell saleslady, and buy what they do not want. Poor women are more timid, and do not dare to take too much of the saleslady's time. When I was not nervous or irritable, I had great sympathy for these poor customers, and could not bear the swagger and gall of the well-dressed customers, who were seldom pleased and always took all the time they wanted. It was particularly annoying to me to be treated with contempt by a well-dressed woman who used the double negative and looked like a prosperous saloonkeeper's wife.

There are certainly half a dozen saleslades of my acquaintance who could give these well-dressed customers, the loudest and swellest of them, pointers, not only in duchess manners, but even in dress, and girls, too, who don't make more than ten dollars a week. Frequently girls remain in the same department ten years without a raise of salary and are well dressed all the time. How do they do it? There is a great deal of loose talk about the morals of shop girls, but I believe comparatively little of it is justified. Right here I want to state positively that a shop girl can live decently and with self-respect on nine dollars a week or even less. I shall leave their general manner of life for another time. As to their dress, they get, in the first place, from six per cent to ten per cent off for what they buy for themselves. In the second place, as a rule, it does not cost them much to be well dressed in a store, because they so frequently wear uniforms. That is to say, they are dressed either in black or white. White in the summer time and black after September 22d. In some stores, a few days before that date, a notice is put on the dressing-room wall to that effect. So strict is this rule in most stores that they cannot wear even a colored tie or ribbon. If a buyer sees a girl with a bit of color he immediately calls her down. Sometimes fines are imposed for these offenses. At one time girls were fined two cents for wearing a colored ribbon, and as high as twenty-five cents for wearing a colored waist. Moreover, the majority of the girls

When the store closes and existence turns into life.

wear waists they can make up themselves, and learn in innumerable and indefinable ways to look well dressed. Their greatest help, however, is the cheap sale of goods. If a girl wants to buy a cloak or jacket she will speak to the buyer of the cloak or jacket department, and tell him what she wants.

He will say to her, perhaps, "You had better wait for a couple of weeks. I have an eye to a bargain. I expect to buy a lot of swell things cheap, and I will give you the tip when they arrive."

THE MIDNIGHT FREE-TRADERS

FURTHER EXPERIENCES OF THE ADVENTURER IN SPAIN

By S. R. CROCKETT

TO Biño I said nothing of my meeting with Donna Isadra and her father, Don Emmanuel. After all, the matter was a personal one—a secret which circumstances had forced upon me, to be guarded all the more carefully that it was in no sense my own. But I had reckoned without the thousand eyes of a Spanish house, and I soon found that the tact with which I had followed Don Emmanuel's lead in humoring poor Donna Isadra's delusion was known and favorably commented upon by all at Saint Severino.

Outside the walls of San Severino the four Sebastian brothers were in command, subject, indeed, to their father's supreme authority. But within they were treated as the herdsmen and laborers—saving only their place at table, which was set within the limits covered by the white cloths.

Slowest and heaviest of all, moving quietly and speaking little, the eldest, Don Matthew, had nothing of the blythe alertness of my Biño's temperament, nor yet did he possess his father's high courtesy and knowledge of affairs although, of course, he had the good manners which are the birthright of every Spaniard from Aran to El Tarik.

Yet, since he came next to his father in the family councils, as well as because he was considerably older than the others, much deference was shown him. He would often come quietly up to me, if he saw me standing gazing out upon the mountains, or not reading my book.

"The señor is dull," he would say, "he needs distraction. We will take him a trip across the mountains. That is our panacea for melancholy. Will the señor try it?"

At first I did not understand him, and answered that having had so much trouble to get out of France, I was excellently well pleased to remain where I was, so long as my kind hosts were not tired of me.

Whereat he would protest that San Severino would not forgive itself if I so much as even threatened to

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depart before having "made a trip."

"No man is a good Christian," he would insist, "who has not harried the partridge's nest beneath the stones!"

It was Biño who put me on the track of Don Matthew's meaning.

"He is offering you a great honor," said Biño when I told him. "He is the head of all the free-traders in this part of the world—aye, and as far as Aran and Villefranche on the other side. He does not very often lead himself. He is getting too old to carry weight, but he arranges where the 'stuff' is to be put in hiding and at what dates it is to be 'lifted.'"

"Then Don Matthew is, in fact, a smuggler?" I said, innocently surprised.

Biño's eyebrows lifted with a quaint amusement.

"What else?" he said. "Every man on this side the frontier is a smuggler—by birth, by choice, by pride, and by profession. The carbineers, the civil guards, are only old smugglers with Government coats on their backs. That is why they are dangerous and why the game is an interesting one. In old days the Government sent from Madrid, from Barcelona, men in the official service to catch the smugglers. They are wiser now. They offer large rewards, and the market value of all the goods captured for every conviction—"

"And has this measure put down the practice?" I continued.

Biño smiled at the very crassness of my ignorance.

"No," he said, reflectively, "I do not know that there is any less free-trading across the frontier. But it is not done by fools nowadays. That is too dangerous. Moreover, there are no Frenchmen in it now—all are Spaniards. The Government has made it a good game and worth the playing."

"Then you are a smuggler?" I retorted, though I knew otherwise. His eyes twinkled at this.

"Ah," he said quietly, "I am no true Frenchman. I am not afraid to risk my skin just to feel the heart beat quicker. I can dance a *jota* and flirt a cloak in a bull's eyes, thrum the guitar, and lilt a serenade. Can any Frenchman alive do these things? Also I have a time or two crossed the saddle that is not made of leather!"

He pointed to the far white barrier of the Pyrenees, hanging, with the exact line of the peaked saddle-housing of the Moors, afar in the indigo sky. Then, laying his hand on my arm, he became confidential.

"Sir," he said, unconsciously pinching my sleeve, "you may read a houseful of books, but till you have 'made the trip'—Over-There-and-Back-Again—you will never understand the hill men, never have your hand on the pulse of the north. It is here and here only that the pot boils—that is, from Cataluña to Hendaye! Barcelona is as much English as Spanish, more French than either. And the workmen of the towns—bah! Manresa and Ripoli—they are not true Spaniards. No Spaniard works all day with his nose to a machine."

"No," I answered unjustly, in order to provoke him; "he would rather lie in the dust, wrapped in a brown rug—and scratch!"

Biño, however, was far too cosmopolitan to be offended.

"In Valencia, maybe," he answered serenely; "but you know little of our north if you think that of us. Yonder are the mountains. Beyond is France. The old game is played every day, though Don Carlos is as dead as the dogs that barked in Sodom and Gomorrah, in spite of all the clatter about him at San Severino. Come and see what is yet left alive!"

Even thus did two good men like Biño and Don Matthew tempt me to break the revenue laws of their respective countries. And simply that they might not lose so much honest effort I succumbed.

When I told Don Matthew that I accepted his invitation, he laughed.

"It was in my mind that you would," he said, "otherwise I should not have proposed it. Mark, come hither! Luke, John."

And then the four talked the affair over, only Luke being inclined to shake his head. Mark was on the whole my

favorite, being less reserved than Don Matthew, while Luke appeared somewhat suspicious and saturnine, and of John I had as yet seen little. He had a sweetheart across the mountains (so Biño told me), and combined business with pleasure. He it was who placed the stuff ready to be lifted, and brought word when the way was clear. On the other hand, Mark of the bluff countenance had acquaintance with all the revenue officers, was welcome at all customs' posts, and used his repute of *bon garçon* to arrange the White Coups, as they were called—that is, those which were permitted or winked at by the local authorities in return for a proportion of the profit previously arranged for.

So while the brothers Sebastian talked together, listening to some proposal which my friend Mark was making to them, I naturally moved to a distance that I might not hear. But presently Matthew beckoned me.

"Mark here wishes to blood you on a White Coup," he said, smiling, "before you run the risks of the Black!"

"I do not understand the difference," I said.

"It is mainly this. During most of a White Coup you can ride a mule. In a Black you must run all the way on your own legs. In a White Coup no one will meddle with you; but in a Black it is to be expected that some very clever men will try to catch you, and that some exceedingly good shots will fire bullets at you!"

"The difference is certainly material," I said, "but I wish to understand the traffic to the bottom. I vote for the Black!"

It was the earliest orange-and-smoky-crimson dawn when, after duly making our adieus to Don Matthew and Don Luke, and to Donna Carmen, who was everywhere fluttering with excitement almost to the point of hand-clapping, the two remaining brothers, Don Mark and Don John, with Sebastian, Biño and myself, struck away to the left over a pine-covered col which led presently into the wildest country that I had yet seen in this part of the world.

After hours of climbing and mule-riding I was glad enough when we came to a halt on a craggy platform, with a couple of stern gray bastions towering immediately above us. Mark pointed downward and said, "There! That is the finest 'mas' in all the eastern Pyrenees—it is the farm of the great Don Cristobal Ribas!"

"That is where we are to wait?" I asked with much hope. It was a cozy, modern-looking range of buildings. Not that I was particular. A shed full of mountain hay—a bed of clover and mountain fodder, a mouthful of bread and cheese, with, if the gods were kind, a *bota* of wine—these were all I asked of Señor Don Cristobal Ribas or any other señor.

The Sebastian brothers burst out laughing at my ignorance. Even Biño smiled. "It will be our most earnest endeavor," said my friend Don Mark, "to keep out of the path of Don Cristobal. It were good to eat, better still to sleep. Yet we must go about, and far about, that no shepherd on his hills or fodder-lout in his stock-yard may get his eyes upon us."

"Is he then in the service of the Government?"

For the second time they laughed. And again Mark enlightened me.

"No," he said, "Don Cristobal is not with the Government. On the Pyrenees there is no one on the side of the Government—no, not its own officers. Learn this—that in all the north—Guipuzcoa, Navarra, Aragon, Cataluña—when people speak respectfully of the Spanish Government they have their tongues in their cheeks. Don Cristobal is no spy of Madrid, but he is worse. He is a rival in business, and if he got wind that the Sebastians were in his country to run a batch, it is ten to one that we should be relieved of the task of carrying home a single package!"

"You mean that he would steal your property?"

The brothers shrugged their shoulders at my invincible English ignorance.

"Oh, no," they answered, philosophically, "the thing is a custom of Spain.

Drawn by Cal San Ora.

Donna Carmen was everywhere fluttering with excitement.

We would have to fight for the goods, and the strongest would take them. For how could we carry any complaint to the authorities? Every stick has two ends, you see, so that is why we are so careful to hold tightly to ours, lest Don Cristobal should beat us with it!"

So even as Don Mark had said, we were at great pains to pass unseen high above the well-cared-for buildings of Don Cristobal Ribas, member of Cortes, smuggler and practical free-booter.

Photo. by the author.

The finest "mas" in all the eastern Pyrenees.

It seemed that the pass we were now to essay was in a manner of speaking "held in fee" by the owner of the great *alqueria*. And being a man who stood well with the Government, not an ex-Carlist like Don Emmanuel Sebastian, he had much more liberty. So in the pass which, as it were, opened out of his back garden, being the best and most secret east of the Maladetta, the interference of strangers was not invited. And it was whispered that by means of his *tusos* and *peons* the modern parliamentarian levied toll upon all, after the manner of the merry barons of old. Yet I have been privileged to see this same gentleman take his railway ticket at Jaca for Madrid. To be exact, it was a ticket of the second class. He made speeches which were printed in all the newspapers of the region. I was even introduced to him and had the honor of dining at his table. I found him courteous, well informed, and with the manners of a prince. After that dinner toasts were called for, and as it was the time of the "late unpleasantness" with regard to Cuba, when I was called upon to give a toast I thought myself safe with "Viva España!" There were half a dozen gentlemen present, all Spaniards, all proprietors of the neighborhood. To my surprise and embarrassment they sat still, though I was on my feet, and at a sad loss for words. The pause was decidedly an awkward one. I ran over in my mind how I could possibly have given offense. Then my host, toying with his wine-glass, said without looking at me, "If the Señor will change the toast to 'Viva Cataluña!' we are with him to a man!" The which, without any disloyalty to the existing Government of Spain, I instantly and thankfully did.

In the meantime, however, we left Don Cristobal's "masarie" far beneath us, descending down, down, down into a dusty sun-baked plain, surrounded on every side by hills and looking like a little bit of Africa dropped by mistake in a "howe" of the Pyrenees.

We were nearing our journey's end. In the midst of the sun-baked valley, dusty and dreary like a brickfield, there was one striking memorial of ancient times—the bold keep of a ruined castle flanked by two towers of massive stone stood up sharply out of the barren plain. Jackdaws circled and cawed about the turrets, and the building, as we first saw it, might have been deserted for five hundred years. But lo! when we came to the leonine front which it turned towards the mountains, we found that a huge plastron of red brick had been most incongruously attached to it. In this a great door was pierced, proportionate, indeed, to the castle, but utterly disproportionate to the internal accommodation, being twenty-five feet high and partly closed with a

screen of rough wood, from which depended a string curtain. There was an ordinary whitewashed house attached to the right of this House of the Cyclops; but as we saw it, the haze of morning, heightening the weirdness of this marvelous conglomerate, made the patched ruin even more impressive than San Severino, standing stark and bone-bare on a sun-baked plain, the mountains all about without any apparent break in their circuit.

As it happened, we had two days and a night to remain at this Torre Toran, so that I had abundant opportunity of studying both the place and its inhabitants. There was a long battlemented wall to the rear, broken down in places, and we had to skirt this in order to reach the entrance of ceremony. As we did so an old woman came along, clothed in black from head to foot—a black hood shaped out of a shawl was over her head, almost concealing her face. She was driving before her a little flock of goats and she-asses, which, resignedly enough, proceeded to search for herbage where apparently even a royal warrant would not have produced a single blade of grass.

The old lady took not the least notice of us, sombrely holding her way, her eyes on the ground and her hand holding together the ends of the shawl with which she was hooded. Don John explained.

"That is the mother of Renato. The gendarmes killed him in the pass!"

He spoke quite as if the matter were of ordinary occurrence. I was interested to know which pass.

"That through which you are to go to-night," he answered.

That interested me still more. I pressed for particulars.

"Oh," said John lightly, "there was nothing unusual. It might arrive to any one. He was called upon to stop. And he did not stop. *Voilà tout!*"

Exactly—it might arrive to any one. Well, I at least knew some one who, if called upon to stop, would stop with extreme suddenness. I was not so young as when I ran in the school paper-chase. And besides, running away full tilt is, to say the least of it, unseemly.

As we approached the side entrance (the "Gate of the Sun-dial") a second old woman, this time more gaily attired in blue head kerchief, red and green striped shawl with a crimson border, a faded lilac dress and a red apron, was conducting the last of another herd of goats through a narrow doorway into an inner courtyard.

"We are in luck," said Don John, gleefully; "that is our hostess, Donna Anna. She is taking in her flock to be milked. We are in time for dinner."

Within the old house we found three or four hardy fellows reclining in the lofty, airy coolness, some on sacks, some on couches of juniper and heath brought from the alp outside. The floor itself was of beaten clay, with that bloom upon it which is the sign-manual of Spain, where all things, even the sunsets, appear through a ruddy haze of dust.

All rose at our entrance. The two Evangelist brothers shook hands familiarly, and with a few words, evidently cabalistic, introduced Biño and myself. The *pot-au-feu* was soon steaming on the table, brought in by the cook, a young and comely woman, who apparently blushed on the least provocation. She was, however, on good terms with Don John. But there was evidently a mystery somewhere, for Biño and I were warned not to let out to any one of those at Torre Toran that Don John had engaged himself "for the good motive" to a sweetheart over in the Ariège.

The explanation seemed to be that in the not distant past our inconstant youth had had an affair with the pretty dame of the pots and pans.

"She is married now," he said somewhat shamefacedly, explaining the matter "but what would you? She is married herself, but just like a woman, she would not like to think that I was going to marry myself also!"

It was not for some time, and only by careful observation, that I made out the husband of our pretty cook to be a certain quiet, stoop-shouldered giant, who had sat hour after hour looking into the fire without saying a word to any one, without glancing at his wife, or

seeming to notice the numerous compliments that were showered upon her. His sole occupation was to throw scraps to a band of hungry cats which appeared from nowhere and everywhere, only to be *shooed* away by the cook, or dislodged from under settles by Donna Anna's broom. I noticed, however, that the big man occasionally held out his hand in an absent-minded way to his wife for a handful of scraps to continue his feeding operations. Her hand invariably met his. So that there was probably a good deal of that silent understanding and communion which makes such a large part of the somewhat too public and open-air domesticity of Spain.

After dinner and some excellent wine had fortified the inner man, sharpset after the shrewd air of the mountain tops, I was informed by Don Mark that it would be impossible to "lift" the goods that night. The party which had agreed to "cache" them had found itself watched and had had to return with them to headquarters near to Saint Beät. Don John had gone off to make new arrangements. He would be back in the morning.

That night I slept on a mattress in a corner, the sleep of the tired and the insect immune. Let none go gipsying in Spain whom a flea will bite—not to speak of the yet slower and more deadly terror of the Creeping-Thing-that-walketh-in-Darkness! In the morning, very early, Biño came to my bedside with a cup of chocolate and a glass of water, which I took thankfully enough, with a lump of black, or rather brown, bread thereto. The curtain was drawn aside from the great twenty-five foot door, and from where I lay I could see right out across the plain to the summits of the hills, all covered with fresh-fallen snow, the clouds still wreathing and hovering about them, slowly mounting in long level banks as the sun struck upon them. The whole interior of Torre Toran was filled with the fresh scents of dawn.

A long lazy day was before us at Torre Toran. Don John had come back and was helping the pretty cook to get the breakfast. He had girt himself with a blue apron, and now peeled vegetables, washed salad, and cleaned knives, while the son of the house, the lady's husband, occasionally glanced at him with a slow smile of quizzical contempt. There was no harm in Don John—so much his smile said. And at any rate, his own Albecete knife was by his side, the repairer of mistakes, the "regulator" of all things that go awry in Spain. But Don John also knew this as well as any one, and (be it said again) there was no harm in Don John.

There is little to tell of the day—which shows how pleasantly it must have gone. I sat out mainly, and smoked with Biño and the husband of the pretty cook, Don Reinaldo, who drawled sleepy tales in easy French of a good accent. He had been at the Lycée of St. Gaudens, I was astonished to hear. He showed me his armory, of which he was justly proud. It contained a very fine new Winchester, bought for him by a friend in Paris. It was kept like a piece of jewelry. He possessed besides a double-barrelled English sporting gun and a Webley revolver of the heaviest navy pattern. I happened to have a few cartridges for this last at the bottom of my camera carrying-case, with which I made him exceedingly happy. In return he told me many tales, some romantic and a few humorous. And so we whiled the time past, till the fall of the twilight brought the band together.

It was between eight and nine when we started, not as formerly in one imposing cavalcade, but on foot and in little groups of two or three at most. Don Reinaldo and Biño kept close to me. Not a word was uttered. It was a gloomy, starless night, the moon obscured, and at first so dark that I would have stumbled and fallen had not Don Reinaldo given me his hand.

"It will be easier presently," he whispered, "but, indeed, darkness is best till we are well off the plain, so that none may track us. When we get among the hills the clouds will break and we will see well enough." The ridges of the hills stood out inky black against the slaty gray of the sky. If you looked long at them, they became

Drawn by Cal San Ora.

Smuggling is no child's play.

edged with a misty aureole, like that which outlines a saint's head in old pictures. Then we passed a tall black post which stood out against the sky.

"The frontier!" whispered Biño, "now we are in France."

As soon as we had reached the bottom of the bank we stopped in a sheltered place and Don Reinaldo gave a short sharp whistle. It was the trysting spot. Here all the men I had seen at the Torre were quickly assembled. Not a word was said. It was now Don John's business to lead, so I was placed behind with Don Reinaldo, while Biño, who also knew the country well, accompanied Don John as additional adviser.

Photo. by the author.

Where the packages were hidden.

Our pace was not rapid—rather the steady going of men who know that they have a long and difficult task before them. It was still too dark to see clearly. Yet the Pyreneeans went inevitably on, each as if he had been mounting his own staircase to bed. Once we seemed to be passing through a deep and narrow defile, upon rocks which sounded hollow beneath the feet, and far below me I heard the plash of falling water.

From this gloom we emerged suddenly as from a prison cell. The moon struggled through fleecy clouds with a vague, luminous radiance. My alpargatas touched the grass, gratefully enough, and lo! before us lay the place of our quest, the Rochers de Léz—a wide, uneven plain on which blocks of stone were scattered, of all sizes, from a man's hand to huge boulders ten and fifteen feet in diameter. What a place to play hide-and-seek in! was my first thought. And there our packages were ready for the Spaniards. French hands had placed them in hiding, but the risk itself must always be run by the men of Spain. Labor is cheap in Spain—life also.

Don John went straight to a tall boulder, squared like an obelisk, which stood at the southwest corner of the plain. Then he threaded his way back, following some intricate key-plan which he had safe in his head.

"*Toma!*" he cried, suddenly pointing with his hand, "there you are!"

The men foraged about among the huddle of stones upon which a thin covering of heath and juniper had been artistically replaced. Soon our "affair" lay before us. Small square packages of thirty and forty pounds each were neatly wrapped in glazed waterproof cloth. Not a moment was now wasted. Don Reinaldo checked the number of articles as each was drawn out of its hiding place.

Then the men attached to the corners of each package a cross-harness of straps, like those which sustain the ruksack of the Alps—two broad bands passing bandolier fashion across the chest and under the armpits. Those who made it a point of honor to select the heaviest packages had, some of them, L-shaped carrying boards, but most mounted the package plainly on the back with no other attachment than the broad crossed leathers. To me was entrusted the smallest and lightest of all the packages—jewelry of price, I was told, destined for the best shops of Barcelona and Madrid. The larger packages held mostly Jura watches, small

leather work, gold and silver cigar-cases and all that dainty nick-nackery which is so popular in Spain, and not one article in ten of which ever pays to the Government the very heavy and indeed prohibitory duty imposed upon it.

With this despatch it was not long before every back had its burden, and we were once more on the road for Spain. For me, in spite of my light load, not more than a fifth of what the others were carrying, the pace was quite fast enough.

But Don Reinaldo wished to get through the narrow gorge before the light came clearer. It was easy to see that the clouds were passing off the face of the moon, and that long before our goods were safe in hiding the whole of the mountains would be as bright as day.

I could hear the painful and even heavy breathing of the men as they followed each other up the steep slopes. Every five minutes at the worst parts, less frequently elsewhere, the leader would give a sort of guttural "Humph," and the exhausted men would lean their loads and themselves against the wall of rock. The moon looked out for a moment at one of these halts, and I saw the young man's face next to me. It was drawn and haggard, the sweat stood in great gouts on his brow, and I could see the laboring of his lungs as he panted with shut eyes and open mouth. Assuredly smuggling is no child's play for those who carry the heavier burdens.

We passed the dreaded gully in safety, and the pass opened out. We kept high on one side, serpentining among the scattered rocks. The moon had again removed herself. There was a growling of thunder low down towards the plains of Aragon which seemed to be coming in our direction.

"Some of us will sleep in wet jackets to-night, if we sleep at all!" muttered Biño, who kept beside me. Though carrying his share like any of the others, the sturdy fellow kept offering to relieve me of mine at difficult parts of the road.

Suddenly Don Reinaldo, who had been leading, threw up his hand, and

Photo. by the author.

An officer of carbineers regarded us a little curiously.

with a muttered "*Al abrigo!* To cover!" he effaced himself behind a boulder. So, indeed, did we all. And not a moment too soon. For "spat—spat—spatter" came half a dozen bullets against the rocks. Some of them buzzed into the hillside like great bees. They whistled over head. They clicked and burrowed like rats in the short dense undergrowth, as the facets of the rocks turned them aside. But no one of our company was touched.

"They are on the other side--lower down," whispered Biño. "Do not be afraid. It is only playing the game. They will do us no harm, but all the same it is a mercy the moon is covered. I wish that thunderstorm would make haste."

"Are they Don Cristobal's men?" I inquired. For I thought it might be that the deputy to the National Cortez was objecting to our intrusion upon his vested right of breaking the laws he had helped to make.

"No," said Don John, who lay next on my right, "nothing so serious as that—only the carbineers. Cristobal's men would have had the hill of us by this time, and in ten minutes we would have seen their knives glancing. But these fellows will just keep firing bullets and wasting Government powder. They will never dare to attack us. All the same it is very stupid—very tiresome. One does not want to be recognized. And it is much too near Don Cristobal's for safe 'cacheing'!"

After the first surprise of the thought that these bullets were fired at us, it was astounding how soon we got used to the fusillade in the dark. The Spaniards passed jests after their kind, chiefly grumbling because Don Reinaldo would not permit cigarettes to be lighted, lest the heath and dry grasses of the hillside might be set on fire.

"In twenty minutes we must make a rush for it—bullets or no bullets!" said Don Reinaldo, "else daylight will catch us with the stuff still on our backs!"

Very anxiously, therefore, we watched the clouds pass over the moon. But it darkened steadily, and it was not five minutes before the first drops of the thunderstorm fell, broad as Spanish dollars, plashing solidly in our faces. Then with a long sigh of relief, each man adjusted his package and stood erect. As the lightning came flash on quick flash, we would see in the pale lilac glare far down on the other side of the valley a file of black figures hastening in the direction of the carbineer post.

"Now, I wonder what they suppose themselves to have gained by all that?" growled Biño in my ear; "something to put in their report, I suppose—'Wonderful activity of the carbineers of the district of Aran; daring attack upon armed *partidas* concealed among rocks! Contrabandistas dispersed!"

After this stirring episode, the rest of the journey to the old shed, where the packages were finally rubbed dry and hidden under heaps of fodder, was certainly monotonous. But the "cache" once reached, all was soon stowed away.

"Now," said Don Reinaldo, "we will go down to El Seo and constitute ourselves, so to speak."

In my innocence, I had expected that we would take the goods directly back to Torre Toran, or, perhaps, even to San Severino. But the best smugglers of Spain never "fyle their ain nest." They carry everything in the direction of some unfrequented railway station, where some trusted member of the fraternity takes the whole down to the best markets in Barcelona or Madrid.

It was afternoon when the little city appeared, as we would say in Scotland "in the lirk of the hill," with the clear river washing its apostolic feet.

In twenty minutes we were at the gate of El Seo. An officer of carbineers regarded us a little curiously as we passed. I fancied he laid his finger against the side of his nose, but as to this I will not take oath in any court of justice.

Several of our company went off to the quaint little cathedral, but Biño and I sought a quiet posado, where I could get into bed with a blanket about me, while my entire wardrobe dried shamelessly on the balcony. In this guise, with a cup of coffee by my side, I smoked the easeful cigarette, and, failing any fit priest of my faith, confessed the crimes of the night to my diary.

Easter Madrigal

by Clinton Scollard

EASTER-GLOW and Easter-gleam!
Lyric laughter from the stream
That between its banks so long
Murmured such a cheerless song;
Stirrings faint and fine and thin
Every woodsy place within;
Root and tendril, bough and bole,
Rousing with a throb of soul;
The old ecstacy awake
In the briar and in the brake;
Blue-bird raptures---dip and run---
And the robin-antiphon;
Tingling air and trembling earth,
And the crystal cup of mirth
Brimmed and lifted to the lip
For each one of us to sip.
Dream!---'tis something more than
dream,
Easter-glow and Easter-gleam!
Prescience 'tis, and prophecy
Of the wonder that shall be
When the spirit leaps to light
After death's hiemal night!

A general view of the preparation for the fire-walk.

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THE FIRE WALKERS OF FIJI*

By WALTER BURKE, F. R. P. S.

With photographs by the author, an eye witness.

FOREWORD

As the following narrative is apt to arouse incredulity, some preface seems desirable.

The fact that in several remote countries of the world, notably Mauritius, India, Japan, Hawaii, the Malay Archipelago and the Fiji Islands, men have walked barefoot across living coals or over white hot stones and come through the ordeal uninjured, is no longer a subject of scientific doubt. No intelligent jury can disregard the combined testimony of credible eye witnesses, many of them trained scientific observers—who have described the performance. To accept the facts, however, is one thing, to explain them is another. And the theories put forth to elucidate this modern miracle are almost as varied as so many systems of philosophy.

Speaking generally, these explanations are of two kinds, physical and psychical. Let us run through them briefly.

First there are those who maintain that the heat to which the naked feet of the performers are subjected is not so great as it appears. The evidence in the narrative which follows sufficiently confutes the theory, but we add the following interesting statement by Prof. S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution, who himself witnessed the ceremony in Tahiti:—

"The essential question," says Prof. Langley, "as to the actual heat of these stones had not yet been answered, and after the fourth passage I secured Papa-Ita's (the principal

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Preparing the Firewood

A close view of the pit The two men to the right of centre are some of the workers from Bequa.

A close view of the stones to be used in the fire walking

The fire about two hours before the ceremony after the smoke has died down

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The fire at a late stage when most of the wood had been burned

Green leaves and boughs ready to throw on the stones

Some of the saplings and vines used for regulating the stones

Workers hauling out the unburned logs

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performer) permission to remove from the middle of the pile one stone which, from its size and position, every foot had rested upon in crossing and which was undoubtedly at least as hot as any one of those trodden on. It was pulled out by my assistants with difficulty. . . . I had brought over the largest wooden bucket which the ship had and which was half filled with water. The stone caused the water to rise nearly to the top of the bucket, and it was thrown into such violent ebullition that a great deal of it boiled over and escaped weighing. The stone was an exceedingly bad conductor of heat, for it continued to boil the water for about twelve minutes, when the ebullition being nearly over it was removed to the ship and the amount of evaporated water measured. . . . On returning to the ship the amount of water boiled away was estimated from the water which was left in the bucket (after allowing for that spilled over) at about ten pounds. The stone was found to weigh 65 pounds and to have evaporated this quantity of water. I brought a piece of it to Washington with me and there determined its specific gravity to be 2.39, its specific heat 0.19, and its conductivity to be so extremely small that one end of a small fragment could be held in the hand while the other was heated indefinitely in the flame of a blow pipe. This partly defeated the aim of the experiment (to find the temperature of the upper part of the stone), since only the mean temperature was found. This mean temperature of the hottest stone of the upper layer as deduced from the above data, was about 1,200 degrees F., but the temperature of the surface must have been indefinitely lower. The temperature at which such stones begin to show dull red by daylight is approximately 1,300 to 1,400 degrees F."

Other observers admit the presence of intense heat, and attempt to cast light on the mystery by this interesting analogy:—

"If a white hot ball of metal," says the English chemist, Prof. W. F. Barrett, "preferably of copper, be lowered into a vessel of water containing a little soap in solution, it will enter the water without any ebullition of steam and the ball will remain white hot in the midst of the water for a considerable time. The ball in fact does not touch the water and the latter remains only slightly warmed until the temperature of the ball falls below a certain point, when it comes in contact with the water and violent ebullition ensues. The phenomenon is really attributable to a repulsive force discovered by Sir William Crookes, which occurs when a hot body is brought very near to a cold one."

A similar phenomenon occurs in cases when the human hand is plunged into molten metal and instantly withdrawn quite unharmed, owing to the rapid evaporation from the surface of the skin, which creates a momentary protection. But these experiments deal with exceedingly brief exposures to heat, whereas the fire-walk lasts a very appreciable time.

It is frequently urged that chemical substances, such as the juice of the aloe or the oil from the fat of the green frog are used as a protection against the heat. Our answer to this is let those who accept this explanation attempt the experiment. As a matter of fact, we have the highest chemical authority for saying there is no known substance which, smeared upon the body, can alone protect it from the scorching heat of an open furnace.

But, say those who believe in the physical explanation, the performers are natives of a hot country, accustomed to walk all day along roads hot enough to blister the feet of a white man. Their soles, unaccustomed to shoes, become tanned like leather. Besides, an Oriental inherits a much less sensitive nervous organization than the American or European. Add to this the frenzy of religious fervor which sways the performer's mind and renders him insensible to physical pain and you have there a sufficient explanation.

To this we answer emphatically that no amount of toughening could render the feet insensible to incandescent cinders or to stones heated to from 600 to 1,200 degrees F. The human body can endure no greater heat than the temperature at which albumen coagulates, 163 degrees F. If a higher temperature than this is sustained the substance of the body disintegrates and death ensues. But argument on this point seems unnecessary when we have undoubted testimony, as in the ensuing narrative, of the feat being performed by a European.*

Turning to the varieties of psychical explanations which are advanced, we find the widest possible divergence of views. None is more interesting than Mr. Andrew Lang's tentative theory that the phenomenon may be due to hypnotic suggestion. Take, for instance,

* In a letter to the editors upon this subject, Prof. George Trumbull Ladd, of Yale University, sums up the physical explanations thus: "Various reasons have been assigned for the ability to bear this test, among them the use of ashes and salt over the stones. The very thick and horny character of the skin on the soles of the feet (this is true in fact), and the fact that especially if the skin is kept moist it can be brought into very brief contact even with molten iron without some burning. I am not sure that any or all of these explanations are sufficient."

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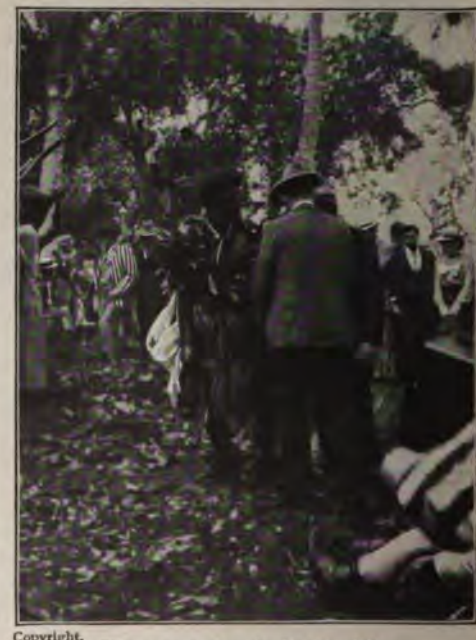
Turning the stones by means of a grapevine.

the fact familiar to experimenters that blisters *can* be raised on the skin of a patient by the touch of a cool instrument, provided the hypnotist conveys to his subject the impression that it is searing hot. Is it not conceivable then that the converse of this may be true, and that the sensitiveness of the skin to fire can be so far decreased as to render possible the performance of the seeming miracle? Of course, the apparent absence of bodily pain as the result of the ordeal is less remarkable than the complete absence of bodily injury. It is highly probable that Christian martyrs have died at the stake in an ecstacy of religious emotion so intense as to preclude all bodily sensation, and when we remember that the fire-walkers are generally fulfilling some vow made for the recovery of a sick relative or for the enjoyment of personal health and prosperity, and that the ceremony is preceded by hours, and sometimes by days, of fasting, prayer and praise, it is not difficult to understand the immunity from bodily suffering. But that human feet should walk like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego unscathed through a burning fiery furnace, is a problem upon which all that we have said simply casts some faint candlelight of understanding.

It simply remains to be said that so far as we know the following is the most circumstantial narrative of the ceremony of fire-walking ever published, and that the photographs which accompany it, while not all that could be wished, are the very best procurable, and were only secured after much difficulty.

Photographs, at least, are proof against hallucination and hypnotic suggestion cannot prevail over them. For the rest, read the article and reach your own conclusion.—THE EDITORS.

Away down in the Pacific Ocean, 1,100 miles to the north of New Zealand, lies the British Crown Colony of Fiji. The group consists of about two hundred and fifty islands, of which some eighty are inhabited. In the bad old days Fiji was chiefly remarkable for the fact that the inhabitants were connoisseurs in cannibalism. This they had brought to a fine art. Tanoa, one of the kings of Fiji, it is said, compelled his victims to first prepare the large oven in the native way, and when it was at the right temperature knocked them on the head and passed them into the oven to be cooked.



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The examination by the physician.

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The actual fire walk, showing the priest in charge of the ceremony. The duration of the walk was in this instance fifteen seconds.

The population of the group totals 119,000, which includes 19,000 Indian coolies imported to work upon the sugar plantations. The principal island of the group is Viti Levu, which has an area of 4,112 miles. Suva, the capital town, is on this island, and possesses an excellent harbor, being the port of call for the Canadian-Australian mail steamers running from Vancouver to Brisbane. Eighteen miles from Suva is the island of Beqa (pronounced M'benga). It is a tiny little island, with an area of but thirteen square miles. Yet it, in a way, is the most famous of the group, for its inhabitants possess the singular power of being able to walk on red-hot stones without being burned. The tradition amongst the natives themselves is that one Tui Qulita and his descendants was given this power in return for sparing the life of a man who was doomed to be eaten.

During a recent holiday in Fiji, I had the opportunity of witnessing the ceremony on the Island of Beqa (remember to pronounce it M'benga), as performed by the members of the tribe there. It was originally intended to do the fire-walking in the grounds of Government House, Suva, during the festivities of Coronation week; but, owing to the indisposition of His Majesty, Edward VII, this idea was aban-

doned. The men from Beqa had already arrived and had brought with them a supply of the stones used in the ovens of their native island. Work on the oven had been commenced. A circular hole had been dug about twenty feet in diameter and two feet in depth. The earth from the center was thrown up on the edges, giving the hole a saucer-like appearance. Surrounding the hole were enormous masses of wood cut into various sizes. Dry wood poles were placed in the pit radiating from the center. These are, I presume, merely put there for the same reason that sticks are crossed in lighting an ordinary fire, to create a draught. Under and on the poles dry palm fronds were placed. Running down hill from the oven a series of trenches in the shape of a cross had been cut to carry off the surface water in case of rain. This much I saw at Suva, and, at a private exhibition on the Island of Beqa, I witnessed the balance of the ceremony.

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The fire-walkers can be dimly seen through the smoke of the leaves which are burned during the second part of the ceremony.

When we arrived on the steamer, great clouds of smoke could be seen rising out of a grove of cocoanut palms close to the seashore, showing that the fire was in full swing. In fact, it is lit some forty-eight hours before the time appointed for the ceremony.

The oven had been prepared in the center of a small clearing amongst cocoanut palms. A worse place, from a photographic point of view could hardly have been selected. What light there was was filtered through the waving tops of the palms. On three sides was dense jungle-like tropical growth. On the fourth side the trees were not so close. Fast exposures were quite impossible. To secure any detail on the plate at all a maximum exposure had to be given, while the quickly moving and never for a moment quiet figures required quick exposures.

At Beqa I found the general appearance of the oven much the same as at Suva. Firewood in varying sizes up to logs eight inches in diameter had been added and the fire was continually watched and fed with fresh wood when that previously supplied had been consumed.

Crowning the pile was a great collection of large rounded stones, some of which were about a foot in length. They looked water-worn and I think had been collected from the bed of a creek. About two hours before the ceremony the smoke had abated, and the whole mass glowed with a white heat. It was not comfortable to stand within several feet of the fire. In fact, it was dangerous ; for chips of the stones flew far and wide, and struck

the ground with a sharp ping. One flying piece cut my thumb while I was standing eight yards away, and, although it was only about the size of a dollar piece and a little thicker, it was several minutes before it was sufficiently cool for me to put it in my pocket.

As the hour for the exhibition approached, groups of natives collected, some laden with green saplings about twenty feet in length, others had armfuls of green boughs and leaves. Others made their way out of the forest with bundles of rope-like vines, one of these being about fifty feet in length, and of considerable thickness.

The fire now is much lower, and occasionally a large stone drops through the wood with a thud. Frequently the stones explode and scatter the pieces all around.

Now the workers close into the ring. The smaller vines are fastened to the ends of the long saplings, leaving a loop hanging. These loops are dropped over the ends of the logs which have not been completely burned, several men man the sapling, and with loud chants, not unlike a sea-chanty, the log is drawn out. This is repeated over and over again till no logs are left protruding.

The ends of the green saplings continually burst into flames when they touch the stones, showing the intense heat in the oven. At last there seems to be nothing left in the pit but stones, most of which have lost their rounded appearance, and a great many are broken in pieces. Yet the men are not satisfied.

The large hawser-like vine now comes into use. This is thrown across the center of the pit. With the saplings the men press it deep down into the glowing mass of stones. Dozens of willing hands pull at the ends of the vine, and the stones are turned over and over and flattened out. Many stones that were at the bottom are now on top, and *vice versa*. When a piece of wood is turned up it is quickly caught in one of the loops and drawn out. Again and again is this repeated, till the stones present a fairly even surface, but critical men, still unsatisfied, probe amongst the stones with the saplings and turn the smoothest side of the stones uppermost.

Copyright.

The performers dressed for the ordeal in their gala garments.

While they are doing this the ends of the green saplings continually blaze.

Now all is ready for the grand finale. The workers step back. One of the men who is to walk over the stones comes out of hiding and is carefully and critically examined by two doctors from Dunedin, New Zealand, who were unable to discover anything out of the ordinary. The chief, through an interpreter, asks for silence, and a hush falls on the scene. Then the natives break into loud cries, and along a track in the jungle can be seen a party of ten Fijians, fantastically arrayed in native clothing, similar to that used in the national *meke mekes* (dances).

Without hesitation or haste they stepped onto the stones and walked round the pit in pairs, the inside men being well towards the center. They do not seem to choose the stones to step upon, and take from ten to fifteen seconds to complete the circuit. Then they step off quickly; the workers rush forward with masses of green leaves and small boughs. These they throw into the center of the oven, the fire-walkers step back and press down the leaves with their hands and feet. Immediately clouds of smoke from the burning leaves envelop them, and they can but dimly be seen through it. Great baskets of food, consisting principally of roots of the Dracœna, are heaped in the center; more leaves are added, till the whole pile is about a yard in height. This is covered with earth, and the whole left for forty-eight hours, when the oven is opened and the food used for feasting.

Immediately after the food was placed in the oven the men were examined by the doctors, who were completely at a loss to explain the mystery. The men's feet and hands were extremely cold, which gave rise to some suspicion of the use of a local refrigerant. Otherwise the feet were soft, and there was *no sign of any burns*. I examined them myself and found that one had had a number of blisters on his feet, but they were not recent.

Dr. Hocken, a well-known New Zealand scientist, on a previous occasion, even licked their feet to see if he could trace any chemical, but without result.

To give an example of the great heat of the stones, which are described as a close conglomerate, one of the doctors secured out of the oven a stone upon which he saw one of the men walk. This was transferred to a native basket composed of green palm leaves. It immediately burned its way through and fell to the ground. It was afterward cooled in the sea, but a considerable time elapsed before it could be handled.

Colonel Gudgeon, British resident at Raratonga, is one of the few Europeans who have performed this remarkable feat. In a communication to the Polynesian Society he says:—

"I can hardly give you my sensations, but I can say this, that I knew quite well I was walking on red-hot stones, and could feel the heat, yet I was not burned. I felt something resembling slight electric shocks, both at the time and afterwards, but that is all. I do not know that I should recommend every one to try it. A man must have *mana** to do it; if he has not, it will be too late when he is on the hot stones of Tama-ahi-roa.

"To show you the heat of the stones, quite half an hour afterwards some one remarked to the priest that the stones would not be hot enough to cook the food. His only answer was to throw his green branch on the oven and in a quarter of a minute it was blazing. * * * I did not walk quickly across the oven, but with deliberation, because I feared that I should tread on a sharp point of the stones and fall. My feet also were very tender. I did not mention the fact, but my impression as I crossed the oven was that the skin would all peel off my feet. Yet all I really felt when the task was accomplished was a tingling sensation not unlike slight electric shocks on the soles of my feet, and this continued for seven hours or more. The really funny thing is that, though the stones were hot enough an hour afterwards to burn my green branches of the ti (dracœna), the very tender skin of my feet was not even hardened by the fire."

Dr. Hocken, when he witnessed the fire-walking, armed himself with a thermometer registering up to 400 degrees F. Just before the men walked over the stones the doctor suspended the thermometer over the center of the oven, some five or six feet above the stones. It had to be withdrawn at once, as the solder in the case immediately began to melt. It had, however, registered 282 degrees, and Dr. Hocken is sure that if it had been left it would have registered 400 degrees and then burst.

*Mana—the mysterious power.

1. The fire walk as practiced in Honolulu, from a photograph taken by George Eli Hall, Esq., and kindly lent as an illustration for this article. 2. Types of the performers from an original photograph by George Eli Hall.

3. The fire walk as practiced in Tahiti, from a photograph taken by Prof. S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institute, and kindly lent to this magazine.

THE PRESTIGE OF THE UNIVERSE

By SEUMAS MacMANUS

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "The Leadin' Road to Donegal," Etc.

SAID the Doctor, the Americans think they discovered the newspaper scoop — as they think they discovered a'most everything under the sun, including their own hemisphere. They patented the scoop, I admit, but they didn't discover it. It was Denis Reid —my friend, Denis—who did that, three and thirty years ago, though the world has failed to give him credit for it; but then, that was but one item in a long debt that the same thankless world owed Denis, poor fellow, anyhow.

We pushed back our chairs. We were just in good mood for hearing a story; the doctor was in good mood for telling one.

Continued the doctor. And that was a wonderful scoop of Denis', and a clever one. Denis was then on the "Dhrimstevlin Universe"—circulation two hundred and eleven copies (including the free copy for Larry Come-lately, who drove the post); but, guaranteed circulation three thousand four hundred and eighty-nine. He was both chief and sub-reporter, and the whole reportorial staff. And a splendid reporter Denis made, I assure you—when he was sober. But I regret to say, poor Pat Moroney—Pat was the editor—made candid confession about Denis, that his normal state was that of a lugger in a head-wind, inclined to roll.

Pat, as ye may suppose, had more than a dish to wash in watching Denis, and striving to keep him to his work. He had nine times given him final notice of dismissal, and, at the time I tell of, Denis was living under the shadow of the tenth notice, which was now to be final and absolute, without any manner or shade of doubt.

"For you must go, Reid," says Pat, "or else me and the *Universe* must go, and to tell truth, I'd sooner see you go. We have come to the parting of the ways, this time, without any mistake."

"Well," says Denis, says he, "if it's bound to be a case of dismissal, I suppose I may as well be first in the field, and dismiss you and the *Universe*."

But poor Pat's temper was too badly broken to see the point of Denis' jokes any longer.

"Reid," says he, "you can set about packing your traveling trunk any day,

for eight days from now I'll give you good-bye."

Says Denis, says he, "Larry Feelan's goat is digesting my traveling trunk, together with several other items of Mrs. Monaghan's laundry, at the present writing"—for, alas, a red handkerchief usually served to convey poor Denis' extra belongings, whenever he was constrained to strike out for fresh fields and pastures new.

But, with all his joking, he was downhearted, was Denis. He didn't know which point of the compass he was going to turn his face to,—by reason that he, himself, and his little weakness, was well known by pretty much every editor between the four seas of Ireland. And he knew that it was only in a case of strait, too desperate to anticipate, any one of them would consent to take him on his paper. Still, joke me brave Denis did, and joke he would, even if it was to Death he was bidding good-morrow; for he had a great spirit, entirely, that never would consent to knuckle under to the knocks of the world—though, poor devil! it is purty rough usage the world give him, sure enough.

"But, no matter," says he to himself, "I would face the road again, with a high heart, and good will, if I only got square with M'Areavy."

For, this time, it was all because of the scoundrel, M'Areavy, he had to go. It was M'Areavy who edited the other Dhrimstevlin paper. Denis used to refer to it, contemptuously, as the Sheet of Note-paper; M'Areavy called it the *Globe*. It was no such paper as the *Universe*, and didn't circulate within a dozen-and-a-half, or a score of copies, of what the *Universe* did. M'Areavy was proprietor, editor, foreman, proof-reader, and full staff of reporters, all in himself. He was a mean man, likewise, and had done many small tricks, but none smaller than this last which he wrought upon poor Denis, and which earned for poor Denis his final sack.

Isaac Butt had a most important Home Rule meeting at Corratavey, where Denis Reid attended and took notes for the *Universe;* and, afterwards, getting somewhat overcome—by the heat of the March day, let us say—lost them; left poor Pat Moroney in despair and the *Universe* in mourning, that week—but found his full notes, expounded and expanded, in the same issue of the *Globe;* though, on the morning of the meeting, both Denis and Pat had been congratulating themselves on the fact that M'Areavy, having to attend his grand-aunt's funeral in Dhrimullin, on the same day, would have to appear that week without a syllable regarding the Home Rule meeting. It was, therefore, a case of the meanest and most deliberate pick-pocketing that had, up till this, ever been heard of in the annals of newspaper thievery. It was small blame to poor Pat Moroney, to resolve upon finally parting with the untrustworthy Denis; and it was little wonder, too, that Denis Reid thirsted for satisfaction of the rascal, M'Areavy, and was nigh broken-hearted at the thought of leaving Dhrimstevlin without cleaning the slate he had again' him.

As good luck would have it, it wasn't ordered

that he should, either. And thereby was the why and wherefore of Denis Reid making his great scoop, getting even with the rascal, M'Areavy, and a thousand miles ahead of him, delighting the heart of Pat Moroney, and saving his grand situation (which earned him thirteen-and-six a week) into the bargain.

The member for the county in them days was Russell. Some of yous knew Russell; all of yous heard tell of him, at least. He was a carpet-bagger from Kidderminister, who made his money in carpets, or doormats, or some-such-thing-or-other, there. And when he had made all the money he could in that way, and wanted a short cut to more, he come on tramp to Ireland, looking for a constituency; and, after he had sowed plenty of gold and silver pretty well up and down the country, got elected for this one, and went to Parliament to close his eyes and open his mouth, and wait for something to drop intil it.

Now the man of all men who had managed to pitchfork him into Parliament was Major M'Cammond of Altmore, and he lived but five-and-thirty Irish miles farther down the coach road than Dhrimstevlin, and it was on this self-same week, when Denis Reid had his trouble on him, that Parliament, having closed for a week, Russell was to pass through Dhrimstevlin on his way to visit the major, and—for there was a momentous dispute about the right of the inhabitants of Camlaragan to cut turf in the hither or farther bog of Crumlish, occupying the attention of Parliament and the chief secretary, and agitating the whole world, but more particularly the world of Dhrimstevlin and its newspaper readers for several miles around—M'Areavy, who was ever on the alert, had got Major M'Cammond to write and warn Russell beforehand that, on his way through Dhrimstevlin, a *Universe* man would move heaven and earth to have him interviewed for that week's paper, but under no conditions or circumstances was he to grant an interview to any other than Mr. M'Areavy of the *Globe*, who was a loyal, law-abiding, peace-preserving man; no agitator nor setter-up of sedition, like Pat Moroney, the editor of the *Universe*, whose very name was anathema in the eyes of the good major.

"Eight days from now I'll give you good-bye."

So M'Areavy and the *Globe* were going to have a walk-over this week again, with the *Universe* disgraced in the distance. And poor Pat Moroney's state of mind wasn't the sweetest.

It was always a matter of dispute, still remaining unsettled, whether Denis Reid ever slept—barrin', of course, whenever he went to report a meeting, or was expected to be doing some business of the first importance—but, for the three nights afore Russell was due in Dhrimstevlin, it is certain that he didn't even go to bed, but walked hither and thither on Sally Clark's garret all night (it was there Denis housed), giving Sally the amusing notion that it was the loss of his situation was preying on his mind. And on the morning of the day—it was a Wednesday—that Russell was to come, Denis came forth, with a pay-day smile upon his face, and a chuckle in his stomach, and he promised Sally he would give her her arrears of lodging money in full, by Saturday night; upon which Sally concluded that he was surely cracked and gone off his head entirely.

Denis wasn't long abroad on this morning till he had made a success of his first mission, namely, borrowing a shilling, and, making music with it against an iron button in his pocket, he headed straight for the Badger Inn, where Russell would stop and have dinner and a change of horses that evening, and where now, after a long and confidential conversation with Matthew, who was butler, footman, porter and general handy man there, and bestowing the half of his shilling upon him as a reward for favors anticipated, he speculated the other half in a way that best pleased himself—for it would be impertinent in me, or in any of yous, boys, to inquire too closely into Denis' means and modes of expenditure—and then he went off with himself, looking ten times happier; and he whistled "Up in the Morning Early," passing the office of the *Globe*, leaving M'Areavy, who was elaborately drafting upon ruled foolscap a complete and particular list of the questions which he would ask, seriatim, of Russell, M. P., that evening, leaving M'Areavy, too, to conclude that Denis Reid was, sure enough, getting touched in the top story.

Very well and good Denis passed his day as usual—in borrowing money, or

He emptied him as empty as an empty sack.

attempting to borrow it. And an hour after the shades of early night fell a messenger came to him from the Badger, from Matthew the butler, to say that Russell was just arriving. Without any loss of time, save the two minutes that it took to turn inside out his collar, in order that he might present a laundried appearance to the M. P., Denis hastened to the Badger and gave a card to Matthew, who, priding himself on knowing how to be polite to a member of Parliament, carried it to Mr. Russell's room on a tea-tray. And when that gentleman read off the card, the inscription, it was, behold ye, "Nathaniel Daniel M'Areavy, the *Globe !*"

"Show him up immediately," said Russell, M. P.

Denis whispered to Matthew, as he passed him on the stairs, "The minute I am gone lose no time sending word, post-haste to M'Areavy that Russell has come."

"I hope, Mr. M'Areavy," Russell said, when Denis salaamed himself into his presence, "you won't mind me washing while you put to me any questions you desire?"

My brave Denis politely informed him that he didn't mind his washing and scrubbing every flake of skin off himself. And as Russell washed and plashed, Denis plied him with question on top of question till he emptied him as empty as an empty sack of all that was to be known regarding the attitude and intentions of the Chief Secretary and the Government upon the rights of the town-land of Camlaragan to cut its turf in the hither or farther bog of Crumlish ; and he got from him the last and latest statement which the Chief Secretary had made to Mr. Russell, so different from anything expected that it was sure to create a terrific sensation when it would appear in the next day's *Universe*. He took from Mr. Russell every particle of information he possessed ; swept and broomed him clean ; turned him inside out, lest anything should stick to the corners, and then shook him thoroughly to get the last remaining little particle. And when he had done all this, and that Russell had willingly and patiently undergone the severest cross-examination it had ever been his luck to experience before, behold ye ! Denis, as cool as an iced salmon, looks him in the eye and, as bold as Billy-be-damned, says, "Now, sir, as ye must know that my

paper has got a reputation to maintain, I take it for granted that all the information you have this evening given me is fairly correct and truthful—and you are prepared to vouch for it?''

Russell, poor divil, was so taken aback with the fellow's mortal impudence, that, for two minutes, he didn't know whether it was on his heels or his head he was.

"Sir!'' says he, when he got his speech, "What do ye mean?''

Says Denis, says he, "Am I not making myself clear? You may not know it,'' says he—"because as a politician I take it that lies come as natural to you as mother's milk—but we newspaper editors are people with consciences, and we always like to give our readers the truth, and nothing but the truth. In our ethics,'' says Denis, grandly risin' to the occasion, "a member of Parliament's lie is as mean as a chimley-sweep's—I hope, sir, ye appreciate my position?''

Russell bounded like a flea from one corner of the room to another, looking for a bell to pull; but the bells in the Badger were hand-bells that lay on the table. He saw this, and he grabbed at the one that lay there, and clattered and clanged it for all the world as if the house was coming down. And Matthew, the butler, came jumping in to know what was the matter.

"Show this scoundrel out,'' says he on the instant, "and if he doesn't go quick enough, help him with both your feet at once.''

"Easy, now, I beg of you,'' says Denis, "easy, now, I beg of you. I would have you remember that I am a gentleman of the press, while you,—you may think an M. P. something of mighty importance entirely; and it may be so around the House of Parliament; but ye must know, sir, that, over here, among us gentlemen of the Press—and on the *Globe* in particular—we consider you chaps as common as cow-kail, and every bit as chape.'' This Denis, mind you, boys, was at other times as mild as barley broth, and wouldn't use a word would offend a child—"As common, I say,'' repeated Denis, calmly, "as cow-kail—and a sight chaper.''

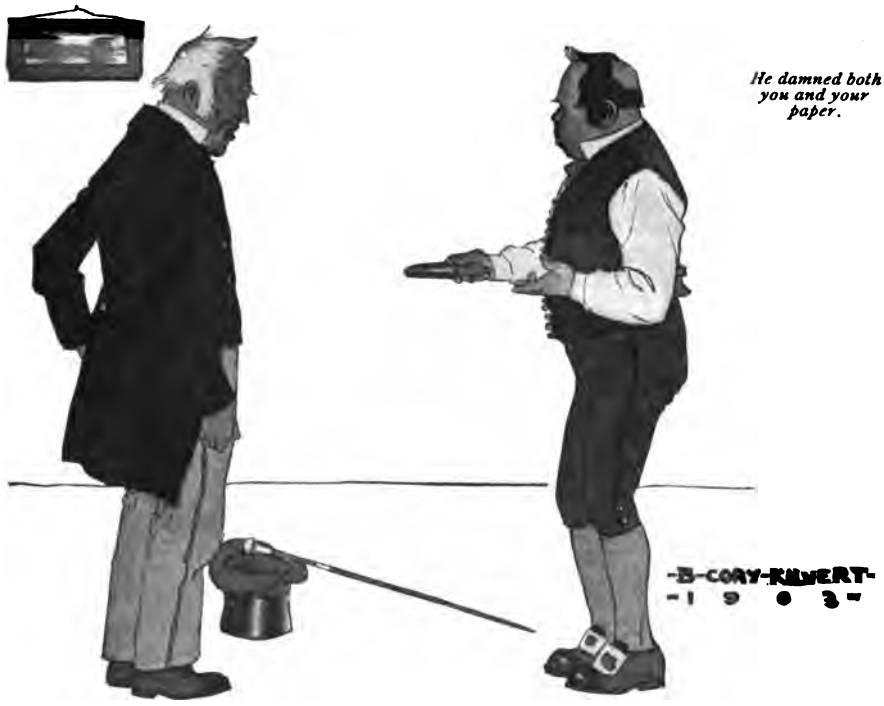
Russell was too dumbfoundered entirely to give answer.

"Mind you,'' says Denis, "I go now, not because you have been so insulting as to order me to go—but because I owe a duty to the public which compels me to rise above such insults as I commonly get, and always expect, from common people of your standing—and though I don't, just at the present spaikin', recall any other question I need to ask you, it is probable I will remember some before my paper goes to press—maybe before I reach home—and as sure and as soon as I do, back straight to you I'll come, and insist upon my right to interview you on the point or points forgotten. Good-bye, and may the Lord grant you better breedin' before I come back.''

Mr. M'Areavy of "The Globe."

Then, chuckling to himself, Denis was off at top speed for the office of the *Universe*.

It was very few minutes later when M'Areavy came, panting and breathless, into the Badger, and packed the first man he met—which was Micky the ostler—up to Mr. Russell's room with his card, and to tell Mr. Russell



that he himself was below waiting to see him immediately. And M'Areavy, poor divil, was both a sore and a nonplussed man when Micky, coming back far quicker than he went, informed him, "You had better make yourself free of the outside of the house, Mr. M'Areavy, as quick as your heels will help you, for yon man, when he looked at your card got as black as midnight in the countenance, damned both you and your paper, and swore that if you weren't from here inside of five minutes he wouldn't hold himself accountable if the walls was whitewashed with your brains."

Any further messages that M'Areavy, by bribery, induced Mickey to fetch up to Russell only maddened that man more; so that, at last convinced the man had gone suddenly crazy, M'Areavy said to himself it was the wisest part of his plan to make tracks for home again. And sick and sore at heart for his big disappointment, and the loss to the prestige of the *Globe* of the exclusive interview which he had built upon making a big brag with, had to sit down and content himself with writing an article upon the miraculous recovery from the jaws of death of Denis M'Closkey's brannet cow, of Killymard.

But when, next noon, the *Universe* come out with a three-column interview with Russell, setting forth all the latest information and assurances obtainable from the Government and the chief secretary, regarding the rights of the townland of Camlaragan to cut its turf in the hither or farther bog of Crumlish, there was, in the office of the *Globe*, weeping and wailing and scrunching of teeth!

The *Universe* sold seven-and-thirty copies over and above its normal circulation. At one prodigious stride it overtook, in the eyes of the world, the prestige it had lately lost. Poor Pat Moroney's face beamed them days as it had not done for a month of Sundays.

Denis Reid was requested by his chief to consider as cancelled his notice of dismissal, and had his stroke of genius marked and rewarded by a gratuity (which poor Pat could ill spare) of a half-crown piece, which God-send enabled Denis Reid properly and becomingly to celebrate what he himself, had he lived in later days, could surely have called his "*scoup d'etat.*"

DENIS DENT

A NOVEL

By ERNEST W. HORNUNG

Author of "The Amateur Cracksman"

Illustrated by GEORGE GIBBS

Denis Dent, second officer of the North Foreland, is in love with Nan Merridew, daughter of one of the owners of the line. The Merridews and Ralph Devenish, the son of another owner, are passengers on the ship when itis wrecked on the Australian coast. Denis is washed ashore alive from the wreck, and manages to save Nan's life by his swimming and again by climbing a cliff to seek help. The castaways are found and taken care of by Kitto, an Australian squatter.

CHAPTER V.

MR. DOHERTY.

DENIS awoke between clean sheets in the widest berth and the largest cabin he had ever occupied; it was a matter of moments to realize that he was really on land, for the bed still heaved a little as the beach had done yesterday. It was just a small room, without the pretence of paper upon its weather-bound walls; but the toilet cover on Denis' left was as snowy as the sheets under his chin. Silence reigned, but it was the peculiarly drowsy hush of hot weather, only the deeper for its innumerable tiny sounds; to the spent seaman, a condition irrespective of temperature; he seemed to hear that it was hot.

He tried to remember how he had come there, but the final stages were a painful farrago. He had an impression of the stars as he lay upon the beach, and another of interminable steps with only a patch of stars at the top, but there was something far more important that he was seeking in his mind without avail. He certainly had not found it when the blind was pushed aside by a sunburnt face, which vanished instantly, to reappear with its appertaining shirt and moleskins in the doorway opposite.

"Awake at last, mister!"

"Only just," said Denis, feebly, but with his first smile, and the lad entered staring curiously.

"You couldn't look like that whilst we was seekin' her," said he, dryly. "Why, what's wrong now?"

Denis had shot upright in bed.

"Didn't we find her?" he cried. "Yes, yes, of course we did! I remember now. I'm so grateful to you; that's exactly what I was trying to remember. Well? Well? And how is she?"

"Right as the mail, mister, so they all say; but I haven't seen her yet."

"You're sure they say so?"

"Sure as my name's Jimmy Doherty!"

Denis fell back with a whispered thanksgiving.

"What did you say your name was?" he asked presently.

"Doherty," replied the boy. "Christian name of Jim."

"Well, Jim, I don't forget you. It was you I clapped eyes on first, and I'm almost as glad to see you again. Where am I exactly?"

"Merinderiz Station—the barricks."

"It's very quiet."

"They've all cleared out for the day apuppus, and you ain't in the house, you know; you're fifty yards away; but I'll have to go over to the house to tell 'em you've waked up. There was something ready for you the moment you did. But, I say—mister!" And the boy stood wistfully beside the bed.

"Well, Jim?"

"Ask for me to come back and set along of you! Say you feel lonely like, and ask for me to look after you; and no more won't I say nothink, if you don't want."

"But I shall want, Jimmy. I shall want you to tell me heaps of things. Go

and say so for me, by all means; and bring me anything they like to send, though a cup of tea is all I fancy."

Many of the things that Denis wanted to be told were more things about Nan; but this confidential son of the soil was clearly not to be encouraged on that subject, and Denis dropped it disappointedly. Yet he could not help liking the lad; in the first place, that lad was openly enamored of him, and Denis as yet far too languid a hero to object very strenuously to his worship. There was nothing slavish about it. It appeared that many bodies had been washed ashore, and Mr. Kitto with nearly all his men was down there now. It was four o'clock in the afternoon; Denis had slept nineteen hours, but Miss Merridew was beating him. And they were the only survivors, not another soul had been saved.

This was now the most harrowing thought; there had been eighty-nine on board, and one of them Nan's father, her all in this world, to whose loss she would awake now any moment. It was a thought that brought tears to the second mate's eyes, yet it was one with several facets, and presently his eyes were shining in quite a different way; then he caught himself, and little Jim saw the marine bronze deepen on the heroic cheek; and then, at last, it was Jim's turn, for Denis turned to him as though impatient of himself.

"Now let's hear about you?" he said. "How long have you been in Australia, Jim?"

"Only since I was born, and a bit before, and ever after, amen!" said Mr. Doherty; and the teeth displayed by his grin were certainly worthy of an aboriginal.

"And how long is that?" asked Denis, smiling too.

"I don't know. They say as I am a good seventeen, but I don't look it, do I?"

"What! You don't know your own age?"

"Not to a year or two."

"Didn't your parents tell you?"

"I never had none, mister."

And Mr. Doherty grinned again.

"You don't remember them?"

"That's what I mean. They were—I don't mind tellin' you, mister, though I'd rather bite my tongue out than tell another soul on the place." And little Jim came sidling from his seat at the foot of the bed to easy distance from Denis' ear, a dead secret in his astute young face.

"But you'll think no worse of a cove," he went on, whispering, "and you won't split neither; so it's a bit of a relief to tell you—they was both old hands!"

"Old hands?"

"Lags!"

Now Denis understood. "Of course I don't think the less of you," he said, gently; "we are what we make ourselves, at any rate there's no credit in anything else we may be. I, for instance—"

But Denis had strength enough left to control his tongue, and his parents' memory was too sacred for association with that of transported felons, however little there might be to choose between their sons.

"It might be worse," the lad went on, with an elderly air, the more pathetic for its unconscious humor: "they were married at Parrametta factory, and my mother let me know it when I was as high as this bed; it's the one thing I recollect her by, keepin' on tellin' me that; but 'im I never see as I remember. Parrametta factory," he continued, lifting his shrewd eyes once more, "was the place where they kept the women prisoners, up on the Sydney side in the convict days; you could go and take your pick so long as you married her."

The boy's stare grew into a contemplative grin, and Denis prepared for a familiarity.

"There'll be no need for *you* to go there," said Mr. Doherty.

Denis set his teeth, not because the boy jarred, but at the gulf between this fancy picture and the possibilities of the case as it now stood. It was characteristic of him that for the first time they seemed impossibilities. He had saved her life, and now they were alone in the world, he and she; how could he trade on such things, how avoid the suspicion

of trying to trade on them? If only some one else had saved her! If only some one else had been saved!

"Don't speak of it," he groaned. "I am far too poor."

"Too poor, are you?"

The boy seemed positively cheered.

"And is she too rich?"

"Then what more do you want, mister?"

"What more? It should be the opposite way, we should both be one thing or the other. Anything but as we are!" groaned Denis.

There was a brief intermezzo of the tiny summer noises. The blind flapped. A mosquito sang an ominous solo in the sick man's ear, from without came the faint hacking of an axe at the wood-heap. Denis looked up at last, and there sat Jim with a startlingly wise face upon his narrow young shoulders.

"Do you know what I should do, if I was you, mister?'

"Well, what?"

"If I felt same as you," said Mr. Doherty, "I'd make a fortune same as hers!"

Denis smiled tolerantly; the urchin quite amused him.

"Well," he said again, "and how would you do that?"

"I should go up to Ballarat and peg out my claim, as sure as my name's Dockerty, James!"

Denis could not help dallying with the idea.

"Have they been doing such good business up there, then?" he asked.

"Good! Why, haven't you heard? There's never been such doings as they've had in Ballarat this year. I thought it was all over the world," the boy added, with shining eyes.

"It may be," said Denis, "but I've been at sea since June; and then, you know, it isn't exactly in a sailor's line."

"Isn't it!" laughed Jimmy. "You wait till you see the empty ships in Hobson's Bay! Some of 'em been stuck there since the last day of January, when the fun began; do you mean to say you never heard of the big finds in Canadian Gully?"

"You tell me, Jimmy. I want to hear."

Denis was leaning on an elbow. Jimmy had long been on his feet.

"There were some coves had a claim in Canadian Gully, in Ballarat," the boy began, a wild light in his face, a light that Denis had never seen before. "They were doing well, but not too well, and they offered to sell the hole for a matter of three hundred. Then one of them went down and came up with a nugget weighing sixty-six ounces!"

"At how much the ounce?"

"About four guineas."

"Well, that wasn't quite the three hundred."

"Stop a bit!" cried Doherty, a perfect fever in his eyes, a fever as new to Denis as the light upon the lad's face. "That was only the beginning of it. Of course they wouldn't sell after that. And before night they'd got a nugget of a hundred and twenty pounds—Troy weight, whatever that is—and perhaps you can turn it into the other pounds, for I can't."

Denis sat forward pressing the lint upon his forehead about with his hands. When at length he looked up there was the same light beneath the bandages, and the same fever in the still blood-shot eyes, as Denis himself had remarked in the face and eyes of his companion.

"Six thousand pounds!" he whispered almost aghast.

"Six thousand golden sovereigns!" shouted the lad, capering about the room. "Think of that, mister, think of that! I had it read to me out of the papers. I got it off by heart. It was one big, solid, yellow lump of gold, and they had to carry it between them slung to a pole. It wasn't the only one, neither; as they went tunnelling on it stuck out of the sides, like bunches of grapes, at twenty pound a berry! There were only four of 'em in the party; they made their fortunes in less than no time; and two of 'em was new chums, same as you'd be if you went up and—and—"

"And what, boy?"

"And took me along with you!"

Denis only wondered that the little brown face, thrust so near him in its eagerness, did not burst into actual

"If I felt same as you did, I'd make a fortune same as hers."

flame; it never occurred to him that his own was perhaps presenting the like phenomenon.

"You talk as though you'd been there already, Jimmy," said he.

"But I haven't. I'd only give my two ears to go. The boss won't let me. He says I'm too young, and he's been such a jolly good boss to me, I haven't the heart to go agin him, especially when he's promised me my kit if I wait till the Noo Year. But I b'lieve he'd give 'em me to-morrow, mister, if I was going up with you!"

It was a strange talk for Denis on the day after his deliverance, in the bed where they had laid him more dead than alive; but the manner of its ending was the strangest part of all. Denis had not heard the voices outside; neither had Doherty; and the feet upon the threshold fell upon four equally deaf ears. It was not until Mr. Kitto opened the door, and entered first, that the one looked round and the other up.

"Here," said the squatter, "is a gentleman whom I know you will be heartily thankful to see again."

The gentleman stood forward with outstretched hands and a quivering lip. It was John Merridew.

CHAPTER VI.

MAN'S PERVERSITY.

The following were the facts, as Denis learned them by degrees.

Not many minutes had elapsed between the mishap to the port life-boat and the resolution of the *North Foreland* into so much wood and iron at the bottom of the sea, with a single top-gallant mast standing out to mark the place. But during those few minutes the minor disaster had caused another.

The loss of the first boat augured ill for the rest; and indeed only the chief officer's lived to salute the sun; but before it was launched, Miss Merridew had been swept overboard through the little faith of her own friends, who had lashed her life-belt to a fallen spar, only

to give a gratuitous handle to the next great wave.

It was Captain Coles whose last remembered act had been to prevent one or both gentlemen from diving after her to their death, some said with his revolver at their heads; and, as if because neither seemed to care any longer for his life, these were the two male passengers to be saved. They were dragged into the mate's boat. The boat was successfully launched by a mixture of good management and better luck. But it was entirely to the mate's credit that she immediately stood out to sea, and so continued until picked up by a smaller vessel, which landed the party in Melbourne before night. The post-haste journey to the landward scene of the wreck, all that night and nearly all next day (a matter of one hundred miles up and across country), was only such as any father would have undertaken in the circumstances, and most men in Ralph Devenish's position would have taken with him.

But Captain Devenish did not accompany Mr. Merridew to the little outbuilding in which Denis lay; nor did Jim Doherty, or his master, remain even so long as to see the older man take the bandaged hands, tenderly, tremulously, in both of his.

The interview which followed was an affecting one; but Denis had done too much to take a very emotional view of his exploits. He was touched, however, by the uncontrolled revelation of a hard man's soft side, by the contrast between the exceedingly deliberate and rather irritating voice that he remembered on the poop, and the voice that still broke with very tenderness. But his own voice was so much the more dispassionate, and apparently perverse.

"I unsay every word," said Mr. Merridew, for the second time, and more pointedly than before, since, even in his really generous emotion, he could not help feeling that it was unsaying a great deal.

Denis nodded from his pillow, but only to signify that he heard. "You are very kind," he answered at length, with no ironic intent; "too kind, I almost think. You might live to regret it."

"No, no; never, never! Now I know what you are."

"I am a junior officer in the merchant service—with a captain's certificate."

Mr. Merridew was genuinely pained. "Dent," said he, "I take back my words twice over, and still you throw them in my teeth! Surely you must see that everything is altered now?"

"But it might have happened to anybody else," urged Denis, with gentle tenacity. "You should look at it in that way, Mr. Merridew: suppose it had been one of the stewards; for all you knew, or seemed prepared to believe, I was no more eligible than they, the night before last. I have been infinitely lucky—no, blessed, blessed—and that's all. It doesn't give me ten thousand pounds to put to hers!"

Mr. Merridew jumped up from the bedside; and it was partly with temper that he was trembling now.

"Have you changed your mind already, Mr. Dent, or is all this so much affectation on your part? Did you mean what you said to me that night before we struck, or did you not?"

"Every word of it," answered Denis in a whisper that brought the other back to his former position on the bed, only now he was peering into eyes averted from his own.

"You do love her, don't you, Dent? I can see it—I can see it whatever you may say!"

Denis could only nod. His weakness had come upon him very suddenly. But by a mighty effort he was able to prevent it from rising to his eyes. And soon he was sufficiently master of himself to attend to what Mr. Merridew was saying with so strange an eagerness of voice and manner.

". . . . You must come back with us. That's what you must do. Melbourne's a perfect pandemonium—street upon street of tents, teeming with the very sweepings of the earth, and ship upon ship without a man on board. But there's this fine clipper, the *Memnon* by name, lying ready for sea at Geelong, and we'll all go home in her together! She's bound to be under-officered, and I suppose you would be happier so than

as a passenger; but let this voyage be your last. You said you were as good a man ashore as at sea, if my memory serves as well as yours. Well, now I can believe you, and in you, as I shall show you—as I shall very soon show you! I have no one to follow me into the firm, Denis—that is your name, isn't it?—and you don't mind my calling you by it, do you? But if you became my son, Denis— can't you see—can't you see?"

The man's tongue had run away with him, as the unlikeliest tongues will, under sufficient emotional strain; so we prattle of our newly dead in a way that might make them turn in their raw graves.

"There is one thing you have forgotten," said Denis, without withdrawing his hand from the nervous grasp that hurt considerably. "I had not got my answer—the other night. And how can I press her for it now? Don't answer yourself, sir, till you have thought it over, if I may ask that much of you, alone; and then I know you will agree with me. She ought not to be allowed to give me her answer now. And I —I ought to go away without seeing her again—until I have really shown myself—" He could not finish. His weakness and his sincerity were equally apparent; deeply moved, the elder man took his leave with but one more syllable, and that was to promise Denis, from the door, not to repeat a word of their conversation to Nan.

But Denis had not said all that it was in him to say, for in the first place he had not the heart and in the next he was not too proud of his latest resolve; but it was a resolve no less; already it might have been the resolve of his life.

"This is not the real man," he lay saying to himself. "The real man had his say on the poop—and the sounder man of the two. I won't take advantage of either of them—let me make that money. I can, and I will. Then she shall give me her answer, not before."

Doherty came stealing back with the face of a conspirator; his worldly wisdom did not as yet include a recognition of the difficulty of picking up broken threads, even when they are threads of gold. But Denis would not promise to speak to Mr. Kitto, would hear no more, indeed, of Ballarat; all he seemed to care to know now was what Captain Devenish was doing with himself.

"Him with the whiskers?" said Jimmy. "I can't sight that gent!"

"What do you mean?"

"Beg yer pardon, mister, but I don't like him. He speaks to you like as if you was a blessed dingo. That sort o' thing don't do out here; we ain't used to it." And young Australia shook a sage old head.

"But what's he doing with himself, Jimmy?"

"Oh, lookin' at the papers an' things, an' yawnin' an' smokin' about the place."

"And Mr. Merridew?"

"With the young lady; she ain't a-goin' to show up to-night, the young lady ain't; and you can take that as gospel, for I had it from the missus herself."

The boy's eyes were uncomfortably keen and penetrating. Denis got rid of him, and lay thinking until it was nearly dusk. Then they brought him his first solid meal; and presently Mrs. Kitto paid a visit to a giant so refreshed that nothing would persuade him to keep his bed without a break. He must have a breath of air. He was quite himself. So early evening brought him forth in a pair of Mr. Kitto's slippers.

The very first person he saw was Ralph Devenish, reading by lamplight in one of the many rude verandas which faced and flanked one another under the bright Australian stars. Denis went limping up to him with outstretched hand.

"I am glad to set eyes on you, Devenish," he said, gravely.

"Really?" drawled the other, with light incredulity; but he could hardly refuse the bandaged hand.

"Ralph Devenish," pursued Denis, chilled but undeterred, "I make no apology for the sudden familiarity, partly because we've both been so near our death, and partly because we're cousins. I never meant to tell you, for there can be no love to lose between your name

and mine, but I blurted it out in a rage just before we struck. I want to say that I am heartily ashamed of the expressions I made use of then, that I apologize for them, and take them back."

"My good fellow," replied Devenish, with engaging candor. "I don't recollect one of them; the fact is, I was a little drunk. As to our relationship, that's very interesting, I'm sure; but it's odd how one does run up against relations, in the last places you'd expect, too. I can't say I remember your name, though; never heard it before, to my knowledge. If there's been anything painful between your people and mine, don't tell me about it, there's a good feller."

"I won't," said Denis, secretly boiling over, though for no good reason that he could have given. It certainly was not because Devenish continued occupying the only chair, leaving the lame man to stand. As Denis watched he produced the same meerschaum that he had smoked all the voyage, a Turk's head beautifully colored, with a curved amber mouthpiece, and proceeded to fill it from the same silken pouch.

"Another soul saved, you see!" said Ralph Devenish, as he tapped his Turk affectionately; it was the acme of sly callousness; even if intended so to appear. Denis turned away in disgust, but turned back for a moment in his stride.

"Are you going home with the Merridews?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Devenish. "Are you?"

"I don't know," echoed Denis. "But I think—not."

"Really?" drawled Devenish. "Well, as a year's leave don't last forever, I'm not so sure."

And as Denis saw the last of him under the lamp, he had not yet resumed the filling of the Turk's head.

CHAPTER VII.

DENIS AND NAN.

Miss Merridew continued prostrate, yet so exempt from bodily mischief that her case began to baffle all except the other woman, who had charge of it.

The wreck was never mentioned in the sick-room, nor did Nan guess that an inquest on the bodies was held within a few yards of where she lay. Yet it was she who eventually broke the ice.

"Is Mr. Dent still here?" she asked, but in a tone so magnificently off-hand that a less astute person than Mrs. Kitto had not detected its anxiety.

"He was this morning," replied Mrs. Kitto smiling.

"Do you mean that he isn't now?" the girl demanded, half rising on an elbow.

"No. I think I should have heard of it if he had thought of leaving us today."

Nan Merridew fell back upon her pillow.

"I wish he would go on board," she said petulantly, "if he is going."

"On board?" queried Mrs. Kitto; and she set down her work.

"Isn't he to be one of the officers on the ship we are all going home by?"

"I didn't know of it," said Mrs. Kitto, with equal embarrassment and surprise.

"But he is," declared the girl, with all an invalid's impatience. "I understood that from papa the day he came; he had spoken to the agents, or he was going to speak to them, and Denis—I mean Mr. Dent—was to have the best berth they could give him. I do wish he would go on board. I—I almost wish he hadn't saved my life!"

And she tossed her face to the wall, for it was burning as it had burned so often since her deliverance.

"It's meeting him again," said Mrs. Kitto to herself; "and she does care for him, or she would mind less." It made it all the harder to ask aloud, "Did your father say he had succeeded, dear?"

"We have never mentioned Mr. Dent again," said Nan to that, quite haughtily.

"Because I don't think he's sailing in the *Memnon* at all," continued Mrs. Kitto gently. "I think he's going to the diggings instead."

"Going where?" the girl asked after a pause. The first sentence was all that she had heard.

Denis said what he had to say.

"To Ballarat or Bendigo, to make his fortune."

"I hope he'll succeed," said Nan after a pause; but her voice was a sweet bell jangled, and an hour went before she turned her face from the wall. It was still red; but there was a subtle difference in the shade.

"I am going to get up," said she.

Mrs. Kitto proved not unprepared for the announcement; it appeared that all her needlework had been for Nan, and the dress which the kind soul had been so busy altering was almost the

last remnant of her own trousseau and some years behind the fashion.

In point of fact, it was what used to be called a "double robe" of lavender cashmere, and it was trimmed with braid of the same color, but the braid was a shade darker than the rest, and its criss-cross pattern as unlovely in its way as the voluminous skirts it was intended to adorn. But the fabric was soft and fine, and the delicate tint happened to suit Nan Merridew, who had a singularly clear and pale skin, and dark-gold ringlets almost the color of her eyes. For she was of the type dear to the pre-Raphaelites, with rather more flesh and blood, and a much more conspicuous spirit of her own; yet it was not always so conspicuous as when Nan reappeared in the sunlight, with quite another light in her eyes, on the fourth day after the wreck.

It was near the close of a radiant afternoon, and Mr. Merridew was absent for the day, but Captain Devenish had been seen strolling towards the cliffs, and Nan thought that she would stroll after him in spite of the direction.

Now the way led through a belt of young pines, by which the station was almost surrounded, and in the middle of them Nan met a man in moleskins and a red shirt. Him she was approaching with downcast eyes, as one who must regard her curiously, when his voice thrilled her at close quarters.

"Nan! And you'd have passed me without a word!"

Denis was standing in her path, a common wideawake drooping from one hand, the other reaching out for hers.

"I didn't recognize you," she said, scarcely touching it. "And I was looking for Captain Devenish—can you tell me where he is?"

"He has gone down to bathe," replied Denis with some reluctance. To bathe where a ship's company had been drowned the week before! No wonder Nan winced. "Can't you spare me a few minutes instead?" he added as she was about to turn.

"Oh, yes, if you wish it."

"Of course I wish it!" exclaimed Denis. His shoulders looked very square under the coarse red flannel; but they were heaving, too.

Nan was her own mistress on the spot. "I couldn't know," said she. "You see, you never sent me any message—not one word."

"I shall tell you why."

"And then I understood you were going to the diggings."

"So I am," said Denis. His voice was preternaturally deep and vibrant. She looked up at him with the odd light in her eyes.

"And why haven't you gone yet?"

"I wanted to see you first—"

"That was very kind."

"To tell you why I was going at all—to tell you everything, Nan, if you will let me—if you aren't determined to misunderstand me before I open my mouth!"

Their eyes were together now, his dark with passion, and in hers a certain softening of the unlovely light that hurt him more than her tone. But her eyes were the first to fall, to wander, and to espy a stump among the pines.

"I must sit down," she faltered. "It's my first appearance, and I tire directly. But I'm not too tired to listen to you—I want to."

Yet already a change had come over her, and either she was physically weaker or else softer at heart than she had been but the minute before. At all events she took his arm to the stump, which was one of several in a little clearing lit and chequered by the slanting sun. And she sat there almost meekly in his sight, while Denis planted a foot upon one of the other stumps, and said what he had to say with bare arms folded across a moleskinned knee.

"In the first place," he began, "I saved your life."

Nan's smouldering spirit was in flames upon the word, and with it her face.

"And you remind me of it!" she cried in red scorn. "Is it the sort of thing one forgets? Is it a thing to thank you for like any common service, and are you the one to put the words in my mouth?"

Denis did not wince.

"I am wrong," he said quietly.

"In the first place, I asked you to marry me; it was only in the second place, and before you had time to give me my answer, that I was so unfortunate as to save your life."

"Unfortunate!"

"Most unfortunate to be the one to save you, Nan, because if it had been anyone else it would have made no difference between us, but as it is it makes all the difference in the world."

"I don't understand," she said, trembling because she was beginning to understand so well. "I only know how brave you were—how brave!"

"Most men are that at a pinch," said Denis, with a twitch of his red shirt; "but I was luckier than most. I won't make too light of it. I can swim. But you don't suppose I was the only strong swimmer on board. And which of the rest, I should like to know, wouldn't have made as good use of my chances?"

"But it wasn't only the swimming!" the girl cried out, and broke off with her bent face in its besetting fever.

"If you mean the climbing," he continued equably, "there was still less merit in that, for it was absurdly unnecessary, as you probably know, and besides that I was full of Spanish brandy at the time. Not that I'm ashamed of that," added Denis with the candor of the dales. "I believe that brandy was the saving of us both; but it was another piece of pure luck."

"But you don't look on it as luck," she said. "You aren't a bit glad you saved my life!" and her eyes fell once more, if this time not involuntarily.

"Glad!" he cried. "Gladness is no word for my feeling about that—for what I feel every moment of every hour!"

"Yet you wish it had been some one else."

"I don't!"

"But you said you did, Denis."

"Well, and I have felt it, too, when I couldn't send you a single message—couldn't make a single sign—for fear you should think—for fear you should misunderstand for a moment!"

Nan had not raised her eyes again; his tone made it difficult now. He was leaning towards her, almost bending over her, and yet his foot clung to the pine stump as though by conscious effort of the will, and his face was a fight between a set jaw and yearning eyes. But Nan could not see his face; she could only see the sunlight and the shadows in the lavender skirts that spread about her as she sat, and a few inches of hard, yellow ground beyond.

At last she spoke.

"So you determined to go up to the diggings."

"I did."

"Must you, Denis?"

"To make some money, Nan, dear! And I will make it—I will—I will!"

She knew that he would. His voice only stirred her now.

"And then?" she asked.

"And then," he cried, "and *then* I shan't mind pressing you for an answer to what I dared to ask you on the *North Foreland*."

There was a silence in the little clearing among the young pines. Only near at hand the hum of the insects, and in the distance a cloud of cockatoos shrieking the sun into the sea, which itself might have been heard faintly booming upon the base of the sandstone cliffs. Before either spoke there was indeed one other sound, but it fell on ears doubly deaf; for Nan had flung back her dark-gold ringlets in a way of hers, and from the bold pose of her head none could have imagined the warm bloom upon her cheeks, or the tender film that dimmed the hazel eyes.

"Suppose I prefer to give you your answer first."

"Nan! Nan! I would have you think it over, and over, and over again!"

"But suppose I refused you after all?"

"I would sooner that than be accepted in haste and—and repented of—you know!"

It was as though he was maintaining his balance for a bet, and near the end of his endurance even so. Nan watched him with a smile touched by the last beams of the setting sun, but as she rose the red glory beat full upon her.

"Very well!" said she. "Then if you won't come to me for your answer, I must bring it to you."

Night falls like an assassin in that country, but the purple tints were only beginning when in his very ear she implored him not to leave her any more, and he held her closer, but said he must.

"Think, think!" he urged. "Think what it would be for me to go home in this ship and marry you as I am, on my poor captain's certificate and nothing else; and then, only think, if I followed in a few months with a few thousand of my own behind me! I wanted you to wait for me; for if I am not worth waiting for, I am not worth having; but if you can wait only a few months—not a day more than a year—I will come to you as I should come if it is to be—but come I will, rich or poor, if I am alive! Nan, darling, I have everything to gain, only these few months to lose; but I will gain all the world in them, I will, I will, I will!"

She was infected alike with his confidence, his enthusiasm, and his ideal. And yet—and yet—she was weeping on his shoulder as the purple turned to deepest blue.

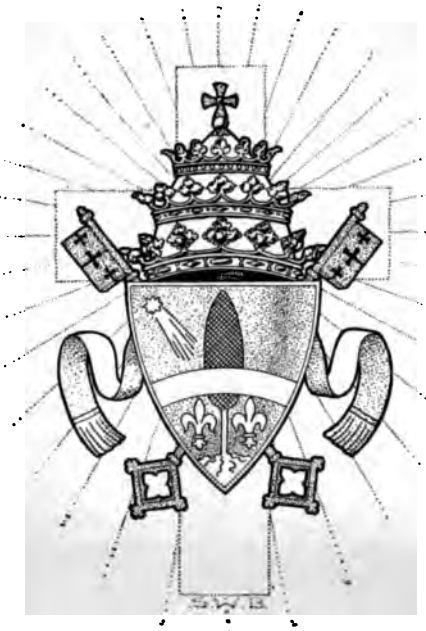
"I could have helped you, dearest," came her broken whispers. "But no, not here. It's an awful country. I thought, if you loved me, after all we have been through, you would never, never leave me again. But, dearest, I do believe in you, and I will wait, for you know best."

So after all it was a bright, brave face, though still wet with tears, that she held away from him, for Denis to look upon it for the first time as his own. But it was a very terrible face that hovered over the same spot but a minute later, when Ralph Devenish came crashing through the young pines to curse the very ground where they had stood, and the sea that had not swallowed one or both.

(To be continued.)

LEO XIII. BY FEDERICO PARONELLI

AMONGST the great personages of our epoch, not excepting Bismarck, none has been so much discussed and so little known as Leo XIII. It is only necessary to read the two hundred and fifty or more biographies of the Pontiff which have been written to be convinced of this. Each has its particular anecdotes, each presents some characteristic of which the others make no mention; perhaps if they could all be collected and a selection made from them, some general idea of his character might be gained, but even then it would not be Leo XIII., for each of these biographers, either in criticising the private life of the Pope from his childhood to his accession, or in judging him as priest or statesman, writes only of his own impressions and makes deductions according to his personal views. His character is very little really known, but his servants prove the untruth of the French saying "that no man is a hero to his own valet," for even to them he is not only great but unique.



The present Pope's family came originally from Sienna, in Tuscany. His own father, think of it, was a colonel in the army of Napoleon First. His birth, which took place at Carpineto, in the Diocese of Anagni, in

what was then the States of the Church, was announced as follows: "To Count Dominic Pecci and the Countess his wife, is born to-day, the 28th of March, 1813, at 11 P. M., a child to whom has been given the names of Vincent, Joachim, Raffaele, Louis."

Until the age of fourteen he went to the college of the Jesuits at Viterbo, and after that studied at the college of that order in Rome. As a boy he showed remarkable, perhaps precocious, ability, not only in his studies but in practical affairs. His talents marked him out so prominently that in 1841, and only four years after he had been made a priest, he was sent to Brussels as Papal Nuncio, a position of the greatest importance. He was at that time made Bishop of Perugia, with the title of archbishop. After filling his position at Brussels for a number of years with much distinction, he returned to Perugia and took up the active work of his See. It was in 1878 that he was elected Pope to succeed Pius IX.

The Palazzo Pecci at Carpineto where Pope Leo was born.

The preference for Cardinal Pecci was plainly shown by the diplomatic body in the Vatican during the *Novendiale*, which followed the death of Pius IX. and the conclave which resulted in his election by 44 votes out of a total of 61 was so short as to lead to the supposition that his designation as successor had been prepared beforehand. Of course this was denied by the Vatican, which declared that it had been free and spontaneous.

Leo's first act as Pope was to announce the event to his family in the following letter, which is preserved in a room in the family palace:—

"La Carpineto.
From the Vatican, 20th Feb., 1878.

MY DEAR BROTHERS:—

I write to announce to you that the result of this morning's ballot has raised my humble person to the throne of St. Peter. My first letter is this which I address to my family for whom I implore all kinds of felicity and to whom I send with affection my apostolic blessing. Pray God much for me.

LEONE P. P. XIII."

The room in which the letter is found is as simple as the letter itself and it is the one which the Pope occupied during his youthful life at Carpineto. The last time he used it was in 1857.

Being asked once why he took the name of Leo XIII., he replied that it was because of the deference and gratitude which he felt for the memory of Leo XII., who had been his protector.

So much is heard of the parsimony of Leo XIII. that it has become proverbial, but it is certainly much exaggerated. In his private capacity it has been asserted that he never gave a centime to his nephews, to whom also he only ceded a portion of the paternal heritage. He would do nothing for them, not even preventing the sale of the fine villa in Rome, of his favorite, Count Camillo Pecci. He, who usually hides his resolute character under the softest manners, showed himself most severe towards his nephews. One of them, after the election of his uncle as Pope, tried to withdraw from a promise of marriage on the plea that his fiancée was no suitable match for the nephew of a Pope, whereupon Leo, hearing of

this, commanded his nephew to hold to his word. His closest relations are always obliged, before being admitted to his presence, to ask an audience like everyone else.

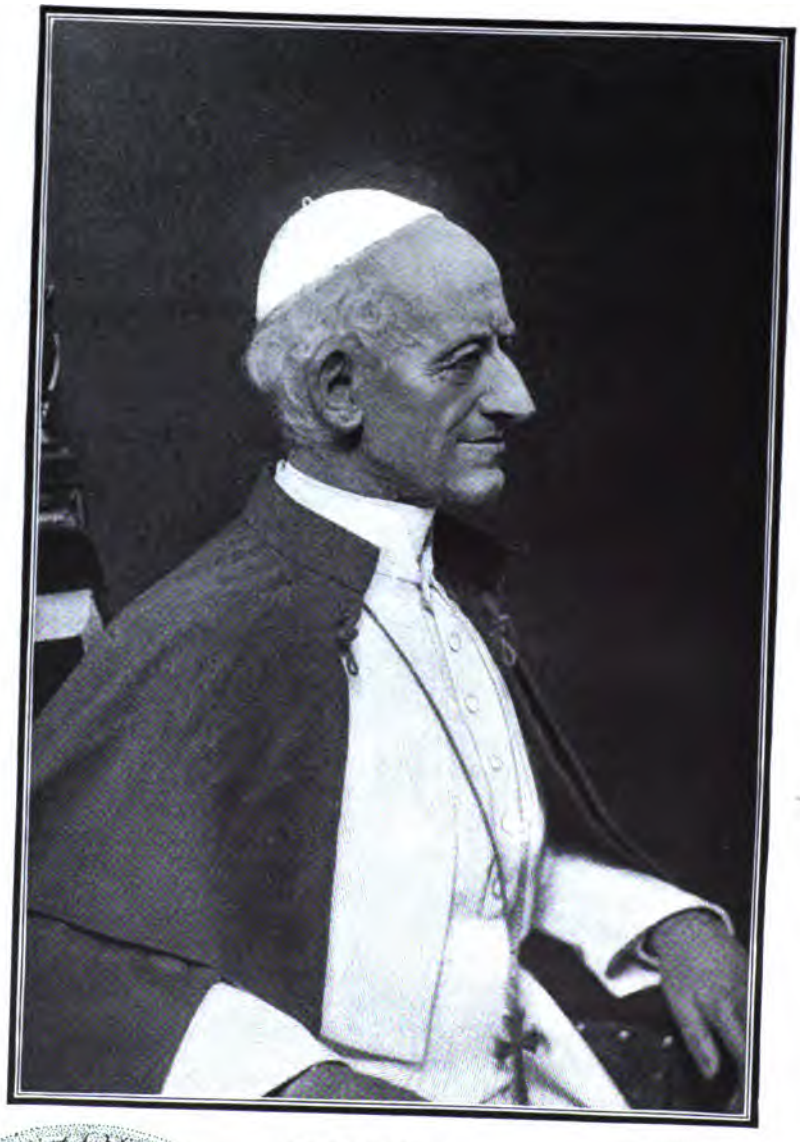
As Pope, Leo's expenditures are vast —without counting what he spends on Catholic missions, on the inferior clergy, on churches and on education, and upon the support of the 5,000 people who populate the Vatican, he maintains within the palace walls, the first factory of mosaics in the world, while for works of art he probably spends more than any other government—and though it is true the Vatican receives subscriptions of money from all parts of the world, of which it does not distribute the half, and that its treasures are continually increasing, still it must be remembered that after ten centuries Leo XIII. is the first Pope who ascended the throne without temporal power. The budget of the Vatican at Christmas is fourteen millions of francs, which are all the offerings of the faithful; but it may be imagined that an exceptional administration is needed to obtain this sum yearly, and the Pope is a model administrator. He has abolished all expenses, except those requisite for the maintenance of the pomp and prestige of the Vatican. Office, dignity, rank, ceremonial, etiquette and custom, things which under Pius IX. had been put aside and forgotten, were reinstated by him in the Vatican among the clergymen. The *pluviale* of red silk and the mitre of gold wire, which Pius IX. had given up wearing during the last twenty years of his pontificate, were brought out again for his use. Even in the style of his discourses there is always a great deal of ostentatious magnificence —so much so that when he preaches it is rare that people of mediocre intelligence understand him, and he has showed himself the antithesis of his predecessor who spoke simply and from his heart. And the distance which divided them was not only a question of form but of substance. Pius IX. never became reconciled to the progress of science. In his opinion to dispute was to demolish. Leo XIII., on the contrary, understands the value of science and exalts its progress. He permits the priests as much scientific study as their condition allowed. At the beginning of his pontificate he tried to give a new life to the Catholic faith, but in later years he has desisted, from fear that any concessions to the exigencies of modern society should be thought a sign of weakness and a desire for conciliation.

At the beginning of his reign he had the support of the Liberals, who, remembering him as Archbishop of Perugia, entering into treaty with the Piedmontese generals in 1860 at the epoch of the invasion of the Papal dominions, thought that he would make peace between Church and State, but on the contrary, soon after his accession, he threw himself into the arms of the Jesuits. He loved Italy, but in his own way, and declared that he would never sacrifice religious unity on the altar of his country.

At one time he would have been pleased to see the Italian clergy participating in political life, but at another he confirmed the "*Syllabus*" and condemned civil marriages. He it was in *motu proprio* who sent his benediction to the Congress of the Austrian Catholics which provoked the submission of the high Viennese ecclesiastics. It was his idea to reconcile to the Vatican, not only the eastern Churches, but also the Protestant, and especially the English High Church party, and for this union he works continually.

The Pope has always had a very high opinion of his own judgment, and an impatience at contradiction. He is convinced that the ruins caused by the critical spirit and skepticisim of our age must draw the world and the church into closer union, and in spite of there being no signs of this he looks upon it as in the natural order of things. "Providence," he says, "will bring it about." In the latter part of his life he has favored the studies of the "*Touristes*" too much and very lately has condemned as suspicious all who differed from the ancient philosophic doctrines of St. Thomas.

Leo XIII. is a poet and a man of letters. In 1886 he published a volume of Latin verses and inscriptions, under



LEO XIII.

Pont. Max.

NATUS

MDCCCXIII.

the title "*Inscriptiones et Carmina*," but this volume only represents a very small portion of his literary work. There is an old savant living in retirement at Perugia who possesses a voluminous collection of the Pope's poems. Amongst the finest of his verses are the following, which he wrote in his delicate handwriting beneath a mediocre portrait of himself:—

Justitiam colui; certamina longa, labores,
Ludibria, insidias, aspera quæque tuli;
At fidei vindex non flectar; pro grege Christi
Dulce mori, ipsoque in carcere dulce mori.[*]

The Pope delights in being considered a great litterateur, and to know one of his poems from memory is a good recommendation to his favor, which is to say that Leo XIII. is a man as well as a pope. For who of us is without his weakness? He wrote a beautiful ode on the death of young Count Conestabile, and what is stranger he translated into Latin verses by Cavalotti, proving that in the republic of letters devils and saints can be companions. But if the Pope translated verses by the poet of democracy, also Cavalotti returned the compliment by rendering some of his into Italian.

Leo gave his protection to a certain kind of literature which had its home in the Palazzo Attempo. In one of his academies a sonnet by him was recited, dedicated to a little French boy, a pilgrim, who, in spite of a serious malady, determined to reach Rome to see the Pope. The subject is not altogether arcadiac or sacred, but the Pope turned it into an idyl.

The encyclical letters, like his pastorals as bishop, are true works of Latin literature, and if Italians cannot always agree with their contents, they are still obliged to admire their form.

The principal encyclicals are the following:—

4th August, 1879. On the restoration of the philosophy of St. Thomas.

1st September, 1883. On the prayers of the Rosary.

20th April, 1884. Against the Freemasons, whom he named the Church of Satan.

1st November, 1885. On the Christian constitution of States.

10th February, 1890. On Christian marriage and against divorce.

15th May, 1891. On the conditions of workmen in the world (provoking an answer from Dr. George, chief of the popular party in the United States).

Besides these written encyclicals, the Pope pronounced a quantity of discourses, good from a literary point of view, on the occasions of receptions of Pilgrimages. In them he never pronounced a word as to the reconquering of Rome by foreign arms, but has always maintained that this consummation must come through Providence.

HIS LIFE IN THE VATICAN.

The private apartments of the Pope are composed of fourteen rooms, but of these he only occupies six. Two were transformed into chapels—one already in use in the time of Sixtus IV., with architecture by Pintelli, and the second, which is larger and communicates with the sleeping chamber, is of the time of Gregory XVI. The Pope only uses this last on the rare occasions when he admits any one to be present at his private mass; at other times he says mass in the smaller chapel. In the first salon the furniture consists of benches ranged round the room, and it is here that he receives the public, or that part of it which succeeds in gaining an audience of him. Next comes another salon, heavy with dark-green tapestry, against which is a large crucifix. There is only a praying-stool on one side and four chairs and a table laden with books on the other. It is here that every morning, between 9 and 10, the Pope receives Cardinal Rampolla. One must not imagine the Pope, however, as always having worked with his state secretary, for he had the habit, as long as he was able, of answering personally the telegrams and letters he received, dictating them to his private secretaries, particularly to Monsignor de Angeli. Cardinal Rampolla only submitted his report each day and received his orders.

The sleeping-room comes next—a very simple chamber, containing nothing remarkable except a Madonna by Coreggio and a Christ in ivory by Alonzo Cano. Near the sleeping-room

[*] I have loved justice; long struggles and labors have I borne, insults, toils and every evil thing. But as champion of the faith, I shall not falter. For the flock of Christ it is sweet to die, yea, it is sweet to die, even in prison.

is the private library, very small, but containing treasures and souvenirs and historical documents. This library opened onto a covered veranda, from which there is a grand view of Rome. It was once a cage for birds and was changed into a kind of small garden. There the Pope passes many hours of those days when the heat or excessive cold or rain prevents him from taking his usual walk to the Torrione (great tower) of the garden of the Vatican.

No matter what the season, the Pope rises at 6 A. M., sometimes earlier, but never later. He dresses by himself, and then enters at once into the chapel to say mass, at which he is assisted by his private secretaries Monsignori Mazzolini and de Angeli. Then he hears the mass of thanksgiving said by one of the secretaries, and this over he enters the green room. Immediatety after, and several times besides during the day, he drinks a little bouillon and half a glass of wine, generally some old Bordeaux which a French Catholic merchant sends him as a present. Sometimes, especially when he has guests at his modest table, he indulges in a little of the wine which he calls Ma Vie, which he makes himself in the Vatican gardens. He eats very little, but frequently, and sometimes even whilst walking. His confidential attendants, Centra and de Gasperis, always follow him with a special bag containing all necessaries down to a small spirit lamp.

After mass, during his first collation, he reads the newspapers of all shades of opinions, previously marked in red pencil by four clerks where any articles occur which in one way or another speak of the Vatican or of social questions. From nine to ten in the morning he receives his state secretary and takes his second breakfast, while de Angeli reads his correspondence to him and takes notes on it, which the Pope dictates without interrupting his meal. Between 11 A. M. and 2 P. M., when there is neither reception nor special conference, the Pope retires into his bedroom or library. At 2 o'clock he takes his drive in the Vatican garden. His coachman, a fat, majestic and venerable automaton, who knows the history of all the Vatican coaches from the gold one of Della Genga, a solid vehicle Pius IX. used for his journey to Bologna, to the more simple but more celebrated one which aided the flight to Gaeta, could recount the most minute and curious particulars of the short drive which Leo XIII. wished to take on Italian territory in 1880. That day, instead of following as usual the road to the garden, he gave orders to cross the via della Tondamenta, thus provoking the salute from the Italian soldiers on guard at the mint. Never since then has he driven beyond the Vatican boundaries.

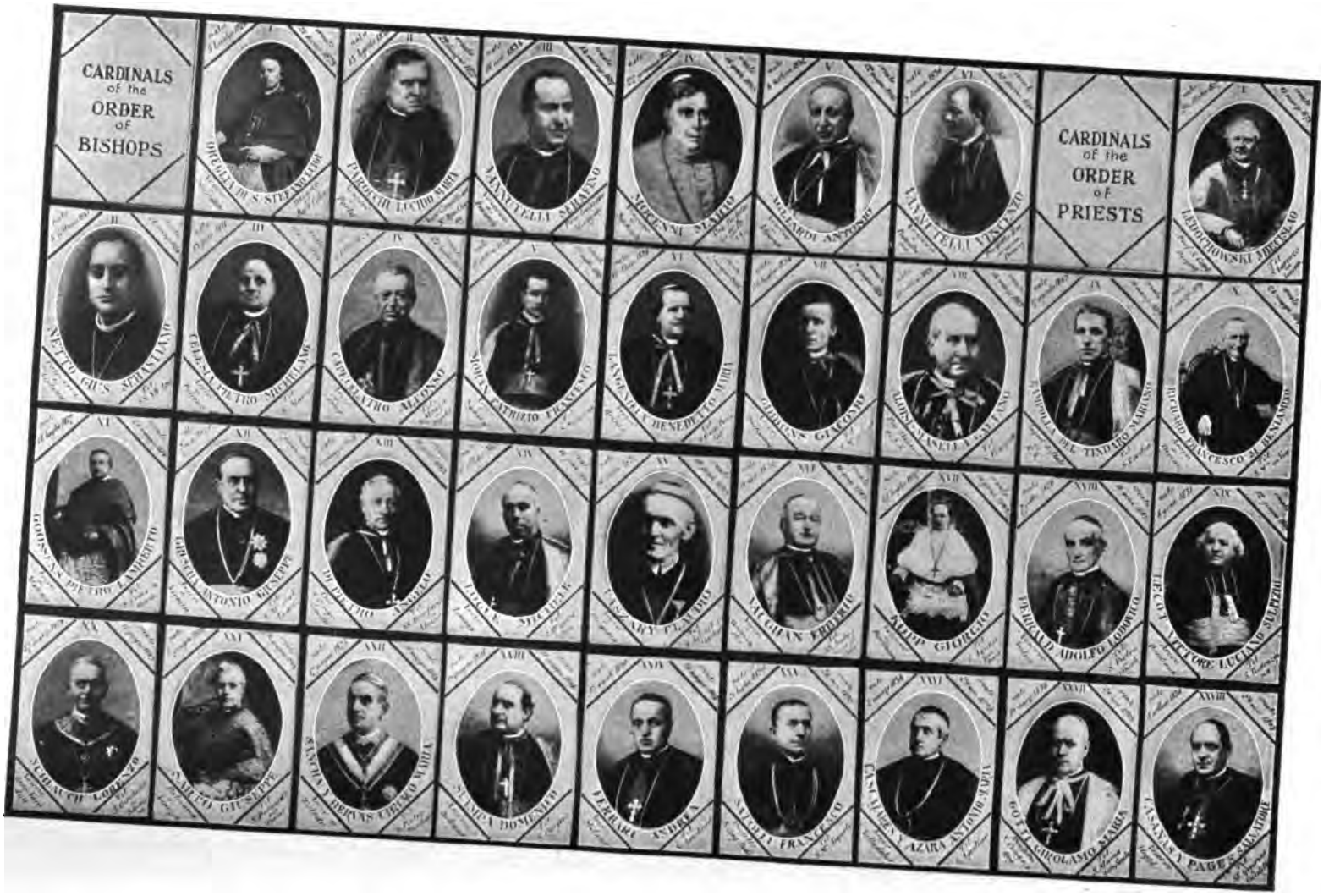
As soon as he reaches the garden the Pope gets down from his carriage, without leaning on the stick which he always carries without using, and he takes a fairly long walk, holding his hand behind his back like Napoleon I. When he reaches the Torrione he dismisses his court, leaves his valets in the rooms below, and mounts alone to the first landing to rest himself. In the evening, accompanied by his attendants, he retires to the private chapel, and with them answers the Rosario said by Monsignor de Angeli. Afterwards he reads and writes, usually until 10 P. M., in the green salon and then withdraws to his bedroom, but he is rarely in bed before midnight.

In summer, and often in winter, it is his habit to take a bath, thus driving his faithful Centra to despair, since the Pope forbids him to be in the room in spite of the warnings of Dr. Gapponi that he should pay special attention to his master at these times on account of his great age. "It is useless," said poor Centra; "the Holy Father will not listen to reason, but, however, if not with my eyes, I can still be near him with my ears."

The Pope's fasting is phenomenal. He suffers a great deal from neuralgia and at such times speaks to no one, though when in good humor he enjoys talking with his entourage.

His memory is extraordinary. He remembers the smallest and most insignificant particulars of past occurrences. When he speaks of his birthplace it is as if he quitted it the day before. He

A State audience.


CARDINALS of the ORDER of BISHOPS
CARDINALS of the ORDER of PRIESTS

CARDINALS
of the
ORDER
of
DEACONS

is kind, indulgent, and willing to pardon, but he hates those who hide the truth from him, and when he is suspicious of being deceived grows sad and very severe. Hearing of the assassination of his sister, Agostina (a sister in a hospital who was killed by a patient who had fallen in love with her), he shook his head and simply said, "See the effects of modern civilization."

One of the favorite personages of Leo's court is Baron Leopold Meyer of Schauensee, the lieutenant-colonel commanding the Swiss Guard. He belongs to an old Luzern family, the guard being entirely composed of men from the cantons of Luzern and Zurich. The corps has latterly been reduced, on account of expense, from 250 to 117.

THE CANDIDATES TO THE PAPAL SUCCESSION.

The most probable candidates to the Papal succession are virtually four in number, viz: the Cardinals Rampolla, Svampa, Parrochi* and Vanutelli. All four are Italians, and it is beyond question that a foreign candidate would have no chance of success, since of the seventy-two cardinals who compose the Sacred College forty are Italians, and it is certain that their votes, as well as those of Austria and Germany, will be given to an Italian. Which of these four probable candidates is the most likely to be elected?

On account of the great age of the Pope there is no doubt that during these last years the true head of the Church has been the Secretary of State of the Papacy, the Cardinal Rampolla.

Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro was born at Polizzi, in Sicily, in a region where more than elsewhere the Arab civilization has flourished. Rampolla is descended from a noble family, but whilst still very young he left Sicily to study in Rome at the Vatican seminary, afterwards at the Capranica College, and finally at the Academy of Nobles, where he stayed until 1875. After having been a Counsellor of the Nunziatura in Spain, with Cardinal Simeone, he was appointed Secretary of Propaganda Fide, in 1867, when he was only 34, a position which is usually the first step towards becoming a cardinal. But before attaining that dignity Rampolla was sent, in 1882, as Nunzio to the Court of Madrid, and there he worked hard for the settlement of the conflict which threatened to arise between Spain and Germany for the possession of the Caroline Islands.

Rampolla was finally appointed a cardinal on the death of Cardinal Jacobini, and he also succeeded him as Secretary of State, and since that day he has been virtual ruler of the Vatican. He rapidly conquered the heart of the aged Pontiff and became in turn his inspirer, confidant, and finally his despotic ruler. This statement may not be considered very respectful, but it is nevertheless the truth, a truth recognized by all who have frequented the Vatican during this later time.

Physically Cardinal Rampolla is the antithesis of his rival Parocchi, who is small and almost a hunchback, and possesses a very unctuous manner. Rampolla, on the contrary, is tall, imposing and majestic, with a hard expression; Parocchi is humble, and his gaze is habitually lowered; the other is haughty, and looks those with whom he speaks straight in the face with eyes which seem to hypnotize. The former always says what he thinks, the latter has a mocking way of listening. Women, however, and especially, nuns, prefer Rampolla to Parocchi as being more a man of the world.

The Emperor William II., who had to do with Rampolla during his historical visit to the Vatican, was obliged to recognize in him a very superior man. But those on whom he most forces his superiority are his colleagues, whom he makes to understand that he is ruler. He has no friends, he has no adherents, but he has a large number of dependents. Such being the situation, if there be not some unforeseen denouement to the conclave it is almost beyond doubt that Rampolla will be the successor of Leo XIII. There are some who would like to throw off the yoke under which Rampolla holds them, but they cannot and they dare not, since they are obliged to own that he is the only cardinal capable of steering the ship of St. Peter.

The Church is passing through a very

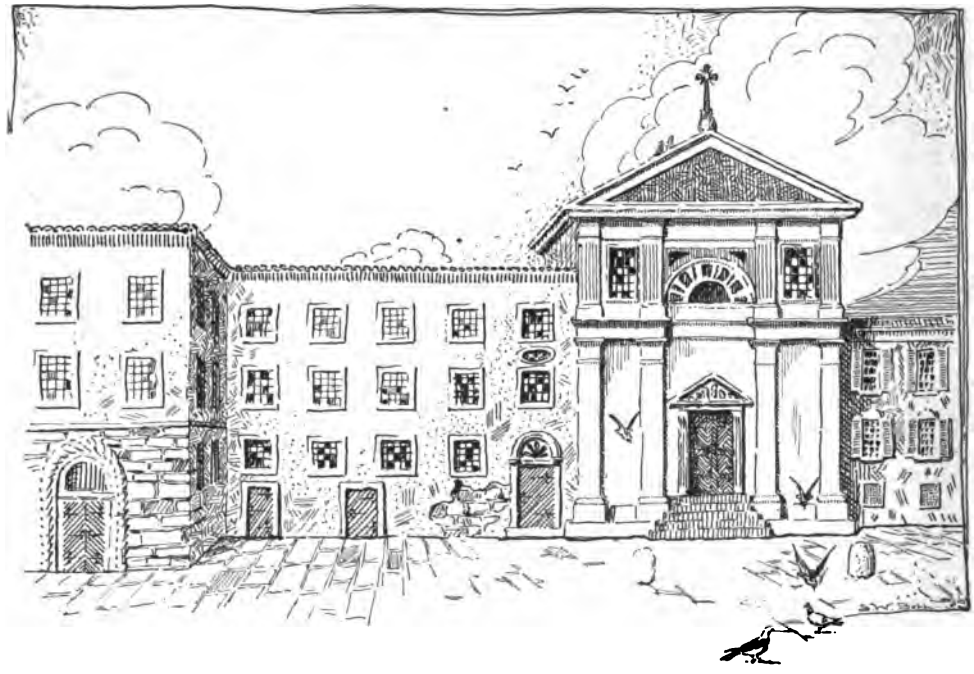
* Since this article was written Cardinal Parocchi died in Rome.

Cardinal Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro, Papal Secretary of State. Practical Prime Minister of the Papacy.

critical period, and the Vatican will in the future have to fight with great difficulties and will not be able to count on much help from those Catholic States where the faith is growing weak. At the present time Vatican politics are losing much ground in France, Germany, Russia, and even in Spain the most Catholic of countries. To arrest this decrease in power a strong man is necessary at the head—one who has plenty of tact, but who is at the same time a combatant, and for this reason the cardinals count on Ramapolla and submit to his rule. But after all it must be owned that no one can really be said yet to know the man himself, though it is my own opinion that he would be the most opportunist of Popes.

Another candidate who would be better received and welcomed by the Italian Government is Cardinal Dominico Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna. Svampa was born in 1851, and is one of the youngest members of the Sacred College. He has been a professor at the Seminary of St. Apollinare, in Rome, and is very learned, a fact which he likes to make apparent to others. At 36 he was already a bishop, but the gossips of the Vatican say that he owes his rapid advancement to the motto which is to be read over his crest, "*Ignis ardens.*" Svampa has a fairly strong following, but it is composed of persons of not sufficient importance to serve him. What has just been said of him can also be applied to Cardinal Vanutelli, who has the support of the old Catholic unyielding Roman nobility, but seeing that the partisans of both would impose conditions in exchange for their votes, a weakness is produced which will be enough to prevent these two cardinals from becoming Pope.

Pope Leo XIII. has been remarkable during his Pontificate for three things. In every way possible he has encouraged the growth of education, and throughout his career he has continually founded new chairs and institutions of learning in Rome and called eminent professors there to help him. His interest in all social and scientific problems has been great and far-reaching, as is shown by his various encyclicals; and the policy of pacification, demonstrated by his unwearied efforts to keep the peace between nations, has been a consistent principle of his career.



The Jesuit College at Viterbo where Pope Leo was educated.

THE DAMNATION OF PETE

By ALOYSIUS COLL

Illustrated by R. Farrington Elwell

PETE was a murderer. For his sin he was condemned for all his days to the black hell-hole of the Tip-Top coal mine. In the wide West was he born. When time and the forage of the plains had given him his hands in height, his mounds of muscle, his docility in trace and bridle, he was rounded up and shipped to one of the great central stables of St. Louis, thence to the United Coke Company, owners of the Tip-Top plant in the Connellsville coke region, Pennsylvania. He arrived at Old Haven, on the banks of the Youghiogheny river, without the dignity of a name. His pedigree counted for naught; he was sold for his sinews and intelligence. For a week he was kept in a stock yard, in Old Haven, that he might recuperate. One bright afternoon he was groomed, then started out to the Tip-Top coke works, others of his kin with him. A half hour later the drove, steaming a little, stamped in front of the company stable at Tip-Top.

"If they were all like that fellow," said the stable boss proudly, feeling the heavy shoulders of Pete, "we'd have the finest bunch of mule flesh in the coke region."

There stood Pete, his long, strong back-bone four inches higher than that of any other mule in the drove—and they were all husky beasts. At his shoulders bulged the round, flexible knots of muscle; his flanks sloped away with the grace of strength. His coat was a glossy dark brown, shaded to the black of the unlighted pit on his back; his legs and belly had the warm tan tint of a long-boiled amber pipe. His inquisitive ears were like twin-batons poised to the music of his thoughts; he had eyes out of which his heart had utterance,—comprehensive, mild, dangerous.

Seven of the mules were stabled; the others, among them Pete, were fed at the open feed boxes outside the stable, then driven to the company blacksmith shop. Pete feared the forge. It had a volcanic flame that threatened. It had a dull, puffing sound that seemed the din of danger. He was childish in his objections; he would have no new shoes. He wheeled, he swerved, he snapped the air with lipless teeth. He refused to lift his hoof. Miners gathered—black men with gritty clothes. To them Pete was an admirable joke. They twitted the smithy.

"I'm not afraid of him, if he'll let me get him in my position," boasted the smithy, "but he's too cussed to let me get the first grip."

"I guess the stock's the only place for that fellow," suggested the stable boss. The "stock" was a crib of heavy timbers, outside the shop. Vicious horses and mules were confined therein while shoeing or clipping. It was seldom used—the smithy thought it a degradation to his nerve.

The helper boy began to move a kit of tools. The stable boss led Pete to the stock. But Pete liked the crib less than the shoes. More miners and coke drawers gathered. "There's too many standin' 'round here," growled the smithy. Could he have conquered the mule, twice as many would not have been half enough.

"I think you need a few more," said a miner.

Still man will overcome the wildest brute with patience and cunning. Pete was snared out of his nature unawares. A bucket of oats, held under his nose while he ate, lured him into the crib. He budged farther and farther into the stock, following the feed. The iron bars were shoved into place behind him.

His only way of exit was upward—and Pete was no angel. The smithy looped a rope about the unruly heel, and giving it one twist around an iron peg in the timber frame, began to draw upon it. Pete raised his hoof a little to ease it. The rope gave a sudden jerk taut, and that hoof was anchored two feet above ground.

Never had the stable boss or the blacksmith seen so much plunging. Pete reared. He battered the front bars with his fore-feet, and bit the top rail viciously. He splintered the sides of the crib. Red places showed on his shins. He was a devil in an ass's skin. But he had not an eternity of effort. And after splitting the bars of the stock and lacerating his own ribs till they looked as if tigers had clung to his sides throughout a long fight, he sagged helplessly in the cage. His breathing was louder than the bellowing of the forge; he brayed piteously.

In a twinkling the smithy was at work upon the bound hoof. The helper came out with a hot shoe in a pincers. As the rim of red iron touched the glutinous hoof, a sickening odor arose. It reached the dilated nostrils of the winded but unconquered mule. The smithy had failed to note that as he swayed back and forth with the motion of the hoof he held between his legs the bars had been misplaced. Pete did not know it, either. But fate was built of a coincidence, just then. One quick, sharp plunge—the rope snapped, the smithy tumbled to one side like a toy. The helper boy saw the double blows, dodged and partially turned—but one hoof struck the middle of his back, high up between the shoulders.

He was picked up, conscious, but numb from his neck to his heels. The compact of the blow had caused a compression of the spinal cord—in three days the little helper was dead.

That is how Pete branded himself a murderer. That is why, shod in spite of his deed, he was condemned for all his days to the hell-hole of the Tip-Top shaft!

The day after the funeral of the helper was the day set for Pete's descent. The underground stable boss was the archangel chosen to take him low. That stable boss knew mules better than he knew men. He rode Pete to the engine house, where he put a heavy blind over both eyes. "'Fools go in where angels fear to tread'—especially if the fool is blindfolded," he quoted, tying the knot.

But Pete was not an ordinary mule. He balked. Force, deception and persuasion failed. Then the stable boss tore the sack from the mule's eyes, and with an oath mounted his back.

"Open the gate," he shouted. His heels dug the mule's ribs savagely. Away went Pete, fiery and snorting. Around and around the engine house he thundered, ploughing the cinders and breeze coke at every hoof-fall in his forced gallop. Suddenly Pete felt a sharp twinge at the bit. He swerved quickly at the touch, and darted through the open shaft gate on to the cage. The gate clattered shut behind him. A whistle whined meekly in the engine room. Pete dropped away from the light!

"Not too fast there!" shouted the stable boss, who had dismounted. "This is Corrigan's devil. It'll take the whole stable of mules to budge him off."

But Pete, trembling, half-blinded, of his own accord crept from the cage. Walking gingerly over the network of mine tracks, sniffing at the mine air, he was led away to the warm underground stable.

Corrigan, the boss driver of the Tip-Top shaft, and the crack sprag-thrower of the coke region, had needed a lead mule; Pete was the victim of his choice. At the fore end of fifty feet of chain, partially covered with rubber hose to prevent rubbing, with a singletree dangling at his heels, the lusty mule went down the dark ways. Not yet had he the bat-eye, the dilated pupil of the mine mule. He stumbled on the cross ties, and ploughed up much dust and the muck of the wet dips.

Not many days after Pete had grown tame to his new life the superintendent of the plant descended the shaft with a party of visitors. They came down the shaft with tiny screams, and blundered out over the tracks at the bottom, exclaiming. In the dull dark of a mule-

Pete, with his long backbone four inches higher than that of any mule in the drove.

He was a devil in an ass's skin.

He dashed through the open shaft gate.

hole stood Pete, one heel tilted in limp rest, after his fashion. In the exploring party was a young girl, whose enthusiasm bubbled out from under her long mackintosh and borrowed miner's cap. She came suddenly upon the mule.

"Oh, the dear old fellow!" she cried.

Others crowded about. One woman laid her hand upon the grim worker's steaming coat. "Oh!" she cried, drawing back. "It's a shame to work him!" Trust a woman to find the soft spot! Pete's she had found—a collar boil, red and angry, creeping from the edge of the padded harness. The superintendent turned to Corrigan. "It's getting to be a bad one," said the driver. "He's done some extra work, you know."

"I don't understand," said the superintendent.

"Pete's gone wrong a good many times," explained Corrigan; "it isn't good for his shoulders and back."

"He'll have to go out till that's healed a little." Corrigan winced. Pete was the first mule ever taken from him for apparent neglect or ill-usage.

The young girl quickly gave herself credit for the mule's redemption. "Didn't I find him standing here in the dark?" she argued. "Poor old dear—all alone in the dark!" Pete's ears were lying close back on his neck.

"Be careful—they don't like women!" called the superintendent.

The girl gave a sharp scream, and jerked herself across the track. The superintendent caught her in his arms. She had been brave coming down the shaft; she tried to be brave now. "Just like a nasty dog!" she blurted hysterically. For two weeks the green-

ish-black marks of Pete's teeth showed like mourning epaulettes upon her white shoulder.

Pete was hoisted to the surface, and released in a field on the company's farm.

It was here that he first saw the strange geyser on the round slope of the field to the west. He watched it a long time. He went cautiously up to the bubbling tower of white mist. At its bottom he saw the yellow gravel, rimmed with a sod, torn and sunken, like the thatch of an ancient house caved in. The gravel was still dropping, like sands of time through an hour-glass, into the yellow funnel, out of which the swan-like steam aspired. The wind veered, bearing the white mist to his nostrils. He sniffed it greedily. Ah, but it was good! It was the pungent, powdery smell of the mine!

The sunlight was a sorcerer—sunlight and rest—and not many days later Pete was lowered into his beloved mine, and was soon thundering down the haulage way ahead of the cool, low-spoken Corrigan—swearing Corrigan, who had the longest vocabulary in the Tip-Top mine, the hottest whip in the coke region, but the deepest love for his mule in all the world.

Lashed by Corrigan's tongue and whipped by Corrigan's lash, Pete grew doubly wise in the mysticism of the mine. He seemed to know instinctively that for a mule to fall ahead of the trip is to be hauled out of the mines in one of the wagons after the day's run is over. For Pete had helped to place a wagon one

Corrigan handed to the mule a piece of pie.

day which was the funeral car for "Bob," the old gray mule with the kink in his tail. Pete knew death when he smelt it. Had he not smelt it when he had been driven into E Flat to aid with his enormous shoulders in dragging the fallen tons of slate off "Big Joe" the Hun, buried under the hundredweights of a fallen "pot"? This dread of blood and death made Pete cautious of rope-rollers, thundering trips and powder blasts. But danger stared out of the dark on every flat. One day a trapper boy, after giving Corrigan the "All right!" signal, let his door slam in the face of the galloping mule.

"Pete'd make a fine burglar," said Corrigan afterwards.

"Why?" asked another driver.

"Oh, he can go through doors so easily—even when they're shut."

As Corrigan laughed over his joke, being tenderly disposed towards Pete on account of that escape, he jerked his dinner pail towards him and handed to the mule a piece of pie.

Pete's resting place at the haulage landing was changed from that day. He made bold journeys in search of the dainties while waiting wagons—mine mules are never tied. One day he lost himself in a wilderness of old workings. Corrigan and the stable boss, accompanied by the fire boss as a safety guide, sought his refuge the whole afternoon and through the night. They went into places long since marked with "danger" boards. They crawled over ancient falls. They waded in slimy sumps, knee deep with a pink sulphur mud. They tramped the wide acreage of the pit—but they did not find Pete. He found himself, and stood in the stable, stained and bedraggled, when the weary party trudged to the shaft bottom in the morning. The stable boss gave him a kick. The fire boss cursed him with a long string of oaths. Corrigan only looked at him, long and earnestly. But the evening of the next day the stable boss noticed high welts and wales, crossed and criss-crossed, on Pete's tender spots—inside his hips and over the bottom edges of his ribs. But who could hold spite for more than one day against a sleek old rogue like Pete? Not Corrigan. A few hours later Corrigan himself examined the welts with sympathetic fingers, and combed out Pete's top-knot, the finest in the mine, the relic of a prize mane left standing, like the stump of a tree in the forest, between the mule's ears.

Pete had no pride in his top-knot, or in his tail, either. But his old fear of death and danger never deserted his heart. So that when driving down E Flat, just after his odd grooming, he sniffed sudden danger, he halted short, his four feet stiff in the mine mud. The breech mule crowded up beside him. Corrigan "spragged" the trip just in time to prevent broken legs.

"Checki! Checki!"* shouted a Hun, poking his head out from a manhole.

The warning was too late. A blast in the cut-through to the right exploded close to the two mules! Coal flints rattled around. A blinding blue flash shot out the cut-through and licked up the live airs of the flat. A pocket of gas had ignited with the blast!

Corrigan, far back on the trip, escaped serious burns. Pete was singed. His top-knot was a whisp of crisp hairs, his tail a raw, brown stump. The breech mule, crowding to the right, had protected Pete's body, and taken the full flame of the gas pocket. Pete was given his second vacation—this time in the underground stable—and when he was again put to the harness he was a little wiser, a little more timorous than ever.

Then came the tragedy in Pete's life. Corrigan married. The wife took most of Corrigan's love, and heartily hated Pete because he had the balance of it. The bride's people lived at Sitka, three miles south. She tested Corrigan's fidelity by compelling him to choose between getting a new job at Sitka, where he could have his wife, or remaining at Tip-Top—with his mule. Corrigan moved. He never told his bride how affectionately he bade good-by to Pete. One of the other drivers threatened to tell Mrs. Corrigan, but the groom bought off the tale by promising this driver to have Pete transferred to him.

* Slavish for "stop."

A lurch, head first, into the depths.

"But can he handle Pete?" asked the mine boss.

"Oh, anybody can handle Pete; I've had him a year now."

In just five weeks the crack mule of the coke region was a wreck. He had raw places on his shoulders and rump. His back sagged. His hide was tanned where the chains rubbed. And, worst of all, his feet had been neglected, after his daily toil in the swamps, and now his hoofs were like sponges on the ends of broom-handles. Thrice he ditched trips, and thrice were his legs untangled from the burning haulage ropes. At last he was a tenderfoot!

"He can't work in the mine any more," said the stable boss; "he's ruined." So he talked to the superintendent.

"Hell!" grunted the superintendent. "I blowed about that fellow, and swore he'd last ten years."

"It's a wet mine," vouchsafed the stable boss; "and they can't wear rubbers," he added dryly.

So Pete was ordered to the surface. The day of his final redemption was at hand! Did he know it? Perhaps—and perhaps resented it. At any rate, as he was about to step upon the cage, he whirled, broke away from the stable boss, and galloped up the haulage-way. He wheeled at a cut-through, and galloped into the dark. How far he raced he knew not. He came to a busy place. Men shouted and mules jangled their traces. A small blue-white dot showed far up an incline, like a star at the top of a long, spreading ray. It was the slope opening! Pete had arrived at the landing!

Everything was bustle and action. Ropes sang in their rollers, and to the end of one clung the rattling trip Steam pipes sizzled and leaked. But what cared Pete!

He squeezed through the wagons at the landing and darted up the slope. A miracle-steed, he picked his way over the network of ropes, machinery and pipes. A trip came jolting down the track whereon he blundered onward; he cheated death, and gave it right of way. On he went, the light widening before him, till he broke into the open sunshine! He clattered over the trestle work at the tipple end, and stood heaving, but triumphant, by a yellow clay bank beside the fan-house!

The next instant a puffing face loomed before him, out of the glare of sunlight, dim and indistinct! For Pete's eyes, long accustomed to the darkness, were almost blind now. But he could see that he was pursued. Two dark arms were outstretched, to corner him between the bank and the fan-house. With one plunge he scrambled up the yellow bank. Then, he knew not where, he galloped till he felt barbs of wire tearing his skin. He stumbled and fell, but arose, bleeding and torn. On he went, an odd green-and-yellow mix of color under his nose—not like the blackness of the pit muck.

Suddenly, before his near-sighted eyes, yawned the great yellow funnel that had piqued his curiosity that day in the pasture field! One short-stepped spread of his feet to stop—a slip of gravel and sod—a lurch, head first, into the depths—a hot lightning bolt of pain at his neck and down his spine . . . . then again the dark—eternal dark!

The red-faced stable boss came over the hill. Behind him were others, panting. They gathered at the rim of the yellow hole, and looked sorrowfully down at the drawn muzzle, half buried in the loam, the glossy black sides and the under-tan. A thin streak of white, pungent mist stole up around the wedging bulk.

"Stubborn to the last!" said the stable boss, forgivingly; "chose his own grave."

"Will we fetch the block and tackle?" asked the others.

"No; bring shovels."

THE PRINCESS EVELYN

By INA BREVOORT ROBERTS

ROGER sat watching the woman he had come to Woodbourne to see. She was the center of a group of young people who were discussing the details of a euchre party at the other end of the piazza. As Roger's glance wandered past them and across low, fertile fields to the blue hills beyond there swept over him a realization of the absurdity of coming to the country to play cards.

Roger sighed. He had thought that perhaps away from the town and its artificial life he would sometimes be able to get more than a word or a dance with the woman he loved; he had even hoped they might become comrades, companions.

But she had told other men beside him that she was coming to Woodbourne, it seemed; Roger could count at least half a dozen of her admirers in the group over which she was holding court. They had the card party arranged now and were planning a climb up the nearest mountain next day to watch the sunset. When one of the men came over to Roger and invited him to join the party, his refusal was courteous but decided. To watch the sun go down with a chosen companion was something to be remembered, but to flock to see a sunset as if it were a parade or a play—

He sat watching.

From inside the house came the music of a piano and the sound of dancing. Roger rose and crossing the lawn sat down on a rustic bench out of earshot of the two-step.

While the after glow of the sunset faded into twilight he fell into a reverie from which he was roused by a light movement. Looking up, he saw a little girl standing near him. As he raised his eyes she moved a trifle farther away, and man and child regarded each other gravely.

There was something about her that pleased Roger. In her faded gingham dress, with her yellow hair in hard little braids she was a decided contrast to the pert youngsters with curled locks and fluted skirts who pranced about the lawn, shrieking shrilly.

Presently, with a hesitating movement, the child separated a single flower from the bunch of daisies she was carrying and held it towards Roger, who found himself feeling honored by this overture to friendship.

He took the flower and put it in his coat. "Thank you," he said; "won't you sit down?"

The child considered a moment before she took a seat beside him. Roger debated in his mind as to whether he dare put his arm around her, finally deciding not to venture on so great a liberty.

"Will you tell me your name?" he asked.

"It's Winifred. What's yours?"

"Roger—Roger King. That's not a pretty name, is it?"

The child thought a moment. "King is," she said at last.

"Whose little girl are you?" was Roger's next question.

"Mamma's and Papa's. I live here always; in the winter too."

A silence followed, during which the dusk deepened. Presently Roger felt the touch of small fingers in his and roused himself from his abstraction.

"What do you do with yourself all day?" he inquired, feeling a desire to know how this odd, old-fashioned little girl spent her time.

"I play," Winifred answered, "and help Mamma bake and sometimes I ride to the depot with Papa. After the boarders is all gone he's going to take me for lots of walks, down to the river and up to the top of that hill." She pointed to the towering black mountain behind them.

"I'm going down to the river to-morrow morning," said Roger. "Would you like to go too?"

"Will you let me throw stones in the water?"

"We will see who can throw them farthest."

"And we'll sit down under the trees?"

"Of course."

"And stay as long as we like?"

"As long as you like."

"Oh, won't we have a good time?" cried Winifred softly. "Won't it be awful nice?"

During the ensuing week the house was in a whirl of gayety; dances, card parties, and golf and tennis tournaments succeeded each other in quick succession, and Miss Hartly continued to hold court in a series of bewildering gowns. Roger did not join the train of her admirers, but he was not altogether lonely, for he had found a comrade.

After each meal two figures would leave the house together; sometimes to climb a mountain, sometimes they walked to the river bank, where they rested while Roger told stories to Winifred, and the child and the beauty of nature soothed the dull, never-ceasing ache that tugged away at his heart.

The young woman he had come to see.

Gradually his awe of the child lessened, though it never quite left him. She was a quiet little thing, perfectly healthy, but with none of the restlessness common to children. Sometimes she would sit or trot along beside him with her hand in his for an hour without speaking, and then suddenly begin asking questions that Roger would have needed to be wise, indeed, to answer.

Sometimes they lay in the grass on the river bank and counted the cloud-boats as they sailed across a sea of blue, and when there were no clouds in the sky, as happened often in that perfect weather, they watched countless yellow butterflies or closed their eyes and tried to name the bird-calls.

For the most part they met few people in their walks, and had their favorite spot by the river to themselves; when they did chance to hear voices in the vicinity they escaped down some leafy way as noiselessly as poachers.

On the first day it rained, a very disconsolate and woe-begone little girl looked out the farmhouse kitchen window, but when Roger appeared in the doorway and asked permission to take Winifred to the barn, smiles chased away the tears.

Roger borrowed a blanket, and when he had made a throne of hay he spread the blanket upon it. Winifred settled back with a sigh of content. "Ain't this awful nice?" she whispered, happily.

At first they were content to listen in silence to the patter of the rain, but soon Roger began to repeat all the Mother Goose rhymes he knew, feeling ashamed because he could not remember more. He wove Winifred a crown of straw flowers and then they lay back and looked at the firmament in the rafters, where a window was the moon and each tiny hole that let in the light a shining star.

"Seems as if we were way off from the people in the house, don't it?" breathed the child.

"Yes," answered Roger with a sigh.

Once, upon a day while Roger and Winifred rested by the river after a long walk, there came across the field behind them footsteps that made no sound in the stubby grass, and so it happened that they were surprised in their retreat by a young lady with a book in her hand, who started at sight of them and would have slipped away again had not the child seen her and run to her side.

"Please stay, Miss Hartly," she begged. "Roger's going to tell me a story."

Roger had risen to his feet. "Yes, please stay, Miss Hartly," he said, courteously.

The young woman hesitated, and finally seated herself on the grass with her back against a tree and one arm around Winifred, who nestled close to the slender figure.

She was very beautiful (Roger told himself this every time he saw her), with a fresh, healthy beauty that seemed of a piece with the green-and-gold world about them.

"Now you can begin the story," commanded Winifred with what was for her unusual boldness. "Please tell the one about the Princess Evelyn."

Roger stirred impatiently. "Miss Hartly may not care to hear a story, your majesty," he said, "and, as she is our guest, we must please her. Winifred and I are king and queen and this is our castle," he explained to the newcomer.

Miss Hartly smiled. "The Princess Evelyn!" she repeated; "it is a pretty title for a story. I should like to hear about the Princess Evelyn."

"It is not a pretty story," said Roger; "it ends badly. No child but Winifred would care for it."

"Nevertheless I should like to hear it," insisted Miss Hartly.

A short silence followed, during which Winifred looked from one to the other of the pair in a puzzled way; there was something of constraint in the situation and the child felt it.

"I know the story," she ventured, hesitatingly.

Miss Hartly drew the little girl closer, "Tell it to me, dear," she said.

"Once upon a time," began Winifred, "there was a princess whose name was Evelyn. She was the most beautiful princess in the whole world and many men loved her."

Winifred's hands were folded in her lap and her eyes looked at the shining water of the river. She had heard the story so often that unconsciously she fell into Roger's way of telling it.

"Now there was a shepherd who loved the princess and he was sad at heart because he knew he could never marry her. Once the queen went to the country taking the court with her and the shepherd said to himself:—'Now my princess will walk in the fields near the palace and maybe she will speak to me. I know that I can never marry her because she is so far above me—the world is full of shepherds but where is there another woman like the Princess Evelyn?—but perhaps we shall be friends.' 'I know this part by heart,' interpolated Winifred.

"But princesses don't care to walk in the fields," continued the child; "they like to be gay and have the gentlemen of the court hate each other because they love them. So the princess hardly noticed the shepherd who lived and died a lonely man and never stopped loving the princess or wishing they could have been comrades. That's what Roger says he and I are. Isn't that a pretty story and wasn't it nice of

"Once upon a time there was a Princess."

the shepherd to love the princess always and never marry another lady?"

Miss Hartly's lips smiled. "Yes," she replied, "it is a pretty story, but you have told only part of it—the man's side."

The girl paused and glanced at Roger, but his eyes were on the ground. "It may be," she paused again, to choose her words, "that the princess did not care for the glitter and gayety of the court; perhaps she, too, preferred the fields and a simple, sensible life. But princesses may not do as they like," the words were coming fast and vehemently now, "they are hedged about and—how do you know that though this princess danced at court," the girl drew a quick breath as if bracing herself for something difficult, "her heart was not with the shepherd all the while?"

This time it was Roger who looked up, but Miss Hartly's head was bent. They had forgotten Winifred who, with a child's wonderful wisdom, kept very still.

"The princess would not have left the court to be the shepherd's wife," declared Roger bitterly.

The girl's eyes looked straight into his. "He could not be sure of that since he never told her that he loved her," she said. "It seems a pity, does it not," here her glance fell, "that she had to live all her life—without knowing?"

Roger crossed to where Miss Hartly was and bent down so that he could look into her face.

"Ah, but he was so poor, not in money perhaps, but in everything else, beside her," he exclaimed passionately. A hint of wondering gladness had crept into his voice.

Miss Hartly smiled faintly. "Perhaps he did not seem poor to her," she said slowly: "Perhaps to her he was—the richest man she had ever known."

If the sky and the sunshine and the river with its bordering of willows were beautiful before they were glorified now.

"Evelyn," Roger said softly when he had kissed her, "Evelyn."

N. C. GOODWIN

By JOHN ERNEST McCANN

With portrait of N. C. Goodwin drawn from life by JOHN CECIL CLAY, and printed as frontispiece to this magazine

IF Mr. N. C. Goodwin had cultivated his natural gifts as insistently as Mr. Richard Mansfield has nursed his talents he might, in my opinion, now hold a position in America almost like that held by Henry Irving in England. For to few American actors was nature more kind in her histrionic presents. The things that Mr. Goodwin has had to do in the theater and out of it he has always done with ease, except studying a part. That to him has never been a sinecure; but playing a part has never given him much concern, after a little inevitable nervousness on the first night of a new production. After the first nights, acting has been mere play to Mr. Goodwin. He never has to work hard to make his points, and perhaps his greatest attraction on the stage has been his easy, natural method of acting. Indeed, if his work had not come so lightly to him, if he had been forced to cultivate those qualities which are essential to a great actor and which he lacks, he might to-day be doing a very different grade of work from the ephemeral serio-comic parts that make his greatest successes.

If Mr. Goodwin in his ambition to play Shakespeare had been encouraged by the critics, the public would probably have encouraged him too, and he might now be playing *Richard III.*, *Iago* or *Shylock*, or all three, instead of a cork-light comedy part in a theatric charlotte russe. Mr. Goodwin (to you who are inclined to lift your eyebrows) has played *Richard*, *Shylock* and *Marc Antony*, and I, one among many, liked

his *Matthias* in "The Bells" better than William E. Sheridan's, and Sheridan's better than Irving's. The objections to Mr. Goodwin's *Shylock* seemed to be largely based on the fact that he, an actor of light comedies, had presumed to play such a part. No matter if Lord Chumley had leaped at *Hamlet*, Jim Radburn had no right to move from "In Mizzoura" to Venice. No matter if Edmund Kean had played in one night *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Abel Drugger*, *Othello* (one act of each), sang a comic song, danced the tight rope, and met all comers with five (or more) ounce gloves. Nevertheless Nat Goodwin must not presume in these days to take liberties with the preconceived notions held in regard to him by that press and public which complacently watched Mr. Richard Mansfield drift unrebuked from the Weber and Fields' part of *Prince Karl* to *Richard*, *Shylock*, *Henry V.* and "Brootoose," as Mr. Mansfield carefully terms his latest creation.

Mr. Goodwin possesses much tragic power in that little body and powerful, well-shaped head of his. His recitation of "The Uncle" will convince anybody of that. It won for him Lawrence Barrett's regard an hour after Mr. Barrett had almost snubbed him many years ago. Mr. Booth, at a benefit, had introduced "Goodie," as he always affectionately addressed Mr. Goodwin, to Mr. Barrett, who gave Mr. Goodwin a reserved and haughty stare, and then a nod, and passed on to a box with Mr. Booth to see the rest of the performance. Then Mr. Goodwin recited "The Uncle," and won more applause than all the rest of the performers at the benefit combined. And Mr. Barrett hurried to Mr. Goodwin's dressing-room to apologize for his rudeness.

There are not many known actors of Mr. Goodwin's age on the stage to-day with such a variety of leading parts in their records as he has essayed. The first piece that Mr. Goodwin ever played in was called "Cruets," at a theater in Concord, New Hamphire. He wrote most of it, rehearsed it, sold tickets, ushered, and played the star part, besides at intervals leading the orchestra from the stage. He really began his career about thirty years ago in Boston, whence he soon moved to Chicago, as end man in Hooley's Minstrels. Then he went into the variety theaters, like the old Howard in Boston, and Tony Pastor's in New York, with imitations of Booth, Barrett, Jefferson, Raymond, Mayo and McCullough and other famous stars. He was Booth as *Hamlet* and *Richelieu*, Barrett as *Cassius*, Jefferson as *Rip*, Raymond as *Col. Sellers*, Mayo as *David Crockett*, McCullough as *Virginius*, Davenport as *Jack Cade*, and Edwin Adams as *Enoch Arden*, and he received $500 a week for his work. These imitations, or rather impersonations and characterizations, were so fine and true that they won for him the friendship of every one of the men he imitated.

Since that time Mr. Goodwin has acted the principal parts in some forty different plays, among them *Shylock*, the *Gravedigger* in "Hamlet," and *Bottom* in "A Midsummer's Night's Dream," *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* in "The Rivals," *David Garrick*, *Gringoire* in "The Royal Revenge," *Bunthorne* in "Patience," *Nathan Hale*, and the leading *rôle* in a number of modern comedies, such as "A Gilded Fool," "When We Were Twenty-one," and "The Cowboy and the Lady." He has played these parts with a genial quality of humor, a naturalness and ease—it can hardly be called grace—of workmanship and an unaffectedness which has made him and his peculiarities deservedly popular. A certain power of pathos and of the restrained expression of emotion, qualities as unexpected as they are striking in his work, have made it possible for him to vary his effects in a way which greatly heightens the excellence of his characterizations and relieves them from a monotony that too often palls in the work of actors of this particular kind. His chief faults are, or were, for he is growing wiser, that he will or would allow irrelevances to intrude in his characterizations owing to his mirthful sense, which is ever at war with his tragic. And he once in a while was tempted to get out of the picture when he recognized friends in front and become N. C. Goodwin instead of the character he was there to present.

A man entirely without affectation, he is in many respects off the stage that which he is on ; intuitive, never stiff or stagey, with a penetrating voice of sympathetic quality and few gestures, but those few fluent and effective. And in the same way it is equally true that he is at his best on the stage in those parts which approach nearest to him as he is when he leaves the theater. Next year he intends to try another Shakespearean *rôle*, that of *Bottom* in "A Midsummer's Night's Dream," and the experiment should certainly be an interesting one. For his theatrical work the public has paid Mr. Goodwin in thirty years over a million dollars. He's got about half of it.

When we think of Jefferson we think not of the man himself but of *Rip Van Winkle* or *Bob Acres*, and the idea of Booth's own personality is blotted out by the vision of *Hamlet*, *Richelieu* or *Iago*, but when we think of Mr. Goodwin it is the man himself that rises in our minds, genially distinct and individual, and it is only as an afterthought that we name over the characters that he played the best. He has not added any creation to our stage, he has not interpreted new life into any old character, but he has certainly amused and pleased us in a clean, hearty way for many years, and in his own line done as good, if not better, work than any actor of the day.

Everybody knows how Mr. Goodwin looks, from the clear, blue, kindly eyes down and up. His personality is American and thoroughly magnetic. There is no actor better liked by actors as man and actor ; his faults are the faults of one who sometimes allows his heart to run away with his judgment. But here is what I thought of him six years ago, and what I think of him now

Talent's one thing. Talent's cheap;
Genius touches few ;
But a spark of it is deep
In the soul of you.
You can make a note of that,
Surely, Nat?

Caused a million laughs or so
In this world of ours,
Made a tear or two to flow
By your rarer powers.
Many records worse than that—
Aren't there, Nat?

SYMPATHY

A gentle, sympathetic child
Is little Jennie Dart,
And her nerves are rudely shaken
When she sees a Bleeding Heart.

MARGINALIA

THE CONVERSION OF THE "H. H."

By S. C. STUNTZ

"YES, I remember the change in the 'H. H.' line. I have reason to remember it, and I think I can tell you pretty near all about the incidents that led up to the change."

The group around the fire-place settled into easier positions and gave a number of orders to the attendants.

"There were just two of us—the kid and myself. We sneaked into the little lumber town just before train time, and hid till the train pulled in. Just as the bell rang and the conductor yelled 'All aboard!' down the platform, we swung onto the 'blind baggage.' It wasn't the real 'blind baggage' we had hoped for, but a regular baggage car with a door. The train was just beginning to hit up her pace a little when we heard the door open behind us. When we turned there loomed up behind us a man whom I took to be the giant with some circus, till I noticed the uniform. We climbed up and held onto the railing, while the conductor looked us over and politely remarked, 'Tickets, please.' We worked our little story about having no money, hard luck, job at the other end, and so on. Then, with superb politeness, he explained, 'Very sorry, gentlemen, but the rules, you know, say I must put you off.'

"I pulled out a couple of chunks of coal from my pockets, and glancing toward the engine cab, said, 'Here goes a gauge, then. I'm good for four out of five on gauges.' 'This is the fifth time,' says he, 'and, besides, the fireman doesn't like the muss in the cab.' With that he grabs me by the arm and the other fellow, the little 'un, by the collar. Can you swim?' growls he. 'N-o-o,' squeals the kid. 'Then here's a place to learn,' and I saw the kid drop ker-plunk into the water over which we were rushing. I yelled and struck at the giant with my free arm, but he swung me down onto the lower step and I began to shake. After a minute or so the big conductor yelled, 'Here you are,' but as he swung me off I grabbed his arm and got a brace against the side of the car with my foot. When I opened my eyes there lay the big conductor sprawled out beside the track, while the train was plugging along around a curve a quarter-mile away. As the fellow began to move I shook myself together, and finding I was all there I reached over and annexed the Smith & Wesson I saw sticking out of his hip pocket. I had just got it when he rolled over, pulled his coat down from over his head, dug a few bushels of mud and weeds out of his hair and eyes, and glared at me. I remarked casually, 'Now, if you're all there, we'll go back and find the body of the kid you drowned.' 'Drowned!' he exclaimed. 'There ain't enough water there to drown a kitten. It's about three feet of mud, that's all.' I shoved the gun at him and we started back just the same.

"I was getting pretty dry about this time, for we'd hustled over one of those wood trails for a good bit before we' got to the railroad, and we'd got kind o' warmed up and our 'wrastle' wasn't very cooling either. Pretty soon we came to a beautiful little spring in the edge of a cut. I quite forgot I was guarding a man who had tried to murder the kid and me and I dropped on my knees to drink. I just got a taste when my head went 'splash' down into the water and I felt the gun being pulled out of my hand. I came up standing, looking into the little end of a very business-like blue-steel affair with that same big giant at the other end of it. I quit being thirsty right then. I wasn't tired either. I wasn't anything that could be scared out of me. I

"I quit being thirsty right then!"

was just dirty. After a century or two, or what seemed like that, he said, 'Now keep movin'. We'll go back and pull the kid out of the mud, and then we'll go on to town and see what the constable can do for you fellows.' We kept right on till we were in sight of the bridge where the kid had been dumped, and there we saw him drying on a rock pile fast asleep. I yelled and he grinned as he rubbed his eyes, and called out cheerily, 'I thought you'd come back for me, but I didn't expect to see an armed escort.' I turned around to look at the armed escort, and then I sat down on the ties and laughed till my sides ached. There on one side stood a big six-feet-twoer with a single brass button showing through the mud accumulated when he slid face downward through the edge of the swamp. On the other side stood a little slender boy, with mud-caked clothes and dried and rotten water-weeds all over his back. On top of his cap a water-lily leaf was cocked jauntily, and the sparse fuzz on his chin was stained with green scum.

"'Go ahead,' said the revolver man, and we marched on as briskly as we could toward the town.

"We finally got to the town and were driven into the company store, where the constable acted as bookkeeper. The station agent came over from across the track and all the kids loose in town gathered to see the fun. The conductor turned us over to the constable on the charge of vagrancy, and I shuddered as I realized that that meant thirty days breaking stone at the county seat up the line. The operator came running across the track then with the despatch, 'Train 306 arrived Maple without conductor. Investigate and report. Special left here 11:03.'

"After that all three of us adjourned to the pump. We had just got washed up and a little of the mud brushed off our clothes when up from the mill came the boss, together with the editor of the paper at the county seat. They finally got around to ask our names. I gave mine as James Watson, and the kid rolled off his as proudly as possible, 'Willibert Bair, Junior.' I noticed the agent's start at the name, but we were all startled just then by a whistle down the line. It was the special. Most of the others rushed out to the store platform, and then we heard a gruff voice, as the train came to a full stop, 'So, superintendent, this is the place where your conductors get lost, is it? Look for the saloon. Not any? Well, I'll be ——?' Just then the conductor stepped up to them and addressed the superintendent, 'Mr. Clay, a couple of hoboes jumped the blind baggage. I dumped one and tried to dump the other, in the usual dumping grounds, but he threw me. They're in the store there, ready to begin their thirty days on the stone-pile.'

"'Very good, conductor, very good,' came the rough voice (we heard the engineer of the special say president of the road); 'we must keep up the reputation of the line as the Hoboes' Hell. Now let's see the husky hobo that could throw you.' As the party pressed into the store door we sunk into our chairs and pulled our caps down over our eyes. Then the agent blurted out, 'And the kid says his name is Willibert Blair, Junior.' I saw the old president start, then he turned, ran us over with his eye, jerked the cap off the kid's head, and then drawled, 'Billy—you—damned—little—rascal——' With that he gathered that precious young tramp into his arms and held out one hand to me over the kid's shoulder. 'Gentlemen,' he burst out, 'this pirate with the peach-bloom whiskers is my son, and this other convict is my private secretary. They're supposed to be camping over on the Eau Claire River. Constable, do you think you could let 'em off, just—this—once? And now' (gruffly), 'Mr. Conductor, I don't know your name, but I think you've been punching tickets long enough on this line' (I saw the superintendent go black at the word and the conductor go white. I didn't know about the sick wife and the little children till later), 'S'pose you lay off till the first—full pay, of course—then report to me at Chicago. Now,' turning to us to escape the thanks and the crowd's cheers, 'what in the devil do you mean by trying to hold up the road for passes this way?' 'Well,' said the kid, 'we knew your darned old road's reputation as the Hoboes' Hell, so we thought we'd try it. We found out.' 'Say,' the president turned to the superintendent, 'maybe we have been a little too strict, and you better ease up a little. You know another amateur hobo might come along some day.'

"A half-hour later, as we were bowling along through the county seat, the superintendent leaned over to me and said, as he pointed out the window, 'That's it, there. That's the stone-pile.'"

AT EASTER-TIDE.

By ROY FARRELL GREENE

She stood before the glass, upon her head
A milliner's creation, rich and rare,
Where full-blown, gay and gorgeous flowers spread,
A hat most lovely, planned for Easter wear.

"Do you not think it stands a trifle high?"
She asks her "dear old dad" in joyous thrill
Of ecstacy. He answered with a sigh:
"Quite high—*quite* high—um—judging by the bill!"

MEN, WOMEN AND BOOKS

MR. WALTER H. PAGE, whose picture we print below, is an example of the modern idea that the best equipped editor must be quite as much a man of affairs as a man of books. Formerly an editor was looked upon as a kind of fountain head of inspiration, and from his sanctum a stream of ideas was supposed to flow to a thirsty and grateful public. To-day the oracular theory is passed. An editor gets his wisdom like the men about him, by mixing with the people of his generation, by rubbing his ideas against others, listening where listening is worth while, and then drawing conclusions of his own. Mr. Page, who is a Southerner by birth, and whose deepest interest is perhaps the intellectual and material development of the New South, has been successively and successfully the editor of three prominent magazines. His best known work, "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," is a contribution of practical importance to the social study of the present day. Just at the moment he comes before the public as a lecturer upon the new spirit of nationality in the United States, a good augury, which he has been among the very first to discern

Walter H. Page.

Josiah M. Ward, the author of "Come With Me Into Babylon," went West shortly after leaving school, and in his wanderings met Brigham Young. It chanced that on the day young Ward sent in his card to the Mormon president a very important conference was being held—no less than to decide the manner of receiving President Grant, who was then on his way to Utah—and all the twelve apostles of the church were present with Mr. Young. The doorkeeper at first refused even to take in Mr. Ward's card, but finally was prevailed upon to do so. To the surprise of both the word came to admit the visitor, and into the distinguished company of the thirteen heads of the church was the visitor ushered.

Mr. Young lifted his heavy-lidded eye for a keen glance. The bishops were stiff and annoyed. They sat about the room and waited with visible impatience for the Gentile to make his little speech and retire. But it was the president who procrastinated. He questioned the stranger closely about his schooling, parentage, business experience, and such other trivial matters that the manifestations of impatience on the part of the apostles passed the limit of politeness. Every now and then the leader lapsed into silence, and it seemed from his closed eyes that his mind wandered to other things. But when the visitor arose to go he was stopped by a new question.

Finally Mr. Young said: "Would you not like to settle here? You need not join our church unless you wish." No, the young man must go on. He was bound for California. "I will set you up in business and become your partner if you will stay here," was Young's next speech.

Then the president said: "You have no idea why I take an interest in you, have you?" No, the visitor could not guess. "It's your name," explained Mr. Young. "The best friend I ever had was named Ward. He was the friend of my youth. He was Jem Ward the prizefighter."

Again he fell into a reverie. The past appeared to him. Young Ward arose to go. "Come to me the day after to-morrow," said the Mormon chief, giving him his hand. Mr. Ward, however, neglected the opportunity of seeing more of this wonderful man.

THE CO-OPERATIVE NOVEL ASSOCIATION

By CAROLYN WELLS

GOOD-MORNIN', SIR. Yes, sir, this 'er's the buildin' of the Co-operative Novel Association. Me? Oh, I'm the janitor. But I'll show you around if you like. Oh, *thank* you, sir. Walk right in. Nobody's here yet, and you can just as well see the place as not. How is it conducted? Oh, you're a stranger in these parts, are you?

Well, you see, everybody used to write his own books; and some was good and some wasn't. Only six of 'em, anyway, was allowed to be best-sellin', so all but those six authors, of course, was mad.

Well, this kind o' thing couldn't go on forever. Here was nice ladylike authors, such as Mrs. Wharton and Henry James, sellin' only a few books per year, while kids like Mamie Johnston an' Bertie Runkle was takin' up two of them six best-sellin' places. So the publishers held a mass-meetin' and decided that co-operative novel writin' would be only fair play all round. Peter Ibbetson! what a meetin' that was!

The biggest publishers bossed it, of course. The Sharpers and the Scribblers and the Last Century Co. they run it; but Rustle was at it, too, and Dodderin' Mead, and Doublepage—oh, they was all there.

Well, they confabulated all together, and they said what they wanted was the greatest goods of the greatest number, and co-operation was the way to do it.

"For you see, gentlemen," says the chairman, I forget what his name was, but he was a big, fine-lookin' man from one of those six best-sellin' publishin' houses—"for you see, gentlemen, a co-operative novel is bound to be a superior book—" "All our special editions is bound to be superior books," says one of Scribbler's men, but the chairman paid no attention to him, an' just went on:—

"—Is bound to be a superior book in *every* respect, and so it will be a best-seller. And if all novels are co-operative, they will all be best-sellers, and, gentlemen, our fortunes is made."

"If that's so," says a man from one of the big syndicates, "let's get to work on this co-operation scheme at once."

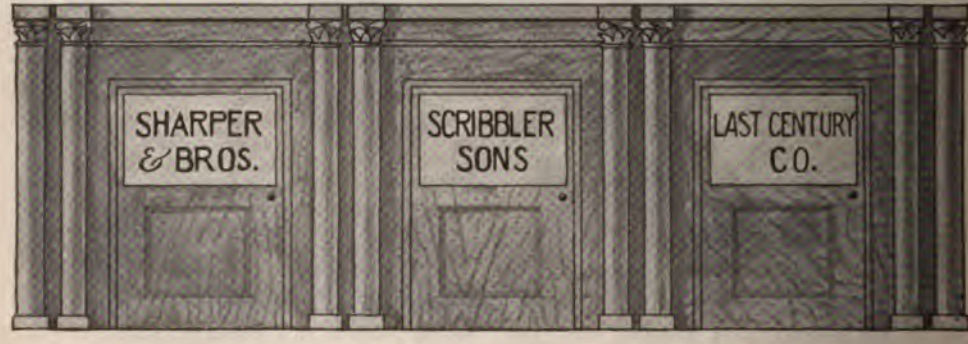
Well, sir, so they did, and here's the way they went at it.

"Whose novels contain the best heroes?" says the chairman.

"Do you mean the best or the most popular?" asks somebody.

"What a question!" cries the chairman, disgusted-like. "You well know that, to a publisher, best and most popular are synonomous terms."

Then several said Richard Harding Davis had the best heroes; and anyway the illustrations in his books proved he always had the biggest ones, so he was chosen to do the heroes. What, you don't understand, sir? Why,



for every novel turned out by the association, Richard Harding Davis was to manufacture the hero and nothing else. That's his little office, there, sir. He comes every morning at ten, and he brings his lunch in a pail, and he works till four every day, just on heroes. Of course, they're all alike—big, strapping athletes, eight feet high, with small heads and dress-up suits. Sometimes, though, they wears white flannels or ducks, and sometimes uniforms. But his man's his man for a' that. I could pick out a Davis hero if I met him in "Foxe's Book of Martyrs."

Well, to go on. Then they says, "Who'll do our heroines?" And after a lot of squabbling they settled on Mrs. Humphrey Ward. I think they decided on her mostly because she picks out such pretty names for her young ladies.

"Next," says the chairman, "who'll do the villains?"

Miss Mary Johnston was chose for this, and they all agreed that no blood-thirstier or gorier villains could be devised than Miss Johnston's pen showed up. A secondary lady, sort of soubrettish, you know, was thought necessary, and they put her in Anthony Hope's hands. Well, I s'pose his Dollies and Peggies can't be beat.

"If we need any children," began the chairman.

"J. M. Barrie's your man," sung out an enthusiastic admirer of Tommy.

But as they all said Mr. Barrie is such a slow writer, his children would be grown up before they got into print, so they finally took Kenneth Grahame instead.

"Now," says the chairman, "we must be careful about the raiment of these characters. Men can't dress characters, leastways not the lady characters or kids, so let's put it into capable hands."

They fussed over this a lot, but at last they gave over the whole millinery department to Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, and Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

They're nice, intelligent ladies, and—my! the beautifnl costumes they do turn out!

"Now we must consider style," says the chairman, and first off they all thought he meant fashions, but he didn't; he meant things like grammar and spelling, and yet not exactly those either. I don't know myself just what it is, but anyhow they said George Meredith and Henry James were the greatest stylists living.

"Yes," says the chairman, "and they'll do for beginnings. They're both great on beginnings, but we've got to have somebody later on in the book that'll make things hum. Some one just as great on style, you know, but different."

The others agreed to this, and they picked out Marie Corelli and Mary MacLane, who are considered awfully stylish.

Then for realism in general they took W. D. Howells, but for special realistic occurrences they chose others—like Mary Adams for tears and kisses, and Hall Caine for sad and gloomy bits.

A lot of local color artists were engaged; Mary Wilkins for pastoral views, Winston Churchill for historic scenes, James Lane Allen for woodsy places, Booth Tarkington for

Western sketches, and lots of others who could do specialty acts with their pens.

All animals were put in charge of Mr. Ernest-Thompseton, or whatever his name is now, and Bliss Carman was engaged for poetry quotations.

"Next," says the chairman, after all these authors were settled, "we must get somebody to put the book together and get it ready for the press."

This was easy, for everybody admitted that F. Marion Crawford held the record for speed in that direction, and so it was given into his hands, and he promised to deliver books to the printers faster than the people could possibly read them.

"As to the titles," said the chairman next, "they must be left to a choosing committee. You see, fashions change so in titles. Just now everything must be a possessive, as 'The Cantankerousness of Gwendolyn Gladys,' or 'The Readjustment of Roger Carnarvon.' A few years ago the fashionable title was merely the name of the heroine or hero, and again it had to be something red. We want a committee for this of wide-awake, alert, up-to-date authors, who know enough to discern the commercial value of literary details."

Then they formed this committee of Edward Bok, Charles M. Sheldon and Elbert Hubbard.

"All is now attended to," said the chairman, "except that I think it would be wise to select an author's name by which to sell our books. I notice some books without any merit sell if they are signed by certain great and good names."

"Yes," said a syndicate man, "in bookselling a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. And, of course, there is but one name under which a book would sell by thousands, quite irrespective of what was in it."

"And that name?" said the chairman.

"Rudyard Kipling," was the reply.

This was adopted as a pen-name for the great works of the co-operative association, and it is now needless to tell you, sir, that the plan works successfully, and in the offices of this great building, during each day's working hours, many hands make light literature.

"Gertrude of Caribou" is the title of a novel having to do with the ice crushers of Northumberland Strait and the region near Prince Edward Island. Mingled with impressions of the wonderful silence and the resistless power of the ice of the north are descriptions of the stirring deeds of men and women of this region of pure air.

The heroine is one of those intrepid yachtswomen whose motto is "win or drive her under," and her daring handling of a 21-footer in a race sailed in a gale is one of the most remarkable episodes in this tale of a remarkable girl of Nova Scotia. A horsewoman of courage and skill, a ski runner able to go at the rate of forty miles an hour and to make a leap of fifty feet, a canoeist who laughs as she creeps upon a half decayed log after an overturn in the rapids, Gertrude MacMichael is certainly a novelty in fiction.

W. Albert Hickman, the author of the novel, has arranged with its publishers for some unusual illustrations taken largely from actual photographs of the ice-crushers in their winter work. The sacrifice of the "Shannon" to the mighty forces of the northern ice-packs plays a leading part in the drama of love and heroism presented by this forceful young author in "Gertrude of Caribou."

An ice-crusher.

It seems that Prince Bismarck himself expressed a desire that his correspondence with the Emperor William I. should be published, as he thought these letters show better than can be done in any other way the unique relationship that existed between him and his august master.

Bismarck left instructions also that the most characteristic of the Emperor William's letters should be reproduced in facsimile, and the American edition of the correspondence, soon to be published, will contain one of these and one showing the great chancellor's own striking handwriting.

George S. Wasson, whose portrait appears on the opposite page, is a new writer of sea stories, and especially of tales of that part of the sea which touches the New England coast, who has just published his first book, "Cap'n Simeon's Store." He gathered the material for these stories while sailing along the New England coast in a small boat, built chiefly by himself, ostensibly for the purpose of sketching, for Mr. Wasson studied art for several years in Germany and elsewhere. His knowledge and love of the sea is partly inherited, for seafaring has been a tradition in his family. His own grandfather was a ship builder and several of his uncles were sea captains.